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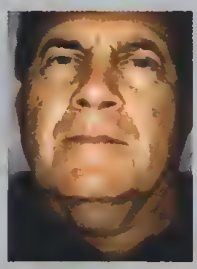
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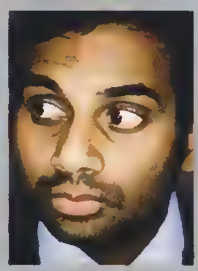
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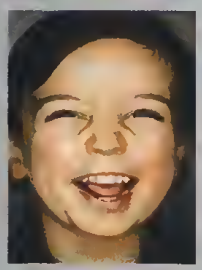
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MAN NOW




OUR EPIC PORTRAIT OF WHO WE ARE AND HOW WE GOT HERE BEGINS ON PAGE 175





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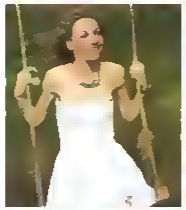


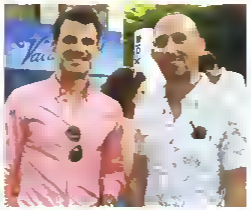


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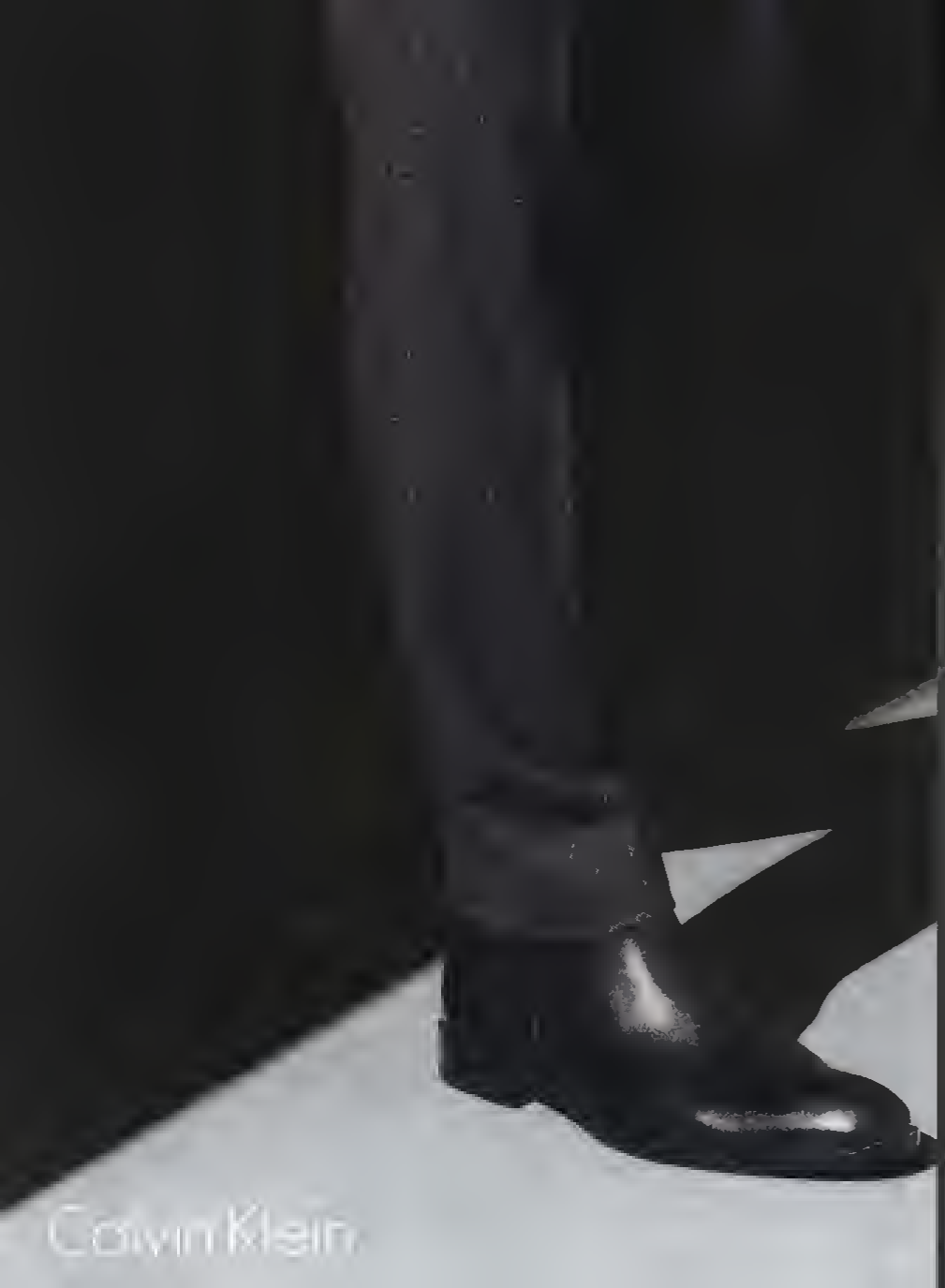
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To celebrate the best of summer and the sea, Sperry Top-Sider hosted a festive Vacationland Party on the 4th of July at the exclusive Ruschmeyer's Hotel in Montauk. During the all-day event, hundreds of invited guests enjoyed a DJ set by Phantogram (1), delectable bites from Island Creek Oysters (5) and Sperry inspired cocktails. In the Esquire Lucky 13 Suite VIP guests were able to kick off the holiday weekend with refreshing spa services (2, 6) including straight edge shaves, trim ups, gentlemen's facials and manicures provided by SPIFF NYC. All had a grand time as evidenced by the many photos snapped at the Sperry Esquire photo booth on site (3, 4)

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CHOCKEY'S, Raleigh, North Carolina
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JOE BRAND Laredo, Texas; McAllen, Texas
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RALEIGH LIMITED, Indianapolis, Indiana
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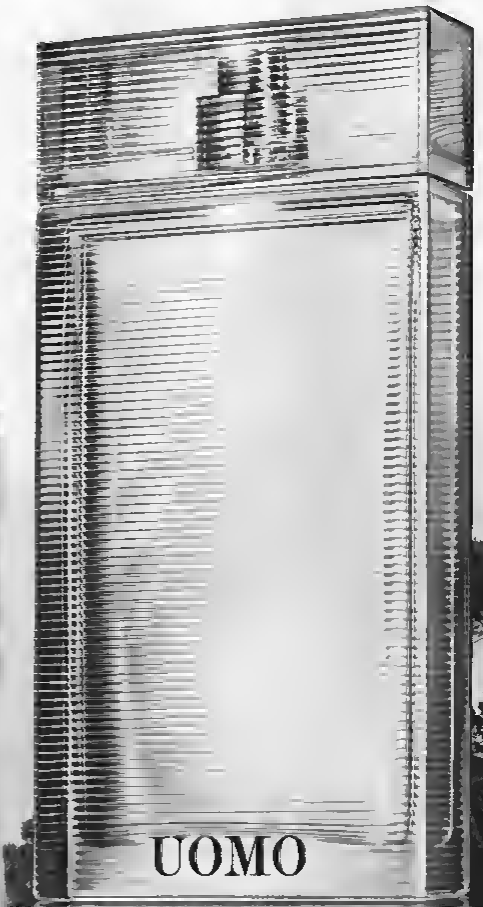
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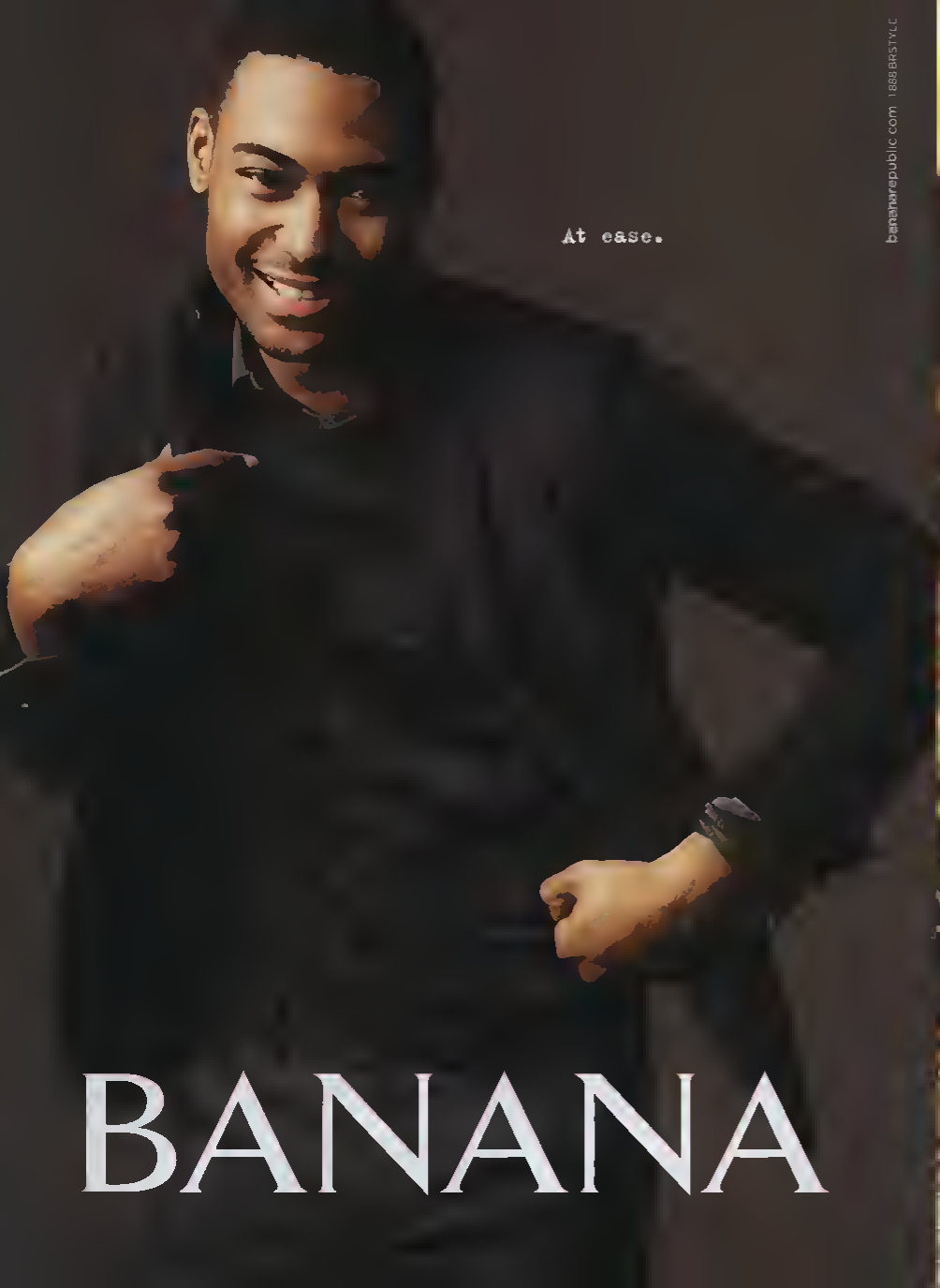


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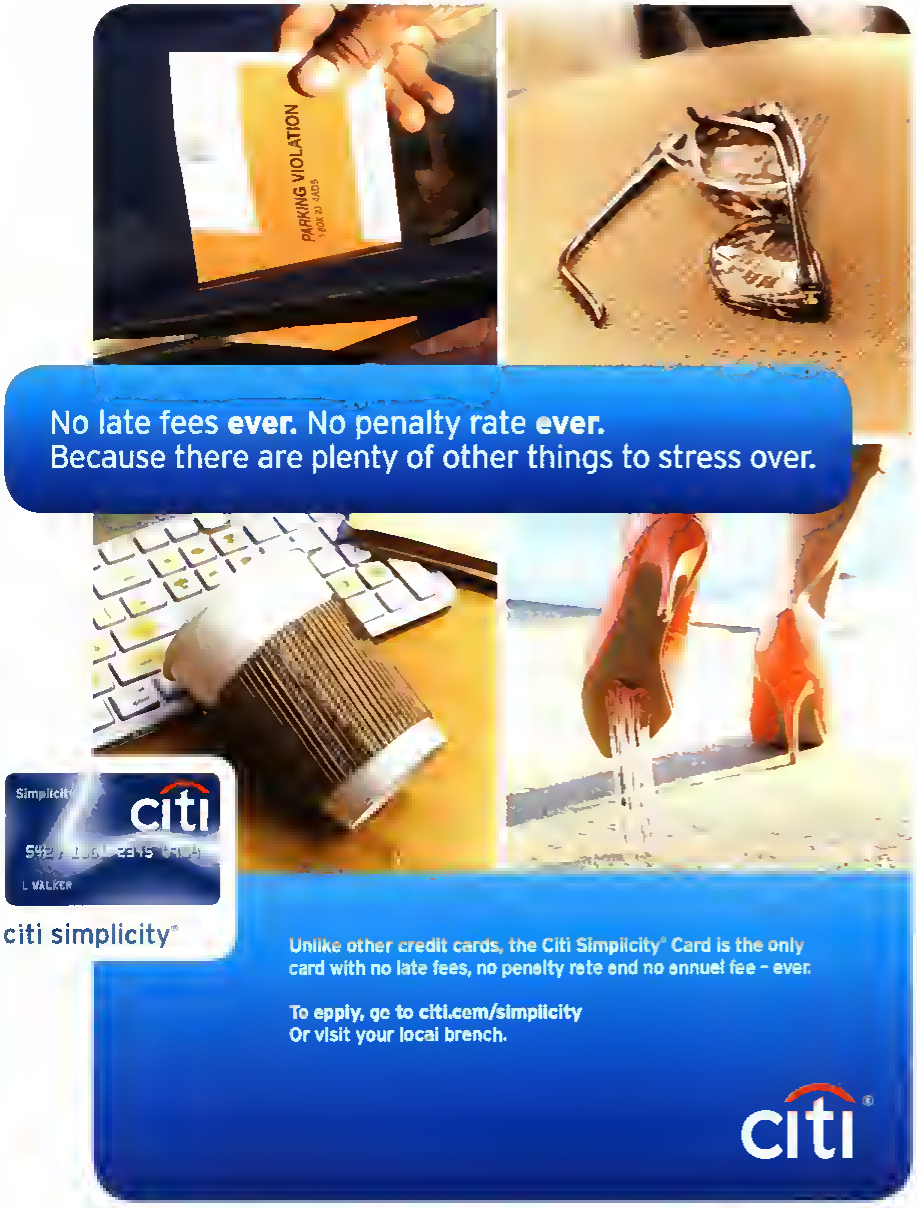
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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



57 | DAVID GRANGER

(b. 1956) EDITOR IN CHIEF, ESQUIRE

THE LIFE OF MAN

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

Eighty years. It's the life of a man. You live a good long life, you get to eighty. Maybe you don't feel cheated when the bell rings. A great Esquire writer, Tom Chiarella, wrote me something like that when we were trying to figure out what to do to take notice of Esquire's eightieth. The life of a man. It became the notion around which this issue was built.

So we set out to create a portfolio: eighty photographs of eighty extraordinary men, from age eighty to one. A portrait of the American man now. Yes, it's a portrait of what we look like, but it's also a portrait that shows how we got here, to this point in our history. And if you look hard, it's even a look at the effect we American men have had on our country and on the world. Everyone in The Life of Man has a story, and, pretty much without exception, those stories are inspiring. However success is defined—whether it's rising from abject poverty to high office, creating something of massive appeal, or becoming a U.S. citizen at six years of age—our successes and how we share them are what define us.

In the year that both Willie Nelson (see page 177) and Esquire were born, the modern world was also born. Hitler took power in Germany and Franklin Roosevelt was inaugurated as our president, and we were set on the path that would define the twentieth century as America's century. It is left to us to determine whether the troubled first thirteen years of the twenty-first century are predictive of a new America or will be a time we rise above.

Success for the men in this issue was never assured and it was not easy. It was luck and confidence and determination and desperation and a measure of talent that they came closer to maximizing than most of us do.

You can't count the number of perfect (or at least miraculous) things the eighty men we portray in The Life of Man have given us. Willie Nelson wrote "Crazy," "Night Life," and "Funny How Time Slips Away" in a single week in the late '50s. Bill Murray made *Groundhog Day*. Junot Díaz wrote this sentence: "You love how she shivers when you bite, how she fights you with those arms that are so skinny they belong on an after-school special." Robert Redford made at least three of the greatest movies ever filmed—and then became a steward of the land and a mentor for independent filmmakers. Alan Mulally engineered and oversaw the return of the Ford Motor Company. Damn. Joe Namath won Super Bowl III and invented the modern sports hero. Stephen Colbert

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YOU CAN USE THE NETPAGE APP ON YOUR PHONE (see page 74 for how) to turn the photographs in The Life of Man into video encounters with most of the eighty men. (Willie Nelson demurred, which he gets to do.) You will get a special bonus: Witness the way Mark Mann made me go through the process to which he subjected all eighty subjects of the portfolio.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

created "Stephen Colbert." Cal Ripken Jr was more constant than the North Star Marthew Broderick was Ferris Bueller.

The history of our nation is there in the faces of these men. Jesse Jackson stood on the balcony of the Lorraine Motel with a dying Martin Luther King Jr. Sixteen years later, he was the first black man to run for president. Bill Moyers told stories of our nation's triumphs and shortcomings for thirty-five years but never told his own most compelling story—of working for President Johnson and of being aboard the most fraught airplane flight in our history, from Dallas to Washington, D.C., in November of 1963. Ted Turner was one of the great carnival barkers of all time and deeded to us television that never goes off. In Larry Kramer's face you see the long battle—more successful than he could have imagined—against HIV. Dr. Dre was present at the beginning. Shawn Fanning destroyed the idea of intellectual property, or at least sent it on its way. Daniel Rodriguez made it home from our most recent wars. Michael Wyatt's dad, Marine Corporal Derek Wyatt, didn't.

As I write this note, we're just about finished putting the issue together and I'm feeling a little wistful. We—the entire staff, but most particularly senior editor Richard Dorment—have spent fourteen months or so on The Life of Man and we've grown attached to it. Mark Mann took the first photo on October 19, 2012, and the last on August 8, 2013. Some of the accompanying stories have been in the works nearly as long. One for even longer. It took an epic organizational effort, and we hate to see it go.

Eighty years on, this is an amazing time in the life of Esquire—probably the best time ever. We get to express ourselves and reach new readers in ways that our founder, Arnold Gingrich, even near the end of his life in the 1970s, could not have conceived of. Esquire was born at a time of great uncertainty, and it was radical for its time—the first true men's magazine. But now the magazine he launched sits at the center of an expanding universe. The Life of Man is kind of a perfect example. You can experience it as a purely print phenomenon. If you have your smartphone, you can download Netpage, hold the phone over the page, and experience the portfolio in video. Or go to lifeofman.esquire.com and you not only experience it in all its forms but watch it as it grows. We've invited every man in America (yes, you!) to be part of the evolving version of the portfolio (and when you do, a donation will be made to United Way).



Our first issue, autumn 1933, with stories by Hemingway, Dos Passos, Dashiell Hammett, and Ring Lardner Jr.

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But this issue of Esquire is why we're here. It's the kind of project a magazine staff lives to do. It's why each of us went to work for a magazine: the opportunity to imagine something original, meaningful, and hard and then try to make it happen—not just to get it done but to end up with something that we are unabashedly proud to offer to our readers.

DAVID GRANGER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

REALLY: DOWNLOAD THE NETPAGE APP and check out the videos. My favorites: Jon Hamm, Andy Samberg, Matthew Broderick, Stephen Colbert.



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DON'T BE LEFT OUT You, too, can be a part of the Life of Man project. Go to lifeofman.esquire.com, create and upload a matching photo of yourself, and choose a question to answer about your life. Just like that, you're a permanent part of history—and charity: For every photo uploaded to the site, we'll donate one dollar to the United Way.


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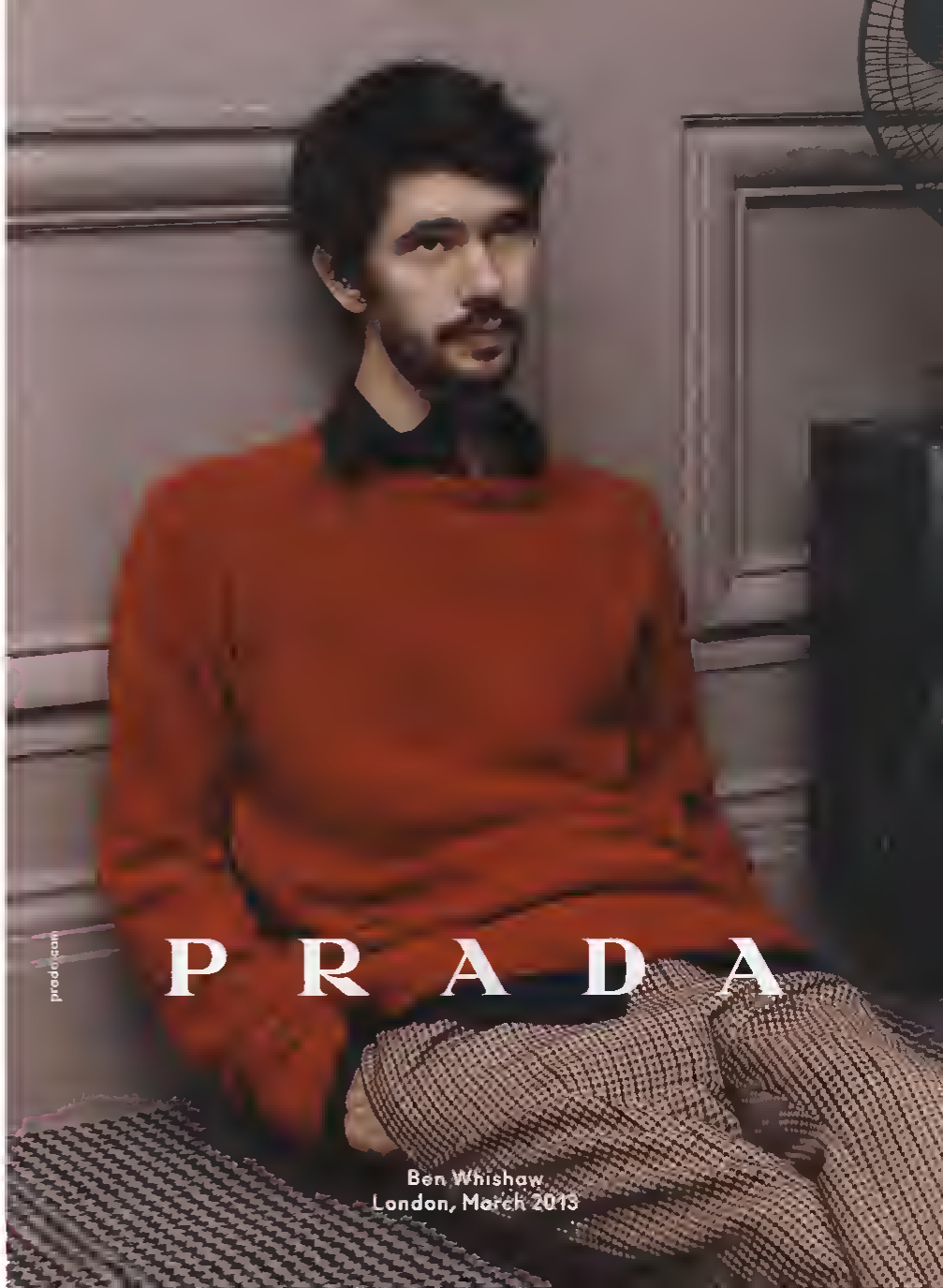
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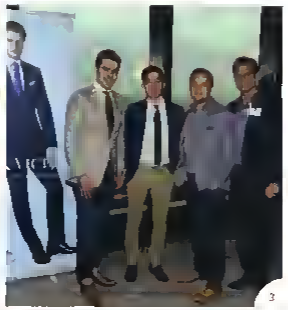
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JACK VICTOR CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION – *HOSTED BY ESQUIRE*

Jack Victor Limited celebrated a milestone in their storied history with a 100th Anniversary celebration event co hosted by Esquire magazine at Hearst Tower Retail executives from across the country and invited guests were welcomed by Jack Essig Hearst Men's Group SVP, Publishing Director & Chief Revenue Officer who then introduced Alan Victor President, CEO, Jack Victor Limited- who talked about the history, craftsmanship and heritage of Jack Victor 100 years of fine tailored clothing

Three hundred and fifty of the most notable executives in the menswear industry attended the event, who were given a commemorative Jack Victor Centennial Pen as they departed the event.

To learn more about Jack Victor go to www.jackvictor.com

1 Alan Victor President/CEO, Jack Victor Limited, David Granger Esquire Editor In Chief 2 (Left to right) Fulvio Galimberti, Reda, Maurice Bendahan, Britaz; Federico Veronese, E. Thomas; Tony Iuliani Jack Victor Filippo Ronchi, E. Thomas; Alberto Rosini, Zignone; Giorgio Ronchi, E. Thomas 3 (Left to right) Pierre Benoit Duhamel, Cluster Habilleur- Maître du Polrier Cluster Richard Schmelle, Cluster Roberto Masciotra, Jack Victor 4 (Left to right) Maurizio Iuliani, Jack Victor Martin Gauthier Sovet / Ogilvy- Tony Iuliani, Jack Victor Steve Godfroid, Sovet 5 Nick Sa Ryan, Esquire Fashion Director Alan Victor Jack Essig, Hearst Men's Group SVP Publishing Director & Chief Revenue Officer 6 Jack Victor Sales Executive Team 7 (Left to right) Alberto Reinelli, Jack Victor Mario Renzi, Cervetessile; Vince D'Agostino, Jack Victor

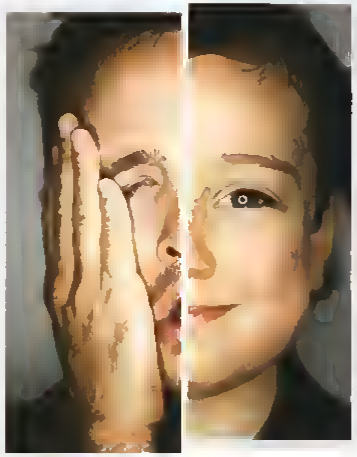
Photo Credit: Jason Green Photography



Esquire
OCT 2013

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POLO
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WHY THIS WATCH?
THIS WATCH IS A WITNESS. TO WORDS THAT MOVED NATIONS
IT'S DARED MEN FASTER. FURTHER
WORN BY LUMINARIES. VISIONARIES. CHAMPIONS.
IT DOESN'T JUST TELL TIME. IT TELLS HISTORY.

ROLEX



LESSONS FROM A LIFE

**MARKED SPACE FLIGHT WAS BORN IN 1961.
SO WERE THE FREEDOM RIDERS. SO WAS OUR CURRENT PRESIDENT.**

Barack Obama's fifty-two-year share of the past eighty years almost precisely spans the profound transformation of American society from the oppression of Jim Crow to the elevation of a black man to the White House. As much as any American alive, he has experienced, and even embodies, the sweep and scope of change during those decades. As with the other prominent men we photographed for this issue, we asked the president a couple questions about his life. ›

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK MAHH AT THE WHITE HOUSE, AUGUST 6, 2013.

We obviously have seen extraordinary changes in the country since 1961. When you were born, for instance, laws in a couple dozen states prohibited interracial relationships. Growing up, were you aware of how recently your own parents' relationship would have been illegal? And what effect did that have on you?

I grew up mostly in Hawaii, where interracial relationships were pretty common. So it wasn't until I was eight or nine that I started to understand the legacy of race relations in this country, and it wouldn't be until I was an adolescent that I would feel its impact on my own life. In a sense, then, I was sheltered from some of the self-doubt that I might have experienced if I had been living in a big mainland city.

But what's true is I, like an entire generation of African-Americans, benefited from the battles that previous generations fought. And that's the genius of America. We change. Our differences may make for better headlines than what we have in common, but the truth is we are a more tolerant nation today than we've been in the past. Each successive generation has made a little more progress than the last on issues of race, or gender, or sexual orientation. It's not always easy or quick. It requires the sustained effort of committed citizens. And the sting of prejudice and racism and bigotry will continue to exist. But when I see the way my daughters, their friends, and this young generation at large talk about these issues, it's clear that they're better than we are on this stuff. They don't think twice about interracial relationships, or gay and lesbian relationships. And that's got to make you optimistic. We've been on a journey to form a more perfect union since we first put those words to paper over 225 years ago, and if you look at the trajectory of that journey, more often than not, we've headed in the right direction.

Even in the midst of it—and reserving your right to change your mind in five or twenty years—what in your mind most characterizes or captures the essence of America in the Obama years?



52 | BARACK OBAMA

(b. 1961) FORTY-FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Resilience. We've had to fight back from the worst financial crisis in generations and a devastating recession that claimed the jobs, the homes, and the savings of millions of hardworking people. And thanks to that resilience, five years later America has recovered faster and gone further than most other advanced nations in the world. In our personal lives, we tightened our belts and refocused on the things that really matter. As a country, our businesses have created about seven and a half million new jobs, we're making our health care system better, and revolutions in American manufacturing, energy, and technology have us positioned to make this another American century. Going forward, our biggest challenge is rebuilding an economy where if you work hard, you can get ahead. Where you can build a sense of security for your family. While we've got a long way to go, I'm pretty sure we'll get there. And once we do, we'll be able to look back on these years with a sense of pride in the way we helped one another through tough times. ■



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DEDICATIONS & ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A CLOSER LOOK AT MANY OF THE PEOPLE WHO MADE THIS ISSUE POSSIBLE AND A FEW WHO JUST MAKE US HAPPY.



Mark Mann

PHOTOGRAPHER

If it weren't for a woman on a train, Mark Mann would have been a potter. Maybe a painter. But one day, at 16, happy with his potting or painting future, the Glasgow native found himself on a train to Edinburgh, sitting next to a beautiful woman. They got to talking. The woman studied photography at Manchester Polytechnic. Which meant that soon after, Mann was studying photography at Manchester Polytechnic, too. Things didn't work out with the woman, but after that day Mann's path was set—and the Life of Man project became much less reliant on clay.

Mann moved to New York, where he shot celebrity portraiture for magazines such as *Vibe*, *Spin*, *Billboard*, and *Complex*. After two decades of traditional film and digital photography, he traded in his equipment for a vintage Graflex Super D that shoots Polaroids. It forced him to rethink his approach: "It's not about taking 2,000 shots and getting one good one," he says. "It's about taking three shots and *making sure* you get a good one." It was those Graflex portraits (specifically shots of Mexico's lucha libre wrestlers) that caught Esquire's eye. The faces fill the frame, removing context and putting the focus on a face's—and a person's—character. The style was perfect for the Life of Man project.

Before shooting his first subject, Mike Tyson, in October 2012, Mann spent months honing a rig that would produce consistent photos. Just as important, it had to be something he could assemble quickly enough to make good on his promise to subjects that the shoots would take no more than 15 minutes. He settled on a white background, a ring light, and a digital camera (with all the traveling and flying he had to do, film just wasn't feasible) with a vintage Hasselblad lens. It's this setup that gives the Life of Man photos their distinctive look: a concentration on the eyes, with pupils rimmed by light and all other features in soft focus, the way a man might see himself if he looked in the bathroom mirror—albeit with a flashlight shining in his eyes and his nose almost touching the glass. "You can't hide with this lighting," Mann says. "There's no pretending to be what you're not. You can't act to it. It just brings out a brutal honesty."

The 80 shots took ten months, spanned eight states, and even involved Mann's reading a Minnie Mouse book to quell a toddler's tantrum. We think it was worth it. See for yourself, starting on page 175. (For more on Mann, go to markmannphoto.com.)



HOW TO BE A PART OF HISTORY

The Life of Man portraiture series doesn't exist only in this magazine. You can be a part of it, too. Just head to lifeofman.esquire.com, upload your photograph, and fill out a short personal profile. That's it. For every portrait submitted, we'll donate one dollar to the United Way to help support the next generation of extraordinary Americans. So you'll actually become a part of history and a part of the future. That's gotta feel nice.

THE LIFE OF MANN



"Bill Murray fixed my golf swing. I'd been having some problems because of some weight loss and he told me what I was doing wrong. I had a great round because of it."



"When Robin Williams heard my Scottish accent, he went nuts and was basically doing Mrs. Doubtfire for me."



"Sugar Ray Leonard said 'I'm gonna come right up into your face and you just don't back off.' And he basically sticks his nose on my nose and his forehead on my forehead."



"I had to ask Stephen King: 'Is *The Shining* based on Mohonk Mountain House?' It wasn't."

netpage Use Netpage throughout this issue. Especially starting on page 175.



CANALI
1934

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Mark Warren
EMPLOYEE OF THE OCTODECENNIAL

Of the 80 years Esquire has been around, executive editor Mark Warren has been a part of 25 of them. While there was at least one longer-tenured employee (fashion editor Oscar E. Schoeffler), there is no more valued one. In his two and a half decades here, Mark has been responsible for some of the most important stories in Esquire's history. (In that time, he's also responded to approximately four e-mails.) His talent and devotion to magazine feature journalism is one of the things that make Esquire Esquire. To recognize his achievement, a few facts about the magazine and the time Mark started here, September 1988:

Jeff Bridges was on the cover. (He's been on the cover two times since.)

Layouts were assembled by hand with glue and sent off to be photographed and rephotographed. If there were late changes—or, say, a glued word fell off the layout—we would excise part of the photo with an X-Acto knife, replace it, and reshoot it. We have computers now.

Billy Bob Thornton had been married only twice.

A subscription cost $15.94. (It costs only $7.97 now. A steal. Get one for a friend.)

Brian Mockenhaupt
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

Understanding what a soldier has been through takes a special kind of person—namely, a soldier himself, like Brian Mockenhaupt, an Esquire contributing editor and two-tour veteran of Iraq, who profiles Afghanistan-war-veteran-turned-Clemson-wide-receiver Daniel Rodriguez on page 236. Mock's most recent book, *Three Days in Gettysburg*, is available as a Kindle Single (amazon.com, $1.99).



Richard Dorment
SENIOR EDITOR

This issue began in July 2012 as a 60-page single-spaced list of nearly every famous man in America and his birthday. Turning it into the 80-year chronicle you have in your hands took wrangling, cajoling, and more organizing than a man should be capable of. And at the helm of it all was senior editor Richard Dorment. Through his vast, somewhat crazy efforts, he spearheaded the assembly of an issue that we're all quite proud of. The man deserves a nap.

A FEW OTHER NAMES WORTHY OF MENTION

To Esquire staffers Matt Goulet and Anna Poole, whose resolve never wavered, and Kate Carrington, who believed. In The Life of Man from day one. To music correspondent Andy Langer, who held Willie Nelson's hand. Literally. And to our interns, Alexander Engler and Amanda Simmons, who deserve more thanks than we could ever give.

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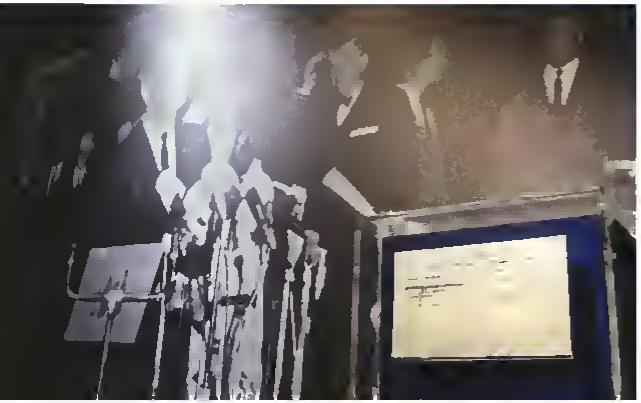
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HOW TO REPORT A STORY

(WHEN MOST OF YOUR SOURCES ARE DEAD)

For writer at large Chris Jones, piecing together the story of the *Air Force One* flight after JFK's assassination (page 178) meant tracking down thousands of facts from dozens of sources, only a handful of them still living. Jones pored over recently released recordings of radio traffic from the flight; official logs, diaries, and oral histories; and books by Jim Bishop, Robert Caro, and William Manchester. Here, he explains the sourcing behind some of his story's most intricate details.

▸ **"Larry O'Brien, excusing** himself to Jackie, finds a Catholic missal in the bedroom's nightstand drawer. It is in a small box, still wrapped in cellophane."

Some people had written that this Bible, or missal, was really important to Kennedy, that he had read it every night. Which is a nice narrative, but it's not true. In his oral history of the day, Chuck Roberts, the reporter, talks about Larry O'Brien ripping open the box that the missal was in. So it was just some gift that got thrown in a drawer. It became meaningful because Johnson swore to become president on it. If you look at the book today, it's not worn at all. It's 50 years old, but it's a brand-new book. I put on little white gloves and held that book in my hands. It's such tangible history.

▸ **"1:30 P.M." [Johnson** boards the plane]

There are at least four official timelines, each a compilation from different people and footnote sources, like "This is from Moyers" or "This is from Clint Hill." Those timelines have Johnson arriving on the plane at 1:40 PM, but one of them has this hand correction—1:30. So you play a deduction game. Johnson talks about seeing Cronkite announce the death. We know that Cronkite looks up at the clock at 1:38 because in the footage, he's very specific about it. He then says, "some 38 minutes ago—"—referring to one o'clock, the time of death. We know Johnson does a couple things on the plane before he watches the TV, so 1:30 is more correct than 1:40. A lot of the facts you work out that way—backward.

▸ **"Outside on the** tarmac, radio operator John Trimble is stretching his legs when a member of the White House [staff] ... tells [him] that someone in the presidential motorcade has been hurt."

There were official accounts of Trimble being told that *Air Force One* should prepare for immediate takeoff. I was able to track down Trimble, now 85, and confirm that account while adding vivid detail.

▸ **"'Yes, Mrs. Kennedy,'** Ayres says. 'I have'—and here Ayres takes the briefest of pauses, apparently unsure whether to introduce Johnson as President Johnson. 'I have, uh, Mr. Johnson here for you.'"

In early 2012, about an hour of new audio recordings surfaced. Some are phone conversations with Johnson. Others are of people on the plane talking to Washington. Some of it's in code, so it's hard to know what they're talking about. I couldn't fit it into the story, but there's even mundane moments, like when Congressman Albert Thomas realizes he's forgotten his keys. They call his office to have keys left under his doormat. Listening to these conversations, your heart palpitates a little bit.

▸ **"On the careening** drive to Love Field, Lady Bird had looked out a window and seen a flag already lowered to half-mast. 'I think that was when the enormity of what had happened fresh struck me,' she says later."

Lady Bird recorded an audio diary. She's very vivid in her recollections. At some point, somebody transcribed the diary with this horrible italicized typewriter. It's really hard to read. In the transcript, when she recalls seeing the half-mast flag, it says "first struck me." Every report that mentions the quote uses "first." But if you listen to the audio, I swear she says "fresh." So what do you go with? This official account? Or do you trust your ears? She says "first" earlier in the diary, and it sounds completely different.

WATCH THIS ISSUE! SOST OF

Esquire NETWORK

On September 23 television's new favorite channel, the Esquire Network, will launch with a special about Esquire's 80-year history and the making of the anniversary issue. (Go to tv.esquire.com/channelfinder to find it in your listings.) You'll see interviews with David Granger and our writers, some of the planning behind this issue, and plenty of in-depth coverage of the events, articles, and people who have shaped Esquire over eight decades. If you're using Netpage (you know, the free app that lets you turn any page of this magazine into an interactive, shareable experience), you can scan here to watch the trailer right now.

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Salvatore Ferragamo



Freeway Rick Ross and his Bag of Cash

BY MIKE SAGER

On pages 222, writer at large Mike Sager tells the story of Freeway Rick Ross (above right, with Sager), a Los Angeles "entrepreneur" who created one of the original—and most successful—networks to sell crack cocaine. Here, he tells the story of their first encounter.

The first time I saw Freeway Rick Ross, he was moving toward me at a good clip across the opulent marble lobby of the five-star Resort at Pelican Hill in Newport, California. This was a little more than two years ago—a warm day, blue sky, big yellow sun, the distant crash of the waves. Ross was wearing a Freeway Rick Ross T-shirt and battered blue jeans and carrying a briefcase. He had the short, pistoning stride of a little guy who had come this close to playing his way out of the ghetto with a tennis racket. Trailing behind him was a multiracial posse of four—his lawyer, a studio producer, a woman from the record industry, and a friend of mine named Malik, who, at the time, managed hip-hop acts. (He's the one who'd brought me in.) As we settled ourselves, all the norms in the place seemed to turn to stone. Wide-eyed and rubbernecked, clad in golf wear and short tennis dresses, you'd have thought they'd seen a ghost.

Later, Ross and I were left to talk between ourselves. It felt like one of those dates in old Spain or Italy in which the whole village was trailing behind us, our chaperones. Ross outlined the book he had in mind, his life story. As things go in these meetings, I described the usual editorial process—the long and often tedious process of agent submission to publishing houses. Ross looked at me and laughed.

"We ain't gonna fuck with them motherfuckers," he told me jubilantly. "We gonna finance this shit ourself."

My eyes fell at once on the briefcase at his feet. "I like your attitude," I told him.

Over the next couple years, things didn't exactly work out the way Ross was figuring. I'm not sure what was in the briefcase. I think he was counting on a boatload of cash once his lawsuit against rapper Rick Ross settled. Only it never happened.

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SHARE THIS ISSUE!

You can share or save every page of this issue by using Netpage. Just go to netpage.com, the iTunes App Store, or Google Play and download the free app. Then open the app and your Esquire (which it appears you've already done), hold your phone's camera over any page, and save or share it digitally. Netpage also reveals bonus content, like videos of the subjects in the Life of Man portfolio. Watch Woody Harrelson on meeting his wife, Mike Tyson on the benefits of being in a committed relationship, and 70 more. It's fun! And addictive, so best to break it up over a few days.

THE LIFE OF MAN ONLINE

While we couldn't have done the Life of Man project without photographer Mark Mann, we definitely couldn't have done the online component of Life of Man—which allows any man (even you!) to add his own photo to the collection—without interactive media designer Frank Migliorelli. Migliorelli has worked on projects with the John F. Kennedy Library and the U.S. Department of Education. But we're sure he's most proud of LifeofMan.esquire.com. (For more on Migliorelli, go to migidea.com.)

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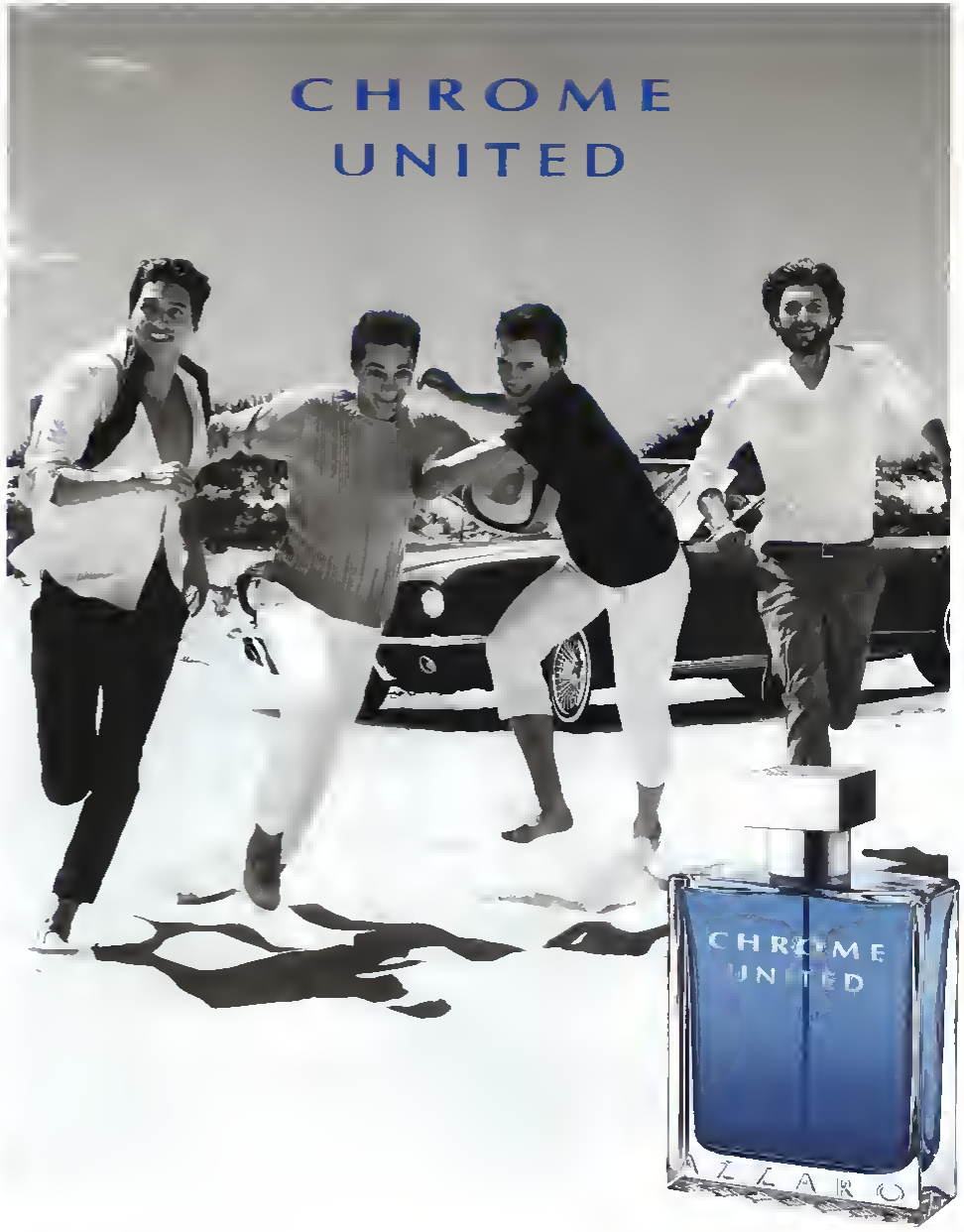
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THE

EIGHTY GREATEST SENTENCES

"HE LOVED HER LIKE A DOG." —LANGSTON HUGHES, APRIL 1934 AND 79 MORE

Now he would never write the things that he had saved to write until he knew enough to write them well. —**Ernest Hemingway,** *"The Snows of Kilimanjaro," August 1936*

It tasted like a first—the first time you dove into an ocean wave or made something good or touched her lips. —**Michael Paterniti,** *"Ferran Adrià," July 2001*

They danced in the grass, feet squelching, his hands on her throat. —**Stephen King and Joe Hill,** *"In the Tall Grass," August 2012*

Any of you gents ever get a hard-on, listening to those guns? —**William Styron,** *"Love Day," August 1985*

In adolescence, I had only to say "God," and I would think of my groin. —**Norman Mailer** *"A Piece of Harlot's Ghost," July 1988*

▼ Now a man can crack in many ways—can crack in the head—in which case the power of decision is taken from you by others, or in the body when one can but submit to the white hospital world—or in the nerves —**F. Scott Fitzgerald,** *"The Crack-Up," February 1936*



"Talk into my bullet hole." —**Denis Johnson,** *"Steady Hands at Seattle General," March 1989*



The sergeant who touched the trip wire was killed, the Negro who'd found the little girl was killed, M's old alligator hunter was pierced by the whistling pieces of steel and evacuated, and "Yokasoka's dead," soldiers were saying that night at their rubber plantation, still not getting his name right, not knowing how Yoshioka lay in a Saigon hospital marginally alive, huge Frankenstein stitches on his shaven head, his acne caked with blood, a hole in his throat to breathe through, bubbles between his lips, the soles of his feet a queer pale yellow, his head thrashing right and left as though to cry no-no-no, his hand slapping his thigh as though he'd heard some madcap story, a sheet around the bed frame to hold him in—a jar of clear liquid dripping into him, a brownish-yellow liquid dripping out, a PFC shooing the flies away and sucking things out of his throat hole with a vacuum machine, a modest Navajo nurse pulling the sheet up over his legs, a doctor leaning over him whispering, "Bob? You're in a hospital. You're going to be on your latter a while. You're going to be traveling some. First you'll be on a plane. . ."
—**John Sack,** *"M," October 1966*

▲ Cancer walked all over my father, in large part because he opened the door, turned on the porch light, and invited it in heartily—*You old bastard! Come in and have a vodka tonic!*—**Dave Eggers,** *"Long Live the Career Smoker," April 1998*

Look, Ma, look, Pa. I don't give a fuck. —**Scott Raab,** *"Paul Newman. The Graceful Exit," May 2000*

Fear, like love, is difficult to explain after it has subsided, probably because it draws away the veils of illusion as it disappears. —**Arthur Miller,** *"The Night Edward Murrow Struck Back," December 1983*

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1973

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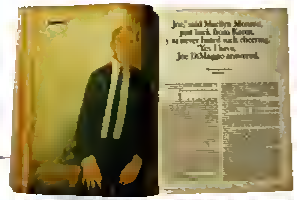
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She is cute as a button, pretty as a picture, eminently fuckable, totally unavailable.

—MIKE SAGER, "THE SECRET LIFE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN," APRIL 1999

They were waiting for a young man who, for many reasons, all of them interwoven, always wanted to be a fighter. —**W. C. Heinz**, *"Young Fighter," July 1955*

▼ The banners had been held by hundreds of young boys whose dreams had been fulfilled so often by Mantle, but also seated in the grandstands were older men, paunchy and balding, in whose middle-aged minds DiMaggio was still vivid and invincible, and some of them remembered how one month before, during a pregame exhibition at Old-timers' Day in Yankee Stadium, DiMaggio had hit a pitch into the left-field seats, and suddenly thousands of people had jumped wildly to their feet, joyously screaming—the great DiMaggio had returned, they were young again, it was yesterday. —**Gay Talese**, *"'Joe,' Said Marilyn Monroe, Just Back from Korea, 'You Never Heard Such Cheering.' 'Yes I Have,' Joe DiMaggio Answered," July 1966*



He dreams of explosions and awakens frantic, feeling for his legs. —**Brian Mockenhaupt**, *"Sgt. Wells's New Skull," April 2006*

So, Ah, you're telling me he's prooosing genocide, and I'm nodding like an asshole? —**John Miller**, *"Greetings, America. My Name Is Osama bin Laden," February 1999*

After a privileged childhood, a reign as Debutante of the Year; an education at Vassar, the Sorbonne, and George Washington University; a brief career as an inquiring photographer; a long courtship with a man twelve years her senior who she feared "couldn't be less interested in me"; marriage to that same ambitious young Senator, his several illnesses and near death, his campaign for the Vice-Presidency; the bearing of four children and the death of two, four years as the wife of a presidential hopeful, two years and ten months as the Thirty-first First Lady of the United States; the witnessing of her husband's murder, and a full year of the rituals and restrictions of mourning, Jacqueline Kennedy, at thirty-five, must decide what to do with her life. —**Gloria Steinem**, *"Mrs. Kennedy at the Moment," October 1964*

A name that leaves room in a conversation for the next sentence. —**Mike Sager**, *"Mike Sager by Mike Sager," July 2005*

I was discovering what the lady at the party had meant by saying, "I know how to make them burn." —**Saul Bellow**, *"Something to Remember Me By," July 1990*

Almost everyone humped photographs. —**Tim O'Brian**, *"The Things They Carried," August 1986*

▼ It showed a crowd of freaks bending over a dying fat man on a dark and lonely road, looking at a tattoo on his back which illustrated a crowd of freaks bending over a dying fat man on a— —**Ray Bradbury**, *"The Illustrated Man," July 1950*

In the final terror, with your gauges ticking and your gas running low, as dead end leads to dead end and the last corridor stretches out beyond time, does the mind impose its own order, seizing the confusion of busted pipes and jagged edges and forcing them into a logical grid, which you can then follow down to the bottom of the wreck and out—in a gust of light and love—through the wound in her side? —**Bucky McMahon**, *"Everest at the Bottom of the Sea," July 2000*



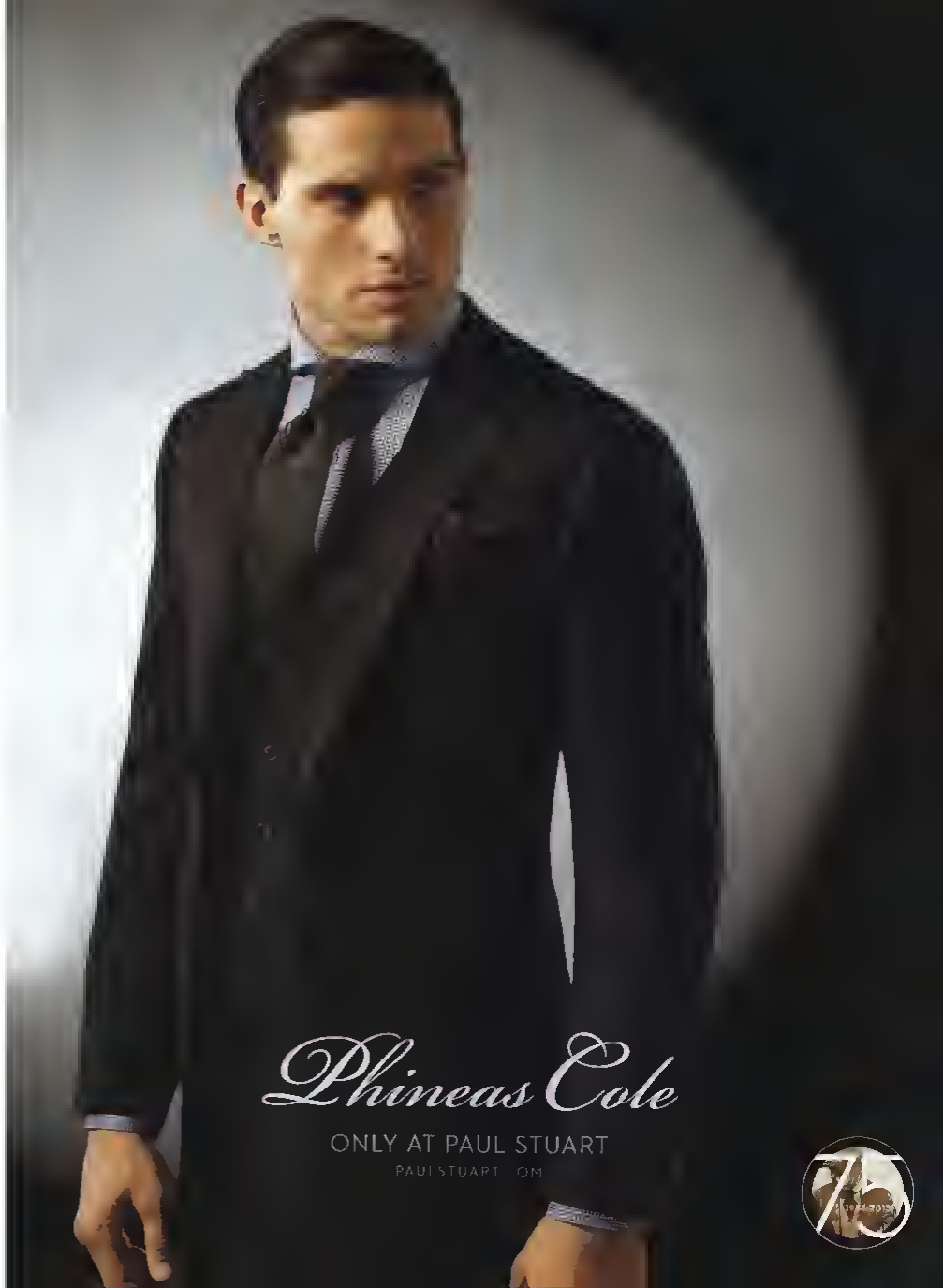
Larisa Kudziyeva watched one of the grenades, a smooth metal oval about the size of a lime, as it passed over her, fell to the floor, and bounced off the kitchen tile toward the soldiers. —**C. J. Chivers**, *"The School," June 2006*

This part cannot be slighted or the blackness will take over, and then the reel begins playing in the mind, that hideous tape that nothing seems to erase or edit or alter, the tape that zooms in and out of scenes so swiftly the body feels vertigo, and the eye focuses in disbelief on a pin, a small metal grenade pin, and the entire universe—yes, all of it—wrenches to a halt to consider one simple question. Is that pin straight, or is that pin bent? —**Charles Bowden**, *"Being Max Cleland," August 1999*

Ah, Brandy, Misty, and Amanda, come out and sit on the veranda. —**Charles P. Pierce**, *"Two Strokes Back," October 1999*

"Jewey Jew a piece of Jew on my Jew?" he says to Tracey. —**Jon Stewart**, *"Jon," July 2001*

Maybe he didn't jump at all, because no one can jump into the arms of God. —**Tom Junod**, *"The Falling Man," September 2003*



▼ When the roof collapses, it hits Chris Carmer in the head and he drops to the floor and he's on his knees and now the wall with the shelves full of beer is falling toward him and then the roof opens up above and behind him and it sounds like the devil is shrieking in his ear and he feels his legs being sucked up toward the hole and he knows that Rick Ward is squatting next to him and so he grabs Rick Ward's belt with one hand and the falling shelves with the other and he buries his face in Rick's soft back and he tells himself that although he is about to die he should just hold on for as long as he can, because it is better to go down fighting —**Luke Dittrich**, *"Joplin," October 2011*



In bed, Sol loved her up and she took him and held him and loved him back, but all the time she was doing it she was thinking about the big, curly headed man in the back room. —**Raymond Carver**, *"Kindling," July 1999*

For all her chic thinness, she had an almost breakfast-cereal air of health, a soap-and-lemon cleanness, a rough pink darkening of the cheeks —**Truman Capote**, *"Breakfast at Tiffany's," November 1958*

She was plain, plain. —**Flannery O'Connor**, *"Parker's Back," April 1965*

She jiggles —**George A. McNamara**, *"Essay on Jiggling," May 1937*

Bust, bosom, boobs, babaloos, beanbags, buds, bulbs, balcony, balloons, bangers, bazongas, bazooms, baseballs, beach balls, berthas, bettys, beausom, beauts, begonias, big brown eyes, bits, blubbers, bobbers, BB's, bonbons, boom-booms, bongos, bings, bounty, the Bobbsey twins, bottles, boulders, bikini filler, brassiere food, breastices, bosiasm, bubbles, bubbies, buddies, bozos, bee stings, bullets, bumps, buffers, bumpers, busters, best friends, bug bites, butter-bags, the baby bar—that's fifty just in the b's, and we probably missed one or two. —**Larry Doyle**, *Esky, February 1999*



I would never have breasts. —**Nora Ephron**, *"A Few Words About Breasts," May 1972*

▲ In the months after I got back from Vietnam, the hundreds of helicopters I'd flown in began to draw together until they formed a collective meta-chopper, and in my head it was the sexiest thing going: saver-destroyer, provider-waster, right hand–left hand, nimble, fluent, canny and human. hot steel, grease, jungle-saturated canvas webbing, sweat cooling and warming up again, cassette rock 'n' roll in one ear and door-gun fire in the other, fuel, heat, vitality, and death, death itself no intruder —**Michael Herr**, *"High on War," January 1977*

But of course, most people have not had as much of a god's hand in willfully accelerating their own demise as Nick Nolte has, and if a man has the power to find the violence inside to harm himself and bring on the end, then he must surely, Nolte feels, be able to find the grace to reverse the process. —**Daniel Voll**, *"Nick Nolte Is Racing the Clock to Repair the Damage," October 1999*

Along the way, he sings forth a monologue about cars, this car, this road, this town of Homestead, that house, his house, the new house he's planning in central Florida, up on a hill, just about the highest point in the whole goddamn state, what a deal he's getting there, Citrus Hills, HELL of a deal, about his hopes for his kids, his daughter, Claudia, only fourteen, who lives in Vermont with her mother, Ted's third wife, who was too much of a pain in the ass to live with, but gee, she's done a hell of a job with those kids, HELL of a job, the little girl is an actress, she had the lead in the Christmas play and she was so good, the papers up there all said she bears watching, SHE BEARS WATCHING, and her brother, Ted's boy, John Henry, he's picking colleges now, he's a good boy and Ted's critical, but he can't see too much wrong with that boy, and even the big daughter, Bobby Jo, she's thirty-eight already, still can bust Ted's chops pretty good, boy, but she's straightening out now; and these islands, there's bonefish here, used to be wonderful years ago, there was NOTHING, NOTHING, except a few of the best fishermen God ever made, and a narrow road between bay and sea, just a little shittin' road, and some women who weren't half bad on the water or off it either, and the world here was empty and the water was clear and you could have a few pops of rum, maybe get a little horny, go see friends, that's all there was here, a few friends, thirty, thirty-five years ago, when this place was young, when he first fished with Jimmy and he met Lou [illegible] "Gee, I'm so fuckin'

He was a damn addict as sure as any bug-eyed dope fiend out here, hooked on being the man —RICHARD PRICE "A HUSTLER HUSTLES, THAT'S WHAT HE DOES." MAY 1982



happy about Louise," Ted says —**Richard Ben Cramer**, *"What Do You Think of Ted Williams Now?" June 1986*

Then all the sudden all the shooting stopped and all you could hear were all the soldiers cheering from all the Strykers parked around the mosque and the police station like it was a goddamn eighty-yard touchdown pass at a Raiders home game —**Colby Buzzell**, *"The Making of the Twenty-First-Century Soldier," Part Three, November 2005*

I'm the Messiah. —**Timothy Leary**, *"In the Beginning Leary Turned On Ginsberg and Saw That It Was Good . . . And Then Leary and Ginsberg Decided to Turn On the World," July 1968*

There is one thing worse than being a violated man—and that's being a violated man's wife. —**Garry Wills**, *"What Makes the Newest Nixon Run?" May 1968*

To adapt the writer Clive James on the singer Barry Manilow: everybody you know despises Reagan, but everyone you don't know thinks he's great. —**Martin Amis**, *"Ronnie and the Pacemakers," November 1988*

The twenty, you see, is a verb. —**Tom Chiarella**, *"The $20 Theory of the Universe," March 2003*

The Bad Guys built themselves a little world and got onto something good and then the Establishment, all sorts of Establishments, began closing in, with a lot of cajolery, thievery and hypnosis, and in the end, thrown into a vinyl Petri dish, the only way left to tell the whole bunch of them where to head in was to draw them a huge asinine picture of themselves, which they were sure to like. —**Tom Wolfe**, *"There Goes (Varoom! Varoom!) That Kandy Kolored (Thphhhhhh!) Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby (Rahghhh!) Around the Bend (Brummmmmmmmmmmmmmmm . . .)," November 1963*

He was not a gentleman, a Shakespearean amateur, he was a fighter —**Edgar Lee Masters**, *"The Time of Ruby Robert," February 1940*

If you have not cheated yet, it's because you are still too grateful to be secure, or you have not yet had the opportunity, or the right color of red hair has not come along and sat down at the bar on a Tuesday when the jukebox was playing Leonard Cohen and your manhattan tasted like the future —**Lisa Taddeo**, *"Why We Cheat," April 2012*

Doubly incestuous, she was asking someone who might have been her son to become her daddy —**Aldous Huxley**, *"Time's Revenges," October 1951*

The journalist never tried the photographer's condoms (he didn't even use his own as much as he should have), but the photographer, who tried both, decided that the journalist had made the right decision from a standpoint of sensation, so that is the real moral of this story, and those who don't want anything but morals need read no further —**William Vollmann**, *"De Sade's Last Stand," November 1992*

(Read it as a warm, wet kiss but think of it as a play.) —**Claes Oldenburg**, *"My Very Last Happening," May 1969*



▲ Late summer, a man and woman were making love in the eaves of a garishly painted house that looked out on the lighthouse—green light revolving, revolving—when a feeling suddenly passed into them, a feeling unrelated to their love-making, in direct physical opposition to it: an electrical charge so strong they could taste it, feel it, the hair standing on their arms, just as it does before lightning strikes —**Michael Paterniti**, *"The Long Fall of One-Eleven Heavy," July 2000*

He is lousy at alone —**Bill Zehme**, *"The Man Who Loved Women," August 1998*

So deeply imbedded was she in my consciousness that for the first few years of

He thought that if he ran fast enough, he might catch his baby brother before he hit the ground.

—ADRIAN NICOLE LEBLANC, "FALLING," APRIL 1995

school I believed that each of my teachers was actually my mother in disguise —**Philip Roth**, *"A Jewish Patient Begins His Analysis," April 1967*

These are the mere grace notes that go with manhood's end, the smaller details of the inevitable and often absurd catastrophe that fetches a man from wherever he stands and delivers him to oblivion's gate —**Scott Raab**, *"Philip Roth Goes Home Again," October 2010*

Ultimately, is it any less restricting to bow down to Father Warhol rather than Our Father Who Art in Heaven? —**Stephen Marche**, *"Lady Gaga," May 2011*

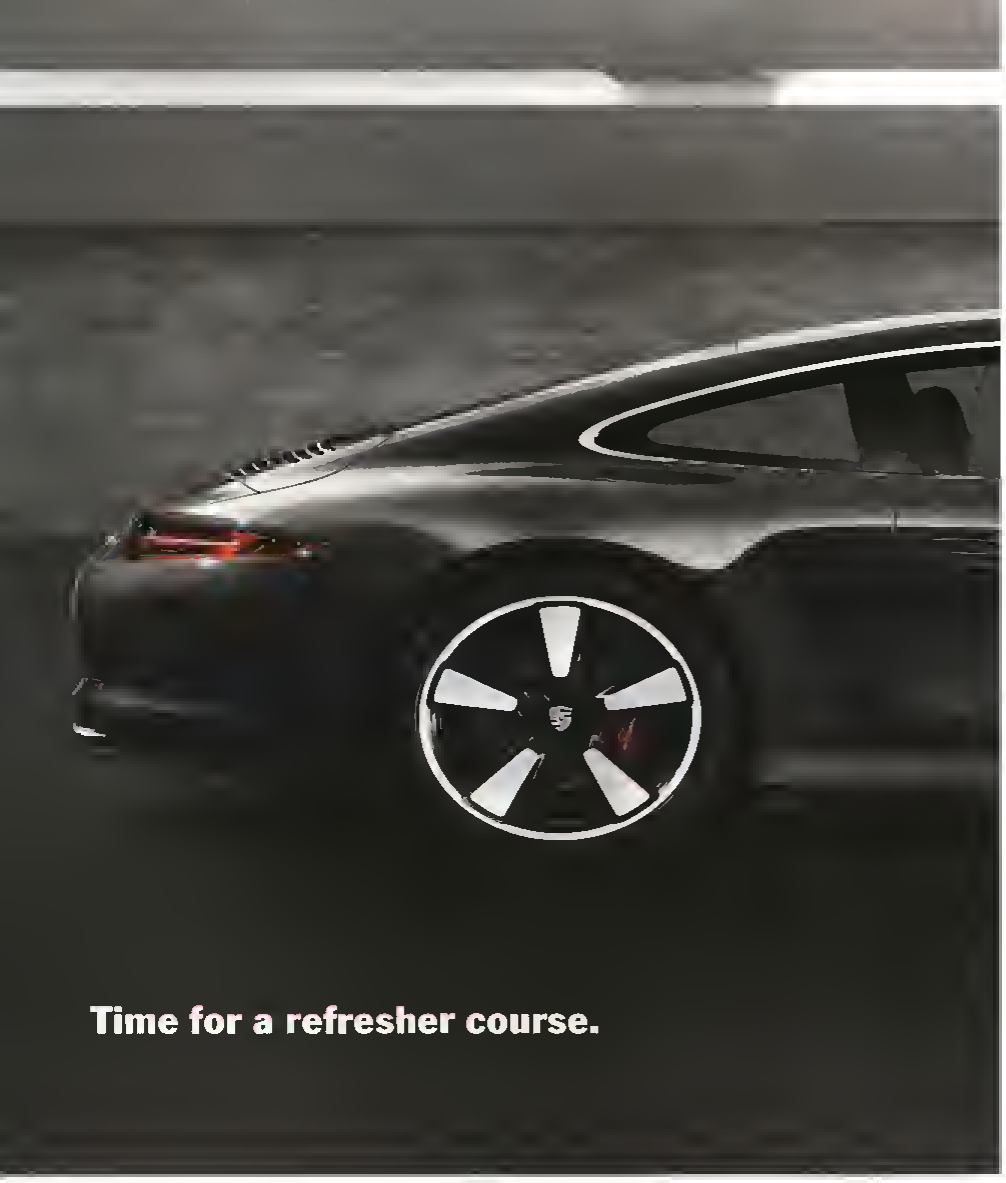
It'll go lighter on you if you stick to the whiskey story —**Nelson Algren**, *"The Captain Is a Card," June 1942*

"Dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky dorky



dorky dorky dorky


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THE
Esquire

80

THE THINGS—MEN, WOMEN, TECHNOLOGY, BOOKS, FOOD, BOOZE, JOKES, HUNCHES, NOTIONS, AND A HANDFUL OF BOLD IDEAS—THAT DEFINE OUR TIME

Amazingly, there are exactly 80 of them.

ILLUSTRATION BY FAMOUS

Millennial incompetence • The Killing • Michele Bachmann • Attachment parenting • The Mumfordization of music • Hurricane Sandy–induced action on global warming • The latest from Maureen Dowd • Steven Soderbergh's retirement • The sorrows of the politician's wife • The 2013 summer blockbuster movie slate • The end of meat • "Happy Anniversary!"

THE DOMINANCE OF LOOOOOONG IN THE AGE OF SHORT

BY TOM JUNOD

We live in a time of short attention spans and long stories. The short attention spans are seen as inevitable, the consequence of living our lives in thrall to flickering streams of information. The long stories are the surprise, as is the persistence of the audience for them.

I would submit that these are not contradictory phenomena but rather connected. Our attention spans have become shorter because there are more and more claims upon them—more information, more complexity, more stories, more stuff; *more*. We understand this because we experience it; as we try to keep up with what's coming in, we can feel things we once deemed essential going away.

What we do not understand—what we only sense—is that even the most fragmentary information is connected to something larger in the most literal way. The very emblem of our contested cultural awareness is, of course, the tweet; but tweets often come with links, and links often come with stories, and all of those tweets and all of those stories are stored in data centers that tell stories we can't begin to imagine. "Data" sounds small, but data, by its nature, is big, and when "Big Data" enthusiasts rave about the "massive data sets" now at their disposal, they are really investing their faith in a new kind of storytelling, an endless tale *of* all *by* all, a collective narrative subject not to control but only analysis.

The stories have gotten larger, then, even though we experience them as smaller. And we have responded by making them longer.

It is one of the paradoxes of our age: We complain that we don't have any time. Our storytellers proceed as if we have nothing but. Our directors seem incapable of making a movie less than two and a half hours long, our novelists of writing a book less than 400 pages. And Stephen King, who was once our Brothers Grimm, is now our Dumas, asking if books 1,000 pages long can still properly be called potboilers. In journalism, what used to be characterized as "narrative" or "literary" or "new" journalism is now described simply as "long form," as if length were the trait that supersedes all others. The magazine article, always a supremely elastic form, has at once shrunk into the "listicle" and expanded into the "Kindle Single" or the "Byliner Original" or the "interactive" multimedia extravaganza designed not to be read but rather experienced in a variety of ways, depending on how much time we have and how much we are willing to give—with time, indeed, the constraining variable instead of simply length.

There is some inflation here, to be sure—nobody has ever watched a superhero movie wishing it were longer, and rare is the journalist who hasn't faced the challenge of the digital era by thinking that at least he no longer has to face the challenge of compression. But taken as a trend, the persistence of long form at a time when it's been declared dead is a hopeful thing, not a trend at all but evidence that humans, as a race, are at last learning how to take our own complexity into account as we stumble into infinity, digital and otherwise. And now here is the appreciation of our own complexity better demonstrated than in the vast and vastly ambitious story cycles that have come to dominate television. *Breaking Bad*, *Homeland*, *Game of Thrones*, et al. These, like the bottom-scraping reality shows that provide their counterpoint, show how the collapse of one business model (network television) and the rise of another (cable) inevitably change the way stories are told, for better and for worse. The plight of a genius driven ▶

The Relevancy Checklist

In order to be included in the Esquire 80, each item had to satisfy at least a few of these requirements.

- ☐ Not insane
- ☐ Named Steven/Stephen
- ☐ Highly drinkable
- ☐ Highly wearable
- ☐ Funny
- ☐ Grave
- ☐ Louis C.K. has not yet pointed it out.
- ☐ Representative Louie Gohmert of Texas has not been rambling incoherently about it.
- ☐ Will matter five years from now
- ☐ Didn't matter all that much five years ago
- ☐ Pretty



NO. 62
HOW NOT TO GET CAUGHT BASIC TIPS
(PART 1 OF 5)

- ▶ Create passwords that are really, really hard to remember
- ▶ Don't share them with anyone
- ▶ No public WiFi
- ▶ Sign out of Facebook, Gmail, and Twitter while browsing on other sites, making it harder for them to track what you're looking at.
- ▶ To fully disable tracking, remove the battery from your phone.
- ▶ Install a Web app that notifies you of third-party tracking

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY; ESQUIRE 80 LOGOS BY S. WOUST



▶ to fashion a story that not only imitated but also replicated the rhythms of real life made for, in *Synecdoche, New York*, a terrible movie, but something like the same ambition—or the same opportunity—has made for historically great television ... television, indeed, that does what movies no longer deign to do, which is tell us something essential about ourselves.

Writers and producers changed the way they made television shows in response to the changes in the way television shows were broadcast, and the changes in how television shows were made changed the way we consumed television shows until at last Netflix came along and started making television shows that weren't television shows at all but rather long, episodic stories we can consume any damned way we please. This is not just how we watch now, this is how we live, and this, with any luck, is how magazines that still tell stories will figure out how to keep telling them in the digital future. The premise and promise of Big Data is that there are no stories, only patterns, that the human preference for story is aligned with the human tendency for error, and that only through dislocations in scale—the scale of sample size and of time—will truth emerge. But that's also the premise and promise of *Mad Men*, and, in any case, it's just another story in itself. Storytellers all, we humans might run out of time even as we triumph over the problem of running out of space. But we will never run out of stories.



Number 03

THE DEEPLY FLAWED HEROINE

There's nothing particularly wrong with being flawed, unglamorous, homely, vaguely mentally ill, morally unsteady. Ask Lena Dunham, whose character, Hannah, is making a virtual cupcake shop out of all that on *Girls*. Or Claire Danes's obsessively bent Carrie on *Homeland*. Ask the murdering, traitorous liar played by Keri Russell on *The Americans*. Or Melissa Leo, oral sex trader, on *Louie*. Or Taryn Manning, the evangelical nutjob with the meth teeth on *Orange Is the New Black*. None of these women is actually ugly, but they sure let the ugly in. And one way or another, this means they're playing all of us. Beautifully, too. —TOM CHIARELLA

NO 08



MAYOR OF THE WORLD

Name: Michael Bloomberg
Date of birth: February 14, 1942
Which makes him: 71
Occupation: Mayor of New York City, philanthropist, founder of Bloomberg LP
Rank among the richest men in the U.S.: Seventh
Elected mayor of New York: 2001
Terms served: Three. (His final term ends this year.)
Use of his financial power to wield influence outside New York: Significant. Dictated mostly by the work of his philanthropic endeavor, Bloomberg Philanthropies.
Postmayoral career plans: To continue that work.
As in New Orleans: Funded a $4.2 million crime reduction program.
And Rio de Janeiro: Aided the installation of new rapid transit bus corridors in anticipation of the 2014 World Cup and 2016 Olympics.
And Cairo: Installed speed-tracking cameras along Ring Road.
And Hanoi: Pushed through a motorbike-helmet law.
And Istanbul: As part of the $600 million spent on curbing tobacco use, implemented a nationwide ban on smoking in public places.
And Atlanta: Committed $3.4 million to reduce homelessness and panhandling and to start a 311 phone service.
And Tokyo: Funded a public art pavilion in partnership with the Museum of Contemporary Art in Tokyo.
And London: Underwrote the expansion of the city's prestigious Serpentine art gallery.

ILLUSTRATION BY KYLE HILTON

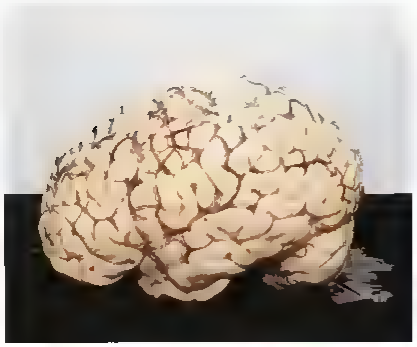
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The Brain. Again.

BY LUKE DITTRICH

The broken human that ate the universe.

I wrote that line a couple years ago in an article about a man named Henry Molaison, whose brain my grandfather partially destroyed. The destruction was well intentioned. My grandfather was a neurosurgeon, and Henry came to him in the early 1950s suffering from a terrible case of epilepsy. My grandfather decided that the best way to treat Henry would be to perform an experimental resection of a large portion of his medial temporal lobes, including a small seahorse-shaped structure called the hippocampus. Unfortunately for Henry, almost as soon as he exited the OR, it became clear that you need your hippocampus to record the passing events of your life. Henry lived the next half century in more or less five-minute increments, the present always sliding away.

Henry's tragedy was a gift to the rest of us. "Patient HM," as he was known publicly until his death in 2008, became the most studied individual in the history of neuroscience, and his amnesia taught us an astonishing amount about how memory works. Scientifically speaking, he was the descendant of a host of other fascinatingly damaged men and women. Some were household names, like Phineas Gage, the railway worker whose frontal lobes and self-restraint were speared by an iron rod. Others were less well known, like Louis Leborgne, often referred to as Monsieur Tan because his damaged posterior left inferior frontal gyrus left him unable to formulate any words except one, over and over: *tan, tan, tan, tan.* . . . During the 1800s and 1900s, most of the fundamental advances in our understanding of how brains work were made through the study of individuals whose brains did not.

In recent decades, though, the bulk of the funding from the NIH and other major grant-giving organizations has shifted to studies based on scanning healthy research subjects with fMRI or other new neuroimaging technologies. And now, two huge moon-shot-type projects, Obama's billion-dollar BRAIN Initiative and its European analog, the Human Brain Project, are promising to someday allow us to entirely map and even *simulate* the brain, diminishing the need for human subjects.

In announcing his decade-long initiative, the president described "the three pounds of matter that sits between our ears" as "this enormous mystery waiting to be unlocked" and declared "the BRAIN Initiative will change that by giving scientists the tools they need to get a dynamic picture of the brain in action." He mentioned Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, and epilepsy as just some of the neurological scourges that might be conquered.

Then again, they might not. It's worth remembering that not long ago a different president announced "a new era of discovery is dawning in brain research," fueled by "advances in brain-imaging devices" that would allow us to do things like "mapping the brain's biochemical circuitry." He mentioned Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, and epilepsy as some of the neurological scourges that might soon be conquered, and he seemed so confident that tech-fueled breakthroughs were on the immediate horizon he made a solemn proclamation. "Now, therefore, I, George Bush, president of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim the decade beginning January 1, 1990, as the Decade of the Brain."

Who knows, maybe Obama's decade of the brain will be more fruitful than Bush's. Regardless, it'd be a shame if the current funding trend—throwing money at impersonal, technology-centered research while choking off more personal approaches—holds. Because while the current pittance doled out to studies of unusual brains might make you think they're a methodological dead end, they're not. The present-day descendants of Henry are as illuminating as he was. People like Patient SM, a 46-year-old woman in the Midwest with a broken amygdala and no sense of fear, continue to shake up our understanding of ourselves. No matter how advanced our technology becomes, no matter how good we get at creating digital simulacra of the brain, we should never ignore what these flesh-and-blood curiosities can teach us. Their brains, each tantalizingly incomplete, are as irreproducible as they are irreplaceable.

Nos. 06-09

The Best-Dressed Men in America

They're not movie stars. They're not musicians. They're professional athletes—they embody the individuality and intrepidness to which so many men aspire



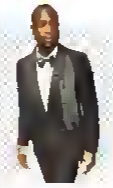
Tom Brady



Victor Cruz



Henrik Lundqvist



Dwyane Wade



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DEAD THINGS THAT AREN'T ACTUALLY DEAD

Books • CNN • Voice mail • The papacy • Steroids • Kennedys in politics • Dan Johnson's career • Mars • "George" • Deleted tweets • PEDs • Bud Selig • Everything we've ever sent or received via e-mail Including attachments Especially attachments



Number 10

PAPER...YEAH, PAPER

BY TYLER CABOT

The publishing industry's initial reaction to the digital revolution was to mimic it. Paper quality got thinner and cheaper. The design in many magazines got more cluttered, spastic. Often these were not books and magazines people wanted to own. They were soulless facsimiles of the disposable digital medium that was replacing them.

Swallow Magazine is different. When you pull it out of the envelope, you can smell the bright blue ink that coats its edges. It has heft. Its pages are gorgeous. It's a beautiful object. The same can be said for a dozen other small magazines, like *We Are Here*, which has full-bleed photos of cities that transport you, or *Hot Rum Cow*, a biannual about making drinks that has the character and physicality of a classic bar.

Books, too. Penguin's gorgeous Drop Caps series, illustrated by Jessica Hische, offers beautiful, ornately designed versions of classics like *Middlemarch* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Picador hired a cityscape artist to design the 25th-anniversary edition of Jonathan Franzen's *The Twenty-Seventh City*. It will be paperback, but with beautiful flaps and deckle edges—rough-cut, so you can see and feel them. Every chapter of Mario Alberto Zambrano's new novel, *Lotería*, has a bright, playful print of a Mexican playing card so that riffing through the pages is akin to shuffling a deck.

When a book or magazine becomes an object you can keep and display and pass on, it becomes something different altogether—a luxury item. Digital media won't die. And neither will our instinct to hold and own beautiful things.

NO. 11



ROOKIE OF THE YEAR!

Name: Kim Jong-un
Title: Marshal of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, yada yada yada
Date of birth: Early '80s?
Which makes him: 30?
Spouse: Ri Sol-ju
Speculative number of children: One? Likely female.
Hometown: Pyongyang
Claims, projects, and deeds: Built a pipeline for importing salt water for a dolphin exhibit in Pyongyang. Personally sketched the plans for shade trees to be included in a future mini-golf course at a state-run amusement park.
Other claims, projects, and deeds: Sentenced U.S. citizen Kenneth Bae, who was working in the country as a tour guide, to 15 years hard labor. Has interned an estimated 200,000 other people in labor camps. Distributed copies of *Mein Kampf* to the country's officials. Threw out 60 years of nonaggression agreements between North and South Korea.
Most serious threats since taking power: Conducted two rocket launches (one failed, one successful) and one underground nuclear test, all targeting the U.S. and South Korea.

No. 12

The Death of the Artist as Some Kind of Mysterious Genius

"I had no idea what I was going to do. I just came here and felt the energy. I love his music because it's social issues, it's political, and it really goes to everybody's heart. It's so good. It's like a volcano."
—*Marina Abramović (below), as published in* The New Yorker, *on dancing with Jay-Z as he performed "Picasso Baby" during his six-hour "performance art" piece, footage of which eventually aired on HBO as a short film*

"Not sure if these are cucumbers, though they were labeled such. Unusual shape & hue. Single bird pecked tomato."
—*Joyce Carol Oates to her 83,000 Twitter followers*

"you look so gorgeous and hotttt! see you v soon"
—*Salman Rushdie (below), in a private Facebook message to a woman he had been seeing, as published in the* New York Post





ILLUSTRATION BY KYLE HILTON

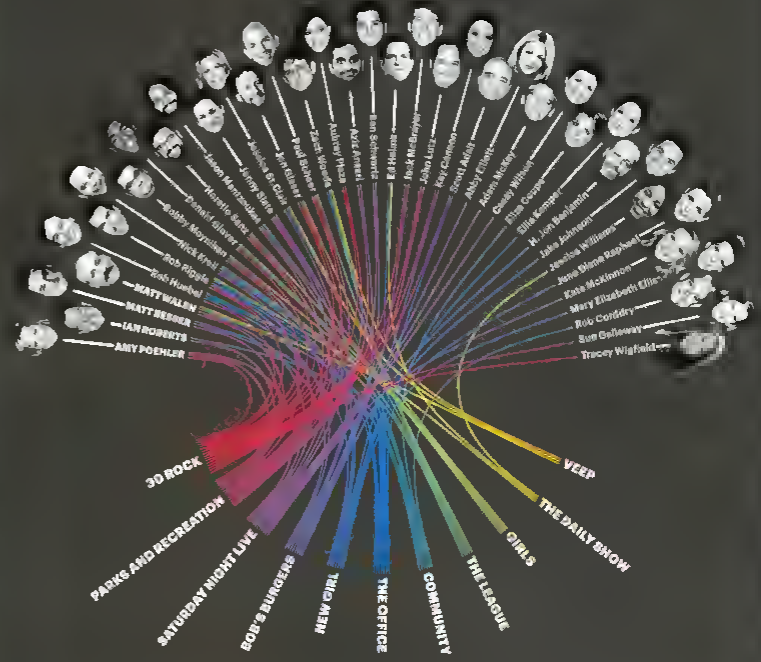

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Number 13

THE U.C.B. DIASPORA

IN 1996, CHICAGO COMICS AMY POEHLER, MATT BESSER, IAN ROBERTS, AND MATT WALSH ESTABLISHED THE BEST-KNOWN INCARNATION OF THE UPRIGHT CITIZENS BRIGADE COMEDY GROUP, WHOSE LOOSE, ECLECTIC STYLE HAS INFORMED THE LAST DECADE OF "SMART" SITCOMS



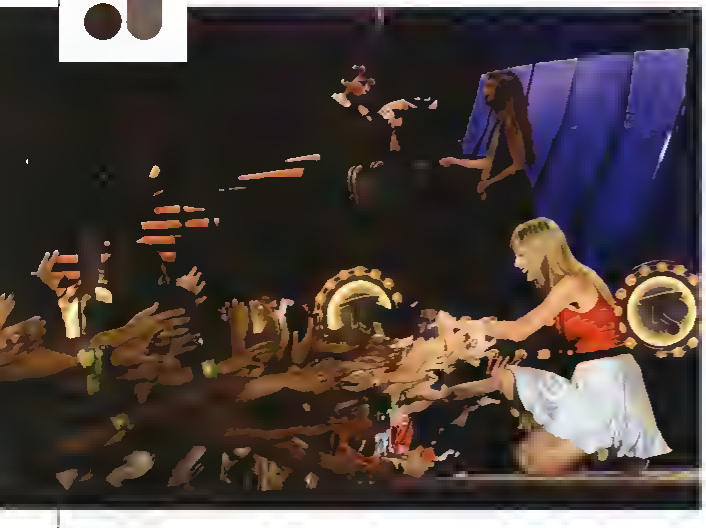
Most of the comedians in the chart above should register somewhere between "Amy Poehler" and "that guy from that thing" on the recognizability scale, but if you see an unfamiliar face, he or she is likely a writer or producer on your favorite show.

INFOGRAPHIC BY CATALOGTREE

No. 14
Those American People

"The American people have the right to[1] stop leaning forward hungrily for information[2] and hold their elected officials accountable.[3] They understand there are certain things that [are] not appropriate for the bad guys to know,[4] which experts agree[5] will kill jobs[6] under the false guise of paper prosperity.[7] The American people don't want higher taxes,[8] they don't like this mess,[9] and they don't know the full truth."[10]

[1]John Podesta, *The Washington Post*, March 15, 2013. [2]Peggy Noonan, ABC's *This Week*, July 28, 2013. [3]Senator Ted Cruz, July 30, 2013. [4]Senator Al Franken, *Star Tribune*, June 11, 2013. [5]Brendan Buck, spokesman for House Speaker John Boehner, July 30, 2013. [6]Mitt Romney on the campaign trail, October 4, 2012. [7]Ron Paul, *The Washington Times*, July 22, 2013. [8]Mitt Romney on the campaign trail, October 4, 2012. [9]Speaker John Boehner, *Face the Nation*, July 21, 2013. [10]Edward Snowden's father, Lon Snowden, *Today*, July 26, 2013.



Number 15

WHAT TAYLOR SWIFT IS DOING TO THE WOMEN

At her shows, there aren't all those cloying shouts of *What's happening, New Jersey! Orlando! Wichita!*—wherever she's playing on a given night across the globe. No *How you all feeling?* Because she knows how you are feeling. Instead, after her opening number, Swift puts her arms at her sides, pinches up her face as she's wont to do, looks to the right side of the stadium, then to the left, and just takes it all in. And from there, she carries on a conversation with the girls—decked out in homemade T-shirts and holding light-up poster boards—that covers everything from the speculative colors of emotions to the best way to deal with a bully in a well-rehearsed spectacle complete with fireworks. Her banter has the leading, behavioral therapy–infused lilt of a fourth-grade teacher: "You know, Jersey" (or Orlando, or Wichita), "I had a feeling that you would look beautiful, and so I just hope it's okay if I ask you, Could I get a picture with you? Would that be okay?" You are validated by Taylor Swift at a Taylor Swift concert, and she is validated by you. That her songs go on to speak to the middle-school emotions many in the audience are wrangling with only cements the bond.

"You know, I didn't always have the kind of social life where 55,000 people wanted to hang out with me on a Saturday night," she says, and the audience affirms her, cheering louder before songs than after when her monologue hints at what's next on the set list. They toss up their hands into her signature heart shape, literally showing their love, and after her last song definitively ends the show—no encore for this girl, she's already taken enough of your time—they flood straight to the merch booths.

—MATT GOULET

No. 16

Flinch-Inducing Comedy (On TV Especially)



Frank propositions his former sister-in-law at her husband's funeral. (*It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*)



Hannah pops her eardrum with a Q-tip. (*Girls*)



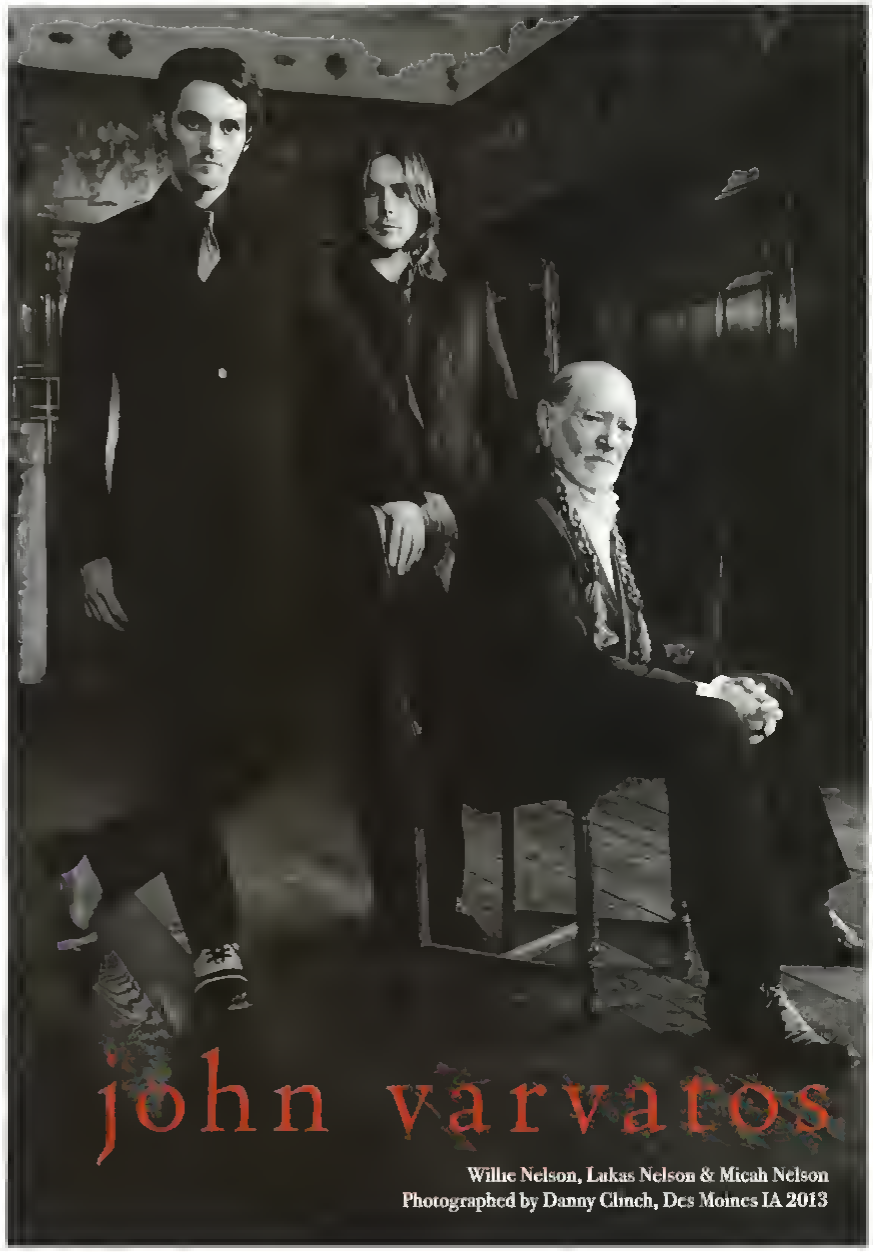
Louie, after getting a blowjob in a car from a woman he met on a blind date: "If I had done what you did, I would feel like a whore." (*Louie*)



Adam orders his girlfriend to crawl through carpentry debris, then masturbates on her. (*Girls*)



Larry directs a 13-year-old on how to use a tampon through a bathroom door. (*Curb Your Enthusiasm*)



Willie Nelson, Lukas Nelson & Micah Nelson
Photographed by Danny Clinch, Des Moines IA 2013

VIEW THE FILM AT JOHNVARVATOS.COM

THE STATE OF DRINKING IS AMAZING

BY DAVID WONDRICH

No. 17 →

A year and a half ago, Bill's, a bar on East 54th Street in New York, fell victim to Manhattan's endemic landlord greed. This happens all the time in a place like Manhattan, of course. Yet Bill's had been open in the same spot since 1931, when it started as a speakeasy. In its 81 years, it had only three owners, and between them they made it into what was perhaps the finest example of an old-school saloon in the country, the kind of place that drips history and can support a crowd of regulars who make interesting conversation with a stranger. The bartender made a fine Rob Roy and the piano player knew "All of Me." Its loss was a real blow.

Yet in the mid-1930s, when Esquire began writing about it, Bill's was hardly the mature place it ended up becoming. When Prohibition ended and Bill's opened legally, it did so as "Bill's Gay Nineties"—a nostalgia joint. The waiters sang songs 35 years out of date, and they gave you little cardboard mustaches to clip under your nose. It was a hot time in the old town, yes indeedy.

I thought of Bill's and its journey a few months ago, when I went to the top two cocktail bars in Denver. One, the Green Russell, you enter through an elaborate but mostly fake pie shop. The other, Williams & Graham, you enter through an elaborate but mostly fake bookshop. Gimmicky. So, I suppose, are the grow lights at the Green Russell, allowing the bar to raise various herbs and such in its underground space, and so are some of the cocktails on offer at both joints, bitter-edged things knocked together from "house-made" thises and "artisanal" thats, tinctures and infusions and sometimes awkward-tasting local spirits. With all that, both places are excellent examples of the state-of-the-art modern bar, the kind of enterprise that is to 2013 what the fern bar was to 1973 or the tiki bar to 1953.

But few fern bars survived their era the way Bill's did. I have more hope for many of the new cocktail bars. Williams & Graham, for instance, is run by Sean Kenyon, a third-generation bartender, the son and grandson of men who ran dive bars in New Jersey. He's a real bartender who knows how to run a real bar, and once you get beyond the moving bookcase that lets you into the place, that's exactly what you find. The place is hospitable, attitude-free, and civilized, as if it had had its rough edges rubbed smooth by decades of service. Right now, it's only two years old. It took Bill's at least 20 years to settle into its timelessness, with Kenyon at the helm, Williams & Graham should get there sooner.

It won't be alone when it gets there. Most of the best new cocktail bars are run by careful men and women who pay a lot of attention to the fundamentals of the business. (The way America's going, there's going to be no helping hand for them if they don't.) Sure, some of the rituals at the places might be precious, but you'll always get a glass of ice water when you sit down, a properly stirred manhattan, a well-chosen single-malt Scotch. And in a few years, as new microdistilleries mature, those underaged local whiskeys behind the bar will no longer be underaged, and some of them will be damn good. When Esquire's 160th anniversary rolls around, there's a good chance our grandkids will be sitting at Williams & Graham or the Green Russell, toasting it with 18-year-old Leopold Bros. whiskey, made locally since 2008.

Nos. 18–21: The Booze of Our Time



Brooklyn Brewery Sorachi Ace ($12): A saison style ale with Japanese Sorachi Ace hops. Lemony, crisp, and thoroughly modern.



Del Maguey single-village mezcals ($36 and up): The best agave spirits 16th-century technology can make, at a store near you.



McKenzie Rye ($39): Within the next five years, we're going to see a lot of fully matured eight- to ten-year-old whiskeys from small American distillers, like this from New York.



From the Tank Côtes du Rhône ($40): One of the best of the many new high-quality boxed wines.

ILLUSTRATION BY LUKE LUCAS

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NO. 22
THE MALE ANKLE

In the increasingly permissive culture of men's style, the ankle has emerged as the male equivalent of cleavage. Some men don't want to be taken seriously. The ample flash of ankle is their silent rebellion, and for their efforts we salute them. But we cannot, in good conscience, advise anyone to be one of them.



Numbers 23–25

THE 3-UNIFORM CANON OF OFFICE STYLE

AN AMERICAN MAN IN 2013 LIKELY WEARS ONE OF THREE BASIC UNIFORMS TO THE OFFICE: KHAKIS AND A BUTTON-DOWN, A BLAZER AND JEANS, OR A TWO-PIECE SUIT. THESE ARE THE BEST EXPRESSIONS OF THOSE UNIFORMS.

From left: Cotton shirt ($148) by J. Crew; cotton khakis ($68) by Dockers; suede boots ($158) by Sperry Top-Sider; leather belt ($128) by Coach. // Two-button wool-and-cashmere jacket ($2,250) by Ermenegildo Zegna; cotton shirt ($195) by Paul Stuart; cotton jeans ($165) by J Brand; leather shoes ($1,120) by Esquivel; leather belt ($225) by John Varvatos. // Two-button wool suit ($995) by Hugo; cotton shirt ($348) by Alessandro Gherardi; wool tie ($70) by J. Crew; leather shoes ($720) by Fratelli Rossetti; leather belt ($350) by Ermenegildo Zegna.

NO. 27



THE GREATEST WRITER, MAYBE

Name: Stephen King
Date of birth: September 21, 1947
Which makes him: 66
Nearly died in: 1999
Residence: Bangor, Maine
Published work: 56 novels, ten short-story collections, six nonfiction books, one e-book (before most people knew what an e-book was), and one exclusive Amazon Kindle novella
Estimated copies sold: 350 million
Estimated net worth: $400 million
Genres: Mostly horror, also literary fiction, a fantasy series, a pulp-crime novel, essays on the craft of writing, and a time-traveling thriller about JFK's assassination
Most commonly applied descriptor: Prolific
Although Lee Child called him: America's greatest living novelist
Movie and television adaptations of his work: 55
The first: *Carrie* (1976), starring Sissy Spacek
The latest: *Carrie* (out this month), starring Chloë Grace Moretz, and *Under the Dome* on CBS

NO. 26
The Return of the Scratchy Voice

Thirty years after Bruce Springsteen's voice broke on the first line of "Atlantic City," there are a lot of male singers with scratchy voices—voices that crack and break and aren't smooth. Consider the raspy singing of Marcus Mumford in "Little Lion Man," Glen Hansard, who outscratched Springsteen himself onstage in Kilkenny, Ireland, over the summer in "Drive All Night"; and Zach Williams of the Lone Bellow, who grows increasingly raspy as he gets into "Bleeding Out." Their songs are meaner, dirtier, more raw, which gives them a quality that smooth-voiced singers have a hard time getting across: honesty.

ILLUSTRATION BY KYLE HILTON

THE ONLY THING USUAL ABOUT IT IS HOW IT USUALLY GOES DOWN.
THE POUR
THE RICH The Toasted
AMBER COLOR Malt Aroma
THE HINT OF CARAMEL
THE SIP, THE FLAVOR
THE DASH OF HOPS
The Smoothness
BARTEN
THE ANS
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NO. 28 SHTICK OF OUS TIME

The comedian and cancer survivor Tig Notaro on Conan O'Brien this year "I went through a lot last year. Not to be totally intense, heavy, serious, but, you know. I learned that it's important to be present and live your life—sorry, I forgot to turn my phone off. Love the people you're with and enjoy your life and just to be present. Uh. I'm sorry, my friend sends me the funniest cat pictures."

Number 29

COMEDIANS AS PROPHETS

BY SCOTT SAAS

When I say that I believe the best stand-up comics are true prophets, I'm not referring to Albert Brooks warning us all that Saddam Hussein was training "kamikaze" pilots, an alarm he sounded in Esquire in 1999. Brooks wasn't joking, either; we were eating lunch, and he was kvetching about not being able to find a gas mask small enough to fit his infant son.

A nice trick if you can pull it off, but prophecy in the Nostradamus sense, or that whole messenger-of-God thing, isn't what I mean when ascribing prophet status to Louis C.K. or Chris Rock or Doug Stanhope or their forebears. They aren't seers or priests. They're truth tellers. They're teachers. Takers of liberty, givers of offense, their hostility is deliberate, their cruelty relentless—freeing us to laugh at our weakness, pain, and rage. No wonder we repay them with our love.

There's a mystical calling. Unlike other things that permit us to see ourselves as more human than animal—clothing, say, or tiramisu—laughter does not yield to analysis, critical or scientific. Other species have no need or desire for a necktie and dessert, nor do they live harrowed by hate, self- and otherwise, or haunted by rue and the certainty of death. Bits about ties and flan may be, *in theory*, funny; loathing and loss and mortality itself on a prophet's barbed tongue are bitterly, essentially hilarious.

Don't get me wrong: I was smitten by Henny, Shecky, Hope, and Benny long before I ever knew regret, and I'm still glad to laugh at dick jokes delivered by any *vantz* brave enough to tremble upon a stage with nothing but a spotlight and five minutes to bomb. But as what passes for substance in our pop culture descends further into shrieking dreck, I'm more grateful than ever for the belly laughs that feel like revelation.

Revealed, the truth reveals us, fools on a forced march to oblivion. It hurts like hell, exactly as it should. There's truly only one good way to exit: laughing.

NO. 30



AMERICA'S CONSCIENCE

Name: Stephen Colbert
Date of birth: May 13, 1964
Which makes him: 49
Comedy student of: The Second City, Chicago
Average ratings in the coveted 18-to-49 age range in early 2013: 1.1 million
Beating out: *The Tonight Show with Jay Leno*, *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, and *Late Show with David Letterman*
Typical description of his character: "An egomaniacal right-wing gasbag."
How he's described it: "My character's an idiot."
Books written by Colbert the character: Three: *I Am America (And So Can You!)*, *I Am a Pole (And So Can You!)*, and *America Again: Re-becoming the Greatness We Never Weren't*
Books written by Colbert the person: Zero
Phrase he created as a joke that has become a very real thing: "The Colbert Bump"
Its rough definition: An increase in popularity, donations, polling, visitors, etc., that a person, charity, politician, Website, etc., nearly instantly enjoys by appearing on *The Colbert Report*

NOS. 31–35

The Books Every Man Should Read

In honor of our 75th anniversary, we chose the 75 books every man should read, which you can find at esquire.com/75books. Now, five more—all published this century, all indispensable.

***Savages*, by Don Winslow**
Because sometimes a book should just be fast and funny and full of drugs and sex and guns.

***The Orphan Master's Son*, by Adam Johnson**
An astonishing feat of moral imagination, set in North Korea.

***Billy Lynn's Long Halftime Walk*, by Ben Fountain**
Both the funniest and saddest book about America ever written.

***Let the Great World Spin*, by Colum McCann**
The best book about September 11 is about New York before September 11. It's also by an Irishman. Go figure.

***The Road*, by Cormac McCarthy**
Because he showed us just how long that road will be.



ILLUSTRATION BY KYLE HILTON

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THE TWEETED RECIPE @chefhopkins

BISCUITS
- 1c White Lily self rising flour
- 2T Cold butter
- 1/3c Buttermilk

> **Cut in butter,** stir in buttermilk

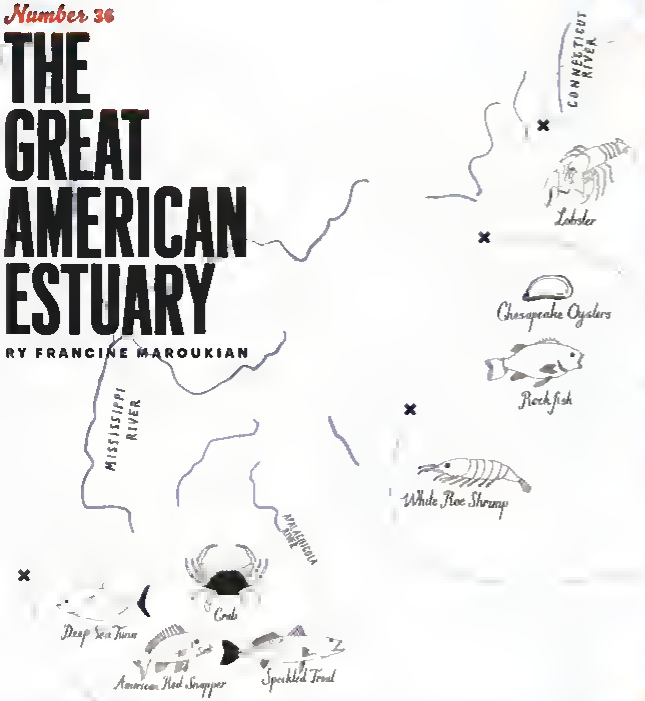
> **Roll, cut,** bake 9m at 500

> **EAT** (Tweeted on August 7, 2013, by Atlanta chef Linton Hopkins of Restaurant Eugene)

Number 36

THE GREAT AMERICAN ESTUARY

BY FRANCINE MAROUKIAN



Plenty of chefs know their way around a fish; few, however, know how to navigate an estuary. Estuaries are those murky coastal transition zones where rivers flow into oceans, where fresh and salty water mix to create the kind of habitat that makes the right kind of chef really excited. A chef like Spike Gjerde, who sources from the Chesapeake Bay for his restaurant Woodberry Kitchen, in Baltimore, and then donates all his used oyster shells to construct reefs that enable repopulation.

Estuaries not so long ago were in bad shape. You can have all the federal and state regulation you want, but marine stewardship has to happen at the community level. These chefs think of nearby waters the way farmers think of their fields. But unlike the "buy local" agricultural movement, which can pinpoint the origin of every lettuce leaf, estuarine sourcing has a mysterious quality because water *moves*. After a decade of having their cooking style reduced to the one size fits-all cliché "farm to table," chefs are being drawn to the challenge of balancing profitability on the razor's edge of the water's dynamism. This requires treating ecosystems not as resources to be exploited but as relationships to be nurtured. "We connected ourselves to these Atlantic fisheries," says Gjerde of his relationship to the Chesapeake. "And we will rise and fall with the changing tide."

While most chefs serve fish from distant waters, estuarycentric ones like Gjerde, Donald Link, Mike Lata, and Bill Taibe are enthralled by what you might call *merroir*—a marine twist on the wine term *terroir*, the impact that soil and environment have on the flavor of a wine. If that sounds like silly food talk, consider this: East Coast American oysters can be big or small, creamy or briny, flinty or sweet, but every one, from Nova Scotia to the Gulf of Mexico, is the same species (*Crassostrea virginica*).

Some publicist will inevitably reduce all this to a meaningless catchphrase like "boat to table," but the chefs are motivated by something deeper—the chance to stand in the mud with local vermen to source tonight's dinner. That's the whole point, of course. They want to cook you something you couldn't eat anywhere else in the world.

NOS. 37–40
THE ESTUARIES

· LONG ISLAND SOUND
and coastal properties from southern Connecticut to Maine

CHEF: Bill Taibe
RESTAURANT: The Whelk, Westport, Connecticut
DISH: Taibe combines two hallmarks of Yankee cooking (seafood and dairy), pulling flavor from a lobster by cooking the meat in "lobster tar," a sauce made from the roasted shells, and ladling it over fried potatoes made aromatic with roasted leeks, lemon, and fresh lacy dill.

· CHESAPEAKE BAY
specifically Maryland

CHEF: Spike Gjerde
RESTAURANT: Woodberry Kitchen, Baltimore
DISH: When rockfish are running, 36 inches, Gjerde offers a full rockfish menu, including collar meat (behind the gill) glazed with fish pepper, a 19th-century heirloom chile once grown in local African-American gardens.

· COASTAL CAROLINAS
Charleston, waters and

CHEF: Mike Lata
RESTAURANT: The Ordinary, Charleston, South Carolina
DISH: Applying his native New England's Portuguese influence to a low-country classic, Lata gives poached white roe shrimp an escabeche–style sherry-vinegar marinade, studs the mix with vegetables, then adds a reminder of Charleston's importance on the spice trade route: toasted cumin, caraway, and coriander.

· GULF COAST
from Galveston, Texas, to Apalachicola, Florida

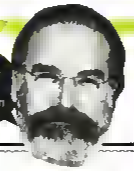
CHEF: Donald Link
RESTAURANT: Pêche Seafood Grill, New Orleans
DISH: A reminder of the city's seafaring Sicilian heritage (the French Quarter was once known as "Little Palermo"), Peche's spaghetti and crabs is built on a foundation of shallots, leeks, and chiles deglazed with crab stock to make a sauce for spaghetti and Lake Hermitage crabmeat.

MAP BY ZOE MORE O'FERRALL

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CIGARETTES
IGNITE THE POSSIBILITIES.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
TASTE IT ALL

20

"GUESS WHAT TASTEMAKERS OF THE WORLD, DAFT PUNK IS NOTHING BUT ELECTRO EURO DISCO I WOULD PAT TO WATCH @SLAYER EAT THEM."
—@RAINNWILSON



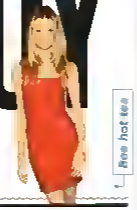
THE ESQUIRE BOX OF

Number 41

PERMANENT JOY

BECAUSE EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE A RELIABLE MENU OF SMALL DELIGHTS AT HIS DISPOSAL: THINGS THAT MAKE HIM SMILE, THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE MORE TOLERABLE—ENJOYABLE EVEN!





Rice hot tea

DRINK WEEK: WITHERSPOON







THE RADIANT SMILE OF JUSTICE SONIA SOTOMAYOR

The utter superiority one feels—even over 18-wheelers—when one drives a very large pickup truck. A Chevy Silverado, for instance.



THE FRANTIC INTERIOR MONOLOGUES OF GEORGE SAUNDERS'S CHARACTERS

"Was she special? Did she consider herself special? Oh, gosh, she didn't know. In the history of the world, many had been more special than her. Helen Keller had been awesome, Mother Teresa was amazing. Mrs. Roosevelt was quite chipper in spite of her husband, who was handicapped, which, in addition, she had been gay, with those big old teeth, long before such time as being gay and First Lady was even conceptual. She, Alison, could not hope to compete in that category of those ladies. Not yet, anyway!" —*Tenth of December*



ART DIE ANTWOORD VIDEO



GILBERT GOTTFRIED



JULY 2013

Representative *Peter King* of New York said he was seriously considering running for president in 2018 and sent out fundraising appeals.

WNYW 10:00 p.m. NEWS, SEPTEMBER 16, 2009

Anchor Ernie Anastos: It takes a lot of guts to make a bold forecast, Nick. Weatherman Nick Gregory: I guess that's me, Ernie. [laughing] Keep fuckin' that chicken.



BRATWURST SLIDERS



THE CHEVY CHASE–RICHARD PRYOR JOB-APPLICATION SKIT ON SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE 1975

esquire.com/43seconds#joy

THE FIRST EIGHT SECONDS OF THE NFL THEME SONG

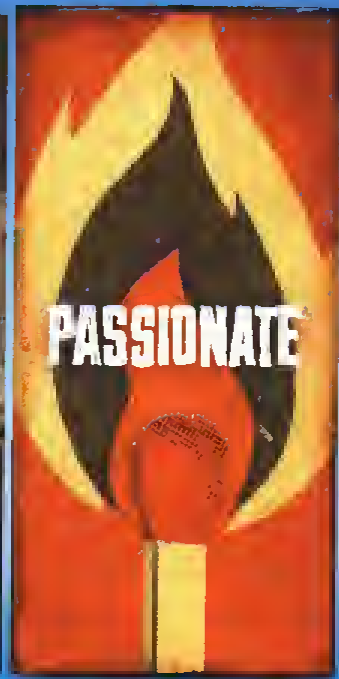
THIS CLASSIC: "So a guy hears a knock on his door, opens it, and there's a snail sitting there. The guy grabs the snail and throws it as far as he can down the street. Three months later, the guy hears another knock, opens the door, and the snail says, 'What the fuck?'"

CIGARETTES

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CAMEL







TASTE IT ALL

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

NO 42
THE TOTALLY FED-UP DEMOCRAT

"Dr Furth, I am concerned that your testimony at this committee has been meretricious And I want an explanation I want you to sit down and do it in writing" —Senator Sheldon Whitehouse (D-R I) to a Heritage Foundation economist during a Senate Budget Committee hearing in June



Aliens in Their Own Nation

FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, WHAT BEGAN AS A TACTIC—VILIFICATION OF ITS OPPONENTS—BECAME A HABIT THAT BECAME A CONVICTION ITS ANGER AND DISTRUST HAVE BECOME THE DOMINANT POLITICAL FACT OF OUR TIME.

BY MARR WARRRN

We have a problem with our Republicans. They don't much want to govern anymore, and we can't govern without them This has been a long time coming, but at some point in recent years, America's Republicans, especially elected officials but also a large part of the rank and file, stopped seeing Democrats and many other Americans as their political opponents and started viewing them instead as the enemy, a nemesis bent on destroying the country.

Certainly a significant factor underlying this phenomenon is white insecurity in a changing world, especially in the old Confederacy, in which the 21st-century Republican party has bunkered itself But whatever the reason, given the symbiosis between the only two political parties we have allowed ourselves, this extremism endangers the governing arrangement that has held for the last century or so—and by and large worked spectacularly well It's as if one of a pair of Siamese twins suddenly became suicidal. If he harms himself, the other dies as well.

And it is harming itself. The energetic right wing of this new Jacobin Republican party (which has swallowed the party whole) lately has been going through a purification ritual, turning on conservative stalwarts deemed insufficiently radical In this atmosphere, merely participating in the essential acts of democracy—negotiation, compromise, legislating—becomes suspect. Worse, and perhaps the root of this phenomenon, is the party's now decades-long habit of trying to win elections not on the basis of its governing strategy or vision for the country but rather on scandalmongering and defamation, the two biggest targets being Bill Clinton, who was impeached by the Republican House, and Barack Obama, whom a majority of Republicans, according to some polls, consider to be an illegitimate president because they beheve he was born in Kenya.

There are obvious problems with pursuing scorched earth as a long-term strategy First, movement conservetives have become so ill-equipped to govern that when they do win elections (as with the Gingrich revolution of 1994), they don't know what they are doing; second, and more important, what started as a tactic to win electioos became, over time, a hteral belief in the actual evil of their opponents The party's committed constituencies became conditioned to ascribing the very worst motives to people who in saner times would merely have been their political opponents A poll conducted in the spring found that 20 percent of Republicans believe Obama could be the actual Antichrist.

The seeds of this malaise were planted in the late 1970s, when some elements of the conservative wing of the party realized that polling data and demographic trends showed the country increasingly identifying with the Democratic party's legislative platform across a full array of issues Republicans were electable at the presidential level, especially after the disaster of McGovern in 1972, but if the Republicans ever hoped to become the majority party in Congress and in the country, they would have to try something new That something new has since become known as the "politics of personal destruction," meaning that it wouldn't be enough to try to win on ideas; instead Democratic candidates would have to be attacked as human beings

For this effort, a then-little-known instrument called a political-action committee was formed in order to legally avede the campaign-finance limits then on the books The National Conservative Political Action Committee's preferred weapon was direct mail, tons of it, run by the notorious Richard Viguerie, who once sought the presidential nomination of George Wallace's American Independent party, only to lose out to Lester Maddox NCPAC's chairman, Terry Dolan, candidly revealed the organization's agenda when he said that "a group

NO 41
HOW NOT TO GET CAUGHT—TIPS FOR THE PARANOID
(PART 2 OF 5)



▸ Use the DuckDuckGo search engine Results are similar to Google s, but it won t log your searches
▸ Encrypt your text messages with the downloadable app Wickr
▸ Use the online currency bitcoin
▸ Use the Tor network, which sends your Web requests through three different computers before getting to the Web site you are looking for, making you untrackable
▸ Look behind you Not yet! Okay now

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY



Tiredest Political Tropes *"American people" (see page 101)* • *Indignation* • *"My friend the majority leader"* • *"My friend, the Republican leader"* • *"Nuclear option"* • *Party saviors* • *Chuck Grassley on Twitter, that old cact* • *"Optics"*

like ours could lie through its teeth, and the candidate it helps stays clean."

Dolan wouldn't live to see his vision fully realized. Deeply closeted, he died of AIDS in 1986. We now live with his legacy. We now have legions of conservative legislators who are convinced their opposition is unfit or malevolent. We now have the Antichrist.

HOW DO YOU NEGOTIATE THE FINE POINTS OF THE ANTICHRIST'S HEALTH-CARE PLAN? WELL, YOU DON'T.

How do you negotiate the fine points of the Antichrist's health-care plan? Well, you don't. You can't. In fact, many Republicans have come to feel righteous in their willingness to cripple the government rather than accede to governing with evil. They imagine themselves as oppressed, as warriors in league with the Founders, and they feel justified in opposing this evil by any means necessary.

Hence the menacing talk from some prominent Republican politicians in the past few years of "Second Amendment solutions" and armed rebellions and watering the tree of liberty with blood. Leaders of the Republican party indulge this lunacy for fear of losing their influence or their jobs. And unable to govern, the party has collapsed into nihilism. For this moment, at least, America's Republicans have become hopelessly lost, a contracting regional party, overwhelmingly white, appealing to the bitter and angry, fearful of the future, mistrustful of science, believing darkly in its own victimhood—aliens in their own country.

NO. 45



THE ATHLETE OF OUR TIME

Name: Miguel Cabrera
Date of birth: April 18, 1983
Which makes him: 30
Hometown: Maracay, Venezuela
Occupation: Third baseman for the Detroit Tigers; slugger
Years in the MLB: 11
Other team he played for: The Florida Marlins (from 2003 to 2007)
World Series appearances: Two (2003 with the Marlins and 2012 with the Tigers)
World Series championships: One (with the Marlins)
Greatest achievement to date: 2012 season triple-crown winner and MVP
Which means: He had the leading batting average, most RBIs, and most home runs in all of baseball during the regular season.
The last time someone did that: In 1967, Carl Yastrzemski of the Boston Red Sox.
Yaz's stats: .326 BA, 44 HR, 121 RBIs
Cabrera's: .330 BA, 44 HR, and 139 RBIs
Proof that 2012 wasn't just a fluke: Went into the All-Star break this season leading the MLB in batting average and RBIs, and ranking second (to Chris Davis) in home runs.
Potential for a repeat consecutive triple crown: High
Which has: Never been done before.
PED suspicion: None.
What he asked Phil Coke when Coke reminded him he had pitched against Cabrera before they were teammates: "What'd I do? Home run?"
What he said when Coke told him that no, he actually had struck him out on a 3-2 breaking ball: "I don't remember horse-crap pitchers."

ILLUSTRATION BY KYLE HILTON



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If you have a prescription for VIAGRA (*sildenafil citrate*), now there's VIAGRA home delivery. You can fill your prescription online and have it shipped at no additional cost,* straight to your door.

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For more information go to viagra.com or call 1-888-484-2472 (1-888-4VIAGRA).

VIAGRA (sildenafil citrate) tablets

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For more information go to viagra.com or call 1-888-484-2472 (1-888-4VIAGRA).

THIS IS THE AGE OF TAKING ACTION. VIAGRA.

VIAGRA is prescription medication to treat erectile dysfunction (ED).

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION BELOW.

Do not take VIAGRA if you take nitrates, often prescribed for chest pain, as this may cause a sudden, unsafe drop in blood pressure.

Discuss your general health status with your doctor to ensure that you are healthy enough to engage in sexual activity. If you experience chest pain, nausea, or any other discomforts during sex, seek immediate medical help.

In the rare event of an erection lasting more than 4 hours, seek immediate medical help to avoid long-term injury.

If you are older than age 65, or have serious liver or kidney problems, your doctor may start you at the lowest dose (25 mg) of VIAGRA. If you are taking protease inhibitors, such as for the treatment of HIV, your doctor may recommend a 25-mg dose and may limit you to a maximum single dose of 25 mg of VIAGRA in a 48-hour period. If you have prostate problems or high blood pressure for which you take medicines called alpha blockers, your doctor may start you on a lower dose of VIAGRA.

In rare instances, men taking PDE5 inhibitors (oral erectile dysfunction medicines, including VIAGRA) reported a sudden decrease or loss of vision or hearing. If you experience sudden decrease or loss of vision or hearing, stop taking PDE5 inhibitors, including VIAGRA, and call a doctor right away.

VIAGRA should not be used with other ED treatments. VIAGRA should not be used with REVATIO or other products containing sildenafil.

VIAGRA does not protect against sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV.

The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. Less commonly, bluish vision, blurred vision, or sensitivity to light may briefly occur.

Please see Important Facts for VIAGRA on the following page or visit viagra.com for full prescribing information.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.FDA.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

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VIAGRA (sildenafil citrate) tablets

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IMPORTANT FACTS

VIAGRA (sildenafil citrate) tablets (vi-AG-rah)

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION ABOUT VIAGRA

Never take VIAGRA if you take any medicines with nitrates. This includes nitroglycerin. Your blood pressure could drop quickly. It could fall to an unsafe or life-threatening level.

ABOUT ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION (ED)

Erectile dysfunction means a man cannot get or keep an erection. Health problems, injury, or side effects of drugs may cause ED. The cause may not be known.

ABOUT VIAGRA

VIAGRA is used to treat ED in men. When you want to have sex, VIAGRA can help you get and keep an erection when you are sexually excited. You cannot get an erection just by taking the pill. Only your doctor can prescribe VIAGRA.

VIAGRA does not cure ED.

VIAGRA does not protect you or your partner from STDs (sexually transmitted diseases) or HIV. You will need to use a condom.

VIAGRA is not a hormone or an aphrodisiac.

WHO IS VIAGRA FOR?

Who should take VIAGRA?

Men who have ED and whose heart is healthy enough for sex.

Who should NOT take VIAGRA?

- If you ever take medicines with nitrates
  - Medicines that treat chest pain (angina), such as nitroglycerin or isosorbide mononitrate or dinitrate
- If you use some street drugs, such as "poppers" (amyl nitrate or nitrate)
- If you are allergic to anything in the VIAGRA tablet

BEFORE YOU START VIAGRA

Tell your doctor if you have or ever had:

- Heart attack, abnormal heartbeats, or stroke
- Heart problems, such as heart failure, chest pain, angina, or aortic valve narrowing
- Low or high blood pressure
- Severe vision loss
- An eye condition called retinitis pigmentosa
- Kidney or liver problems
- Blood problems, such as sickle cell anemia or leukemia
- A deformed penis, Peyronie's disease, or an erection that lasted more than 4 hours
- Stomach ulcers or any kind of bleeding problems

Tell your doctor about all your medicines. Include over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, and herbal products. Tell your doctor if you take or use:

- Medicines called alpha blockers to treat high blood pressure or prostate problems. Your blood pressure could suddenly get too low. You could get dizzy or faint. Your doctor may start you on a lower dose of VIAGRA.
- Medicines called protease inhibitors for HIV. Your doctor may prescribe a 25 mg dose. Your doctor may limit VIAGRA to 25 mg in a 48-hour period.
- Other methods to cause erections. These include pills, injections, implants, or pumps.
- A medicine called REVATIO. VIAGRA should not be used with REVATIO as REVATIO contains sildenafil, the same medicine found in VIAGRA.

POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS OF VIAGRA

Side effects are mostly mild to moderate. They usually go away after a few hours. Some of these are more likely to happen with higher doses.

The most common side effects are:

- Headache
- Feeling flushed
- Upset stomach

Less common side effects are:

- Trouble telling blue and green apart or seeing a blue tinge on things
- Eyes being more sensitive to light
- Blurred vision

Rarely, a small number of men taking VIAGRA have reported these serious events:

- Having an erection that lasts more than 4 hours. If the erection is not treated right away, long-term loss of potency could occur.
- Sudden decrease or loss of sight in one or both eyes. We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA and medicines like it or caused by other factors. They may be caused by conditions like high blood pressure or diabetes. If you have sudden vision changes, stop using VIAGRA and all medicines like it. Call your doctor right away.
- Sudden decrease or loss of hearing. We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA and medicines like it or caused by other factors. If you have sudden hearing changes, stop using VIAGRA and all medicines like it. Call your doctor right away.
- Heart attack, stroke, irregular heartbeats, and death. We do not know whether these events are caused by VIAGRA or caused by other factors. Most of these happened in men who already had heart problems.

If you have any of these problems, stop VIAGRA. Call your doctor right away.

HOW TO TAKE VIAGRA

Do:

- Take VIAGRA only the way your doctor tells you. VIAGRA comes in 25 mg, 50 mg, and 100 mg tablets. Your doctor will tell you how much to take.
- If you are over 65 or have serious liver or kidney problems, your doctor may start you at the lowest dose (25 mg).
- Take VIAGRA about 1 hour before you want to have sex. VIAGRA starts to work in about 30 minutes when you are sexually excited. VIAGRA lasts up to 4 hours.

Don't:

- Do not take VIAGRA more than once a day.
- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor tells you. If you think you need more VIAGRA, talk with your doctor.
- Do not start or stop any other medicines before checking with your doctor.

NEED MORE INFORMATION?

- This is only a summary of important information. Ask your doctor or pharmacist for complete product information OR
- Go to www.viagra.com or call (888) 4-VIAGRA (484-2472)

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CALVIN KLEIN FALL 2013

Softened minimalism. The Calvin Klein Fall 2013 line offers a sense of movement and ease, conveyed through textural fabrics and elongated silhouettes. Iconic pieces are updated with modern styling. The look is sophisticated, refined, and effortless – like this color block knit sweater, which combines function with sophistication. Available at Macy's, Lord&Taylor and calvinklein.com



Calvin Klein



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No. 46a

The Beauty of Our Time: Alyssa Miller

"I'd love to be considered as one of those girls that can do both. Doing Italian *Vogue* is amazing, but you're not seeing that in the middle of America. You're seeing *Sports Illustrated*. And that's important to me because I grew up with it," says Alyssa Miller, the model pictured above and on the previous page. The L.A. native is 24. She's been in international fashion magazines you've never heard of and in the *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Issue three years running. That's a Kate Upton/Heidi Klum–level crossover. That's how a model becomes more than a model.

Number 47

A TAXONOMY OF TWITTER JOKES

ON TWITTER, WE HAVE ENTERED THE AGE OF METAHUMOR AND ANTIJOKES. #KNOCKKNOCK #WHOSTHERE #POSTMODERNPUNCHLINES #DRIVESAFELY #TRYTHEVEAL. HERE, A SHORT GUIDE TO DIFFERENT SUBSPECIES OF TWITTER NONJOKES

BY A. J. JACOBS

The Extraordinarily Banal Observation About Life. "Whistling is okay." —Michael Ian Black (@michaelianblack)

Intentionally Bad Word Play Followed by Acknowledgment of Said Badness. "Doctor Who??? You got that right! So many actors have played him I don't know which way is up! More like Doctor Huh?? #TVjokes #lol #humour." —Rob Delaney (@robdelaney)

The Deconstruction of a Classic Joke. "Knock knock." "Who's there?" "Interrupting old person." "Interrupting old p—" "Cows." —Ken Jennings (@kenjennings)

I Am Depressed and I Hate the World and My Life. "Does anyone know how many calories you burn by sliding down a wall crying?" —Aparna Nancherla (@aparnapkin)

Overly Generic Compliment. "I like it on House when they don't know what the disease is and then they know what the disease is." —Rainn Wilson (@rainnwilson)

Blatantly False Trivia. "If you hit Chumbawamba at 30mph there's an 80% chance they'll get back up again." —David Stokes (@Scottywrotem)

Vainglorious Boast About a Trivial Feat. "I open a Capri Sun like I'm giving Uma Thurman an adrenaline shot to her heart." —Bryan Donaldson (@thenaidvark)

Parodies of Don't-You-Hate-It-When-Humor. "Is there anything worse than the radio station a hotel room sets for your arrival other than famine/poverty/genocide/animal abuse/cancer." —Christine Teigen (@chrissyteigen)

Song Lyrics Stated in a Deadpan Manner. "Bob Marley's chief concern in life was whether or not the person he was talking to enjoyed jamming." —Eric Legdin (@iamlegdin)

The Overly Obvious Comment on Current Events. "For my money, these are the top two teams in the league right now." —Colin Quinn, during the Heat/Spurs finals (@iamcolinquinn)

Self-Referential Jokes About Typing. "My first tweet, peeps. I apologize in advance for my slow learning curve. Nice to (sort of) meet you. It's amazing how quickly 140 characters." —Neil Patrick Harris (@ActuallyNPH)

Random and Vaguely Threatening Action. "Flicks cigarette. You call this a Carol Burnett fan club?" —Brian Gari (@briangari)

NO. 48



THE TRULY BANKABLE STAR

Name: Robert Downey Jr.
Date of birth: April 4, 1965
Which makes him: 48
Academy award nominations: Two (Best Actor for *Chaplin* in 1992 and Best Supporting Actor for *Tropic Thunder* in 2008)
Current standing: One of the most bankable actors ever in Hollywood
Major studio franchise roles: Three
Stars in two of them as: Iron Man/Tony Stark
And in the other as: Sherlock Holmes
Total worldwide box-office gross of his films from the last five years: $5.4 billion
Which include: *Iron Man* ($585 million), *Sherlock Holmes* ($535 million), *Iron Man 2* ($624 million), *Sherlock Holmes: A Game of Shadows* ($535 million), *The Avengers* ($1.5 billion), and *Iron Man 3* ($1.2 billion)
Compared with his contemporaries: Brad Pitt ($2 billion), Johnny Depp ($3.3 billion), Tom Cruise ($1.9 billion), and Leonardo DiCaprio ($2.1 billion)
Overall winner, though: Johnny Depp
The justification: In ten years, Depp's been in 19 movies grossing a total of more than $6.5 billion. Downey Jr. has been in 20 grossing a total of more than $5.5 billion.
Likelihood he'll take out the top spot: High.
Because: *The Avengers: Age of Ultron* is set to come out in 2015, and *The Lone Ranger* was a flop.
His thoughts on his position among leading men working today: "I'm probably one of the best."

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHAN WURTH. ILLUSTRATION BY KYLE NILTON.

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The available 11-speaker Bose® premium surround sound system is ingeniously paired with Active Noise Cancellation technology.1 To eliminate unwanted noise while enhancing the sounds you want, and need, to hear. For a car that sounds as sophisticated as it looks.

1 Available on 4-cylinder models only.
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The Music Is Worthless

BY ANDY LANGER

Originally, we were stick-up men stealing from drug dealers. We stole music because paying $17.99 for albums with two good songs felt like we were being robbed. But over time, we let our thirst for revenge turn us into ingrates. We sample instead of consume. We graze instead of listen. We complain about the quality of music and act inconvenienced by the sheer quantity of it when the same things that have made music worthless have made the experience of listening to music exponentially better. Everything is searchable. Everything is shareable. And "if you like" are now the three most powerful words in music—how often have you searched for one song and come away with ten others and a new favorite band? Well, that new favorite band is totally fucked. The new music economy has broken the unwritten code between musician and fan. We take more than we give, which isn't how an artist/patron relationship is supposed to work.

This summer at Bonnaroo, I sat on a panel with Dwight Yoakam and the young Nashville singer-songwriter Jonny Fritz. I asked a question I already knew the answer to: "Dwight, is there any chance today a guy like Jonny could have your kind of career ... accomplish the kind of ...?" They both shook their heads before I completed the sentence. Fritz makes ends meet through leather work—he's got a better chance of selling a guitar strap than an album. And real patronage isn't crowd funding. Kickstarter, which has turned musicians into self-promotional shakedown artists, isn't something anyone should be proud of. Musician-artist Amanda Palmer's famous "The Art of Asking" TED Talk was somehow both naive and condescending. The art of "letting" fans pay instead of "making" them? *Please.* Radiohead can "let" them pay. Perhaps even Amanda Palmer can "let" them pay. But your new secret discovery on Spotify can't do that.

Music will once again have to be paid for. It will once again need to have a price—not an optional donation but a value you're forced to either accept or reject. Without a price, there's nothing at stake, and if there's nothing at stake with a song, then there isn't any point in listening.

No. 49 → **Ten years ago** at Apple's headquarters in Cupertino, California, I sat across from Steve Jobs and suggested that asking a generation of music fans raised on Napster and Kazaa to pay 99 cents a song was going to be a tough sell. He argued that for practicality and karma, people would rather pay for music than steal it and that, until the release of the just-launched iTunes Music Store, stealing had been their best option. In retrospect, we were both right: 25 billion downloads later, the iTunes Store thrives, yet the perception that music is free hasn't waned. The notion of stealing music seems quaint now; stealing implies something has value in the first place.

What Jobs and the major players in the record business did a decade ago in putting a 99-cent price on a song was to effectively attach the same value to "Blowin' in the Wind" as a Big Gulp or two loosies from a New York bodega. From 99 cents, there was nowhere to go but down. Jay-Z grabbed headlines by offering a million downloads of his new album via an app—which, as it turns out, might have been a story more about data-mining than music. Jay-Z offered Samsung "content." *Content?* A song is something that can break your heart or raise your heart rate. A song can change the direction of your day or make you reconsider your marriage. Now you get noe—often a new one from a major artist—in exchange for a retweet.

NO. 80



THE BEST CELEBRITY

Name: Jennifer Lawrence
Date of birth: August 15, 1990
Which makes her: 23
Motion picture releases to date: Ten
Academy Award nominations: Two (*Winter's Bone* in 2010 and *Silver Linings Playbook* in 2012)
Academy Award wins: One (Best Actress for *Silver Linings Playbook*)
Common ratio of action-film-franchise work to dramatic-Oscar-bait work: 2:2. Most recently, *The Hunger Games: Catching Fire* and *X-Men: Days of Future Past* (action franchises) to *Serena* and *American Hustle*
A very nice thing *Hunger Games* director Gary Ross said about her: "I've worked with some amazing actors, and I've never seen anyone with more raw talent. Sometimes I'd say to her, 'Where did you come from?' And she'd say, 'You know, I really don't know.'"
Lawrence on her career: "There are doctors who save lives and firemen who run into burning buildings. I'm making movies. It's stupid."

TD Ameritrade

GO-GETTERS WHO INVEST EVERY DAY WITH PASSION. And know savvy strategies can help them invest today—and retire tomorrow—with confidence. They're **THE INVESTIGETTERS**—like real estate lawyer **NELSON KONG**.

Born to Korean immigrants in Buenos Aires, Nelson speaks three languages. But the language of investing is not among them. With a 5-week-old son and a jam-packed 3-year plan, he's turned to **TD Ameritrade** to get started on a path to retirement.

"I'm always thinking about investing in new offices or businesses. It's time to invest in retirement, too."
— Nelson

NELSON KONG, 33
PARTNER, NELSON KONG LAW
MARRIED, WITH INFANT SON
3-YEAR PLAN: BUY A HOUSE. HAVE ANOTHER CHILD. EXPAND HIS BUSINESS **AND** INVEST IN A NEW BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

the INVESTI-GETTERS

GO-GETTERS WHO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE & INVESTING.

TOP ILLUSTRATION BY LUKE LUCAS. BOTTOM ILLUSTRATION BY KYLE HILTON

TURN OVER FOR MORE »

"TD Ameritrade Investment Consultants offer 50 percent relationship/50 percent guidance—making investing a lot more pleasurable"

—TD Ameritrade Investment Consultant



the INVESTIGETTERS

TD Ameritrade investment Consultant: You have two practices AND you're a new father!

NELSON: Now I want to buy a home have another child in two to three years, expand my business—maybe invest in a restaurant

TD Ameritrade: Do you have any retirement plans set up with either of your businesses?

NELSON: No, I don't

TD Ameritrade: That should be your first step. TD Ameritrade offers solutions from profit sharing plans to individual 401(k)s. We have the knowledge and experience to help you get a plan in place based on your individual needs.

NELSON: Feeling comfortable with my level of risk is really important.

TD Ameritrade: Our strategy is based on the three *D*'s. "Dynamics" refers to markets that are always changing—our innovative platforms and third-party research help clients navigate them and understand both the potential rewards and risks involved. Second is "Discipline." Emotional investors typically don't buy low and sell high—just the reverse. Young investors come to TD Ameritrade to learn discipline. And last is "Diversification." It's not a guarantee you won't lose money, but it can help lower volatility and is a key part of our investing philosophy. In short, we offer the guidance to help our clients navigate uncertainties in the market and manage the risk in their portfolios.

NELSON: That's what I'm looking for—someone to guide me and lead me in the right direction.

WHAT'S YOUR 3-YEAR PLAN?
Visit www.investigetters.com for more life strategies—and find the one that works for you

TD Ameritrade

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TOP: ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVER MUNDAY. BOTTOM: ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY

NO. 51 THE SLOW RISE OF "SLAPDICK"

Back in 2010, Coach Rex Ryan compared his New York Jets to some symbolic "slapdick team." • In 2011, a reporter used the term during an interview with the Ohio State University defensive coordinator. • In 2013, Baltimore Orioles center fielder Adam Jones used it in a tweet to refer to a racist fan

No. 52

The FX Way

In his nine years at FX Networks, John Landgraf has transformed it from the place for midcareer Nicolas Cage action thrillers into an HBO competitor with what could be a better business model. Take *The Americans*, which draws 68 percent of *Boardwalk Empire*'s viewers at half the cost. Of course, FX doesn't have 108 Emmy nominations or *Game of Thrones*. But it also doesn't have second-season-of-beloved-but-inviable-shows like *Enlightened* (See: *Terriers*, the euthanasia of). Instead, FX fosters the creative team of growing shows like *Sons of Anarchy* (9.2 million viewers in its fifth season) and *American Horror Story* (17 Emmy nominations, the most of any series), pictures, attracting talent like Louis C.K., Guillermo del Toro, and the Coen brothers by demonstrating it will keep its hands off the artistic side as long as the money keeps coming in.

—ANNA PEELE





Sports Are No Longer Fun

BY CHRIS JONES

There's a good argument to be made that the rise of professional sports and the decline of organized religion over the last century or so are not coincidental. Once, when we needed relief from our troubles, we looked to the sky. We saw the impossibilities around us and called them reasons and signs. Then science turned men into gods, and up until 1998 or so, they answered our prayers with their more tangible miracles.

The faith and the fun we had back then seem embarrassingly naïve, forgotten vestiges of the last best time. Now our record books are littered with asterisks or the shadows of them. Today, when an athlete does something amazing in front of our eyes, we're cynical before we are awed, and we should be. If Robert Fick needed drugs just to be Robert Fick, then of course Lance Armstrong and Alex Rodriguez and however many Seattle Seahawks needed drugs to perform their own feats of strength.

It takes an almost enviable level of ignorance to think that anything we've watched over the last two decades has been any version of clean. Cycling, track, baseball—they were all made of salt. Wait until the NBA brings in blood testing, if it's ever stupid enough to do it. It'll be like the way we look at pictures of Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa today and wonder how we could have been so blind. Have you watched a basketball game lately? Even Barry Bonds must be looking at Dwight Howard and thinking, *Man, you've changed.*

Do you really think there have been so few basketball players banned for steroids because they're not taking them? Or is it because the NBA is scared to find out exactly how bad its reality is? Baseball, a decade deeper into this mess, loudly suspended 13 players associated with the Biogenesis clinic in Miami. NBA players were reportedly also on that list. Have you heard even a whisper about their being suspended? Or is it better we don't find out who they are and what they took, saving for ourselves this last tiny fraction of sporting delusion?

Because worse than all the cheating and its consequences—and worse than the lockouts, and unsustainable economics, and franchise relocations, all our quaint-seeming complaints of the not-so-distant past—is our second, more recent reckoning: We have been killing these so-called immortals. We are paying to watch them die, from their brains on out, and the evidence is such that it's hard to lie to ourselves about it anymore. Sports used to take us away from the real world; they represented escape. Today, they remind us of the worst of our truths. We've traded limitlessness for gravity, passion for guilt. And while a religion might survive skepticism, no god in history has outlived such hard physical fact.

NO. 54 HOW NOT TO GET CAUGHT: TIPS FOR CELEBS (PART 3 OF 5)



- ▸ Hard delete.
- ▸ Hard delete.
- ▸ Hard delete.
- ▸ Hard delete.
- ▸ Cool it with all the "Why don't y'all dress up like Aunt Jemima?" stuff.
- ▸ None of the bunga bunga.
- ▸ Make nice with your cohost.
- ▸ Assume that your utterances will one day be read aloud during a legal deposition.
- ▸ No tweeting.
- ▸ Never bed your biographer.

NO. 55
A DEFINITIVE NOTE ON THE XBOX ONE

At some point, you might own an Xbox One. And you probably won't use it to play many games. Microsoft is turning its gaming system into a whole home media hub. That you can play Madden on it is just a bonus. If you're into such things.



Number 56

NOTES FROM THE FUTURE

THINGS YOU'LL ENCOUNTER, HAVE TO CONTEND WITH, OR POSSIBLY REJECT

BY PETER MARTIN

1. You'll be hearing even more about "wearable tech." Google Glass, health monitors, the iWatch, the everybody else watch… as much as you'll be talking to your gadgets in the next five years, you'll also be wearing them.

2. OLED isn't going to happen. The new Ish TV technology which lets TV sets be millimeters thin with fantastic light levels and resolution is just too hard to produce on a consistently high level. Which means prices will not be coming down. Which means you will not be buying one anytime soon.

3. Your only camera will be on your phone. With phones like the 41-megapixel Nokia Lumia 1020 advancing smartphone technology, most of us will be all too happy to use the cameras we already carry in our pockets.

4. Apple or Google will do streaming TV better than anyone else within the next two years.

5. You will be filled with fury when stuck walking behind someone blindly meandering on the sidewalk while using his phone.

6. Ten minutes later, you will do this exact thing to someone else.

7. The oversized Galaxy Note is the new cell-phone belt holster. Even though you can't imagine why someone would use one, invariably a good number of people will.

8. On-the-fly translation will become a viable thing, thanks to the Samsung Galaxy S4 and companies like Lexifone.

9. You will get used to people talking to their phones. "Okay Glass" and "Okay Google Now" will become so common they no longer bother you. Mostly.

10. Everything will be controlled by gesture. The Moto X phone brings up the camera app when you flick your wrist twice. Thalmic Labs Myo lets you control nearly anything electronic by wearing a sweatband on your forearm.

11. NFC, which lets your phone communicate (make purchases, transfer information) by proximity, will arrive on a wide scale and be quickly forgotten.

12. No one will improve upon the soft rubber feel of the back of some tablets and Soi Republics headphone cords.

13. Don't worry about joining that Google Hangout.

14. It will never be acceptable to hold up your tablet to take a photo.

15. Everything in the Cloud. Soon.

NO. 58



THE MAN

Name: Barack Obama
Date of birth: August 4, 1961
Which makes him: 52
Job approval rating: 40 to 50 percent
Major criticisms: Slow-growing economy, NSA surveillance scandal, targeted killing program
But what about his personal style? A little removed, maybe? Braggadocious?
This one time: He reportedly said, "Don't call my bluff," in a tense debt-ceiling meeting with Eric Cantor in 2011, and he abruptly stormed out after a proposal for a short-term resolution.
And then: At a briefing with major campaign supporters, "The president walked in, he sat down in the front row of the briefing room, he listened along with everyone else, and then he walked out without speaking to anyone."
And he was like: "Hey, Ray, why don't you teach this kid how to shoot?" to Ray Allen, pointing at Rajon Rondo at a fundraiser with players from the Boston Celtics.
Just… damn. At the 2010 White House Easter Egg Roll, Obama boasts to the children in attendence that he would read "the best rendition ever" of *Green Eggs and Ham*.

NO. 57
Peak Denim

There was a time when a lot of men didn't really care about jeans. We wore them and replaced them as needed. Wrangler, Lee, Levi's, the Gap. Then, about ten years ago, we started thinking twice about how they fit, welcoming unfamiliar brands into our lives. Today, we've reached the point at which denim brands have gotten the most they're ever going to get out of us, so now they're throwing their considerable expertise into other kinds of pants. Chinos. Cords. And men (a lot of us, anyway) are embracing these new varieties with a curiosity and enthusiasm once reserved for, well, jeans. And we're better dressed for it.

FUTURE ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE MCKENDRY; DRAMA ILLUSTRATION BY KYLE HILTON



Organic tobacco does **NOT** mean a safer cigarette.

For more information on our organic growing programs, **visit www.sfntc.com**

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

No additives in our tobacco does **NOT** mean a safer cigarette.

NO. 59
THE MEN
OF 1986

Armie Hammer (actor) • Shia LaBeouf (actor) • Drake (rapper) • Robert Pattinson (Twilight actor) • Usain Bolt (Olympian) • Penn Badgley (no idea British guy?) • Shaun White (ginger) • Chester Cheetah (mascot) • Dodge Dakota (truck)



Number 60

THE WOMEN OF 1986

BY LISA TADDEO

I picture them in Laguna Beach kitchens eating toaster pizzas. Standing at Formica counters with moms in blue eye shadow. With kittens on the floor or old cats. I don't know why, but all these girls, even the ones I know are from New York, I think of with palm trees outside their middle-class windows.

They're 27, and they were all born in 1986, which is the year of the tiger. And like the tiger, their spirits are hot-striped. Like Bill Buckner in 1986, their mistakes are elegiac. Like *Top Gun*, their *vrooms* through America are iconic and sunglassed. Like Ronald Reagan, they are political after they weren't.

You've got Lady Gaga, Lena Dunham, the Olsen twins, Megan Fox, Lindsay Lohan, Lauren Conrad, Heidi Montag. Then there's Amanda Bynes. I picture her as a fallen pink Oscar at everyone's feet. Casey Anthony is also 27, born in '86. What that means, I don't know. But somehow, they're all at the same nightclub, behind the same VIP rope, and the person who let them in is all of us.

They're our future? But sometimes, some of them seem like the thing that will stall us in the present. For starters, they're not totally forward-behaving. In fact, there's something very '90s here. Megan Fox married into *90210*. Lady Gaga is the animal evolution of Madonna. They're throwbacks, but at the same time they have shimmied themselves past their prime. Heidi Montag, for one, is skipping her 30s.

To be 27 is to be on a precipice. Who will these people become? Dunham and Lady Gaga are the vaunted members of the set and the ones taken the most seriously. The Olsens were taken with milk every night, so they are more royal than *Glee*. But if we look to Lohan and Bynes for what the future holds, it says something about our present as well. Their lip liners outrun their lips and they have mug shots. They are rising and falling all season, and they're on set more than a cameraman. But they understand something we, as the watchers, don't. In this day and age, when privacy is how you ensure you won't succeed, it doesn't matter whether your lighting is garish, so long as you're lit.

NO. 61

HOW NOT TO GET CAUGHT: TIPS FOR JIHADISTS

(PART 4 OF 5)



- Use a different identity with everyone you deal with [online]
- A laptop used for accessing the Internet shouldn't be used for any other work.
- Delete all messages after every exchange
- Put no true information in any Web-site registration
- Tape over the front camera of your mobile phone

—From the July 2013 debut issue of an online magazine published by the extremist site Al Minbar Jihadi Media Network



ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY

NO. 82
THE PERFECT SHOE

The clean lines and easy curve of the toe, the artful fade of the hand-rubbed patination. The subtle pebbling of the calfskin leather, and the brogueing—oh, the brogueing! The perfect shoe. Leather shoes ($425) by Church's



NO. 83



THE BALLS ON THIS GUY

Name: Nate Silver
Date of birth: January 13, 1978
Which makes him: About five years too young.
Occupation: Statistician, editor in chief of data blog FiveThirtyEight.com.
Recent job change: Departed *The New York Times*, which has hosted FiveThirtyEight.com since 2010, for ESPN to cover sports, economics, culture, science, and technology from a stats perspective.
What he did at the *Times*: Correctly predicted the outcome of the 2012 presidential election in all 50 states.
Has the stones to say this. "Punditry is fundamentally useless."
And this. "I think I have a better value system than the pundits—I care about truth, and I care about informing people."
And this gem: "Peggy Noonan is someone who is very, very skilled at making bullshit look like some elegant souffle."

Numbers 64–68

The Men Who Would Be Ralph

THE MAN WHO FOUNDED POLO WITH A COUPLE NECKTIES IS STILL ASCENDANT 48 YEARS LATER, AND NO AMERICAN MEN'S-WEAR DESIGNER HAS COME ALONG WHO CAN CHALLENGE HIS INFLUENCE AND ENDURANCE. NOT THAT THERE AREN'T A FEW DESIDNERS TODAY WHO JUST MIGHT HAVE AN EMPIRE IN THEM YET.



TOMMY HILFIGER

Signature: *The Royal Tenenbaums* meets *Ordinary People*
In his favor: Strong runway collections and ad campaigns of late.
Now he might be king: Getting those great suits from the runway onto the streets.

JOHN VARVATOS

Signature: Detroit Rock City
In his favor: Owns the whole edgy, rock 'n' roll thing.
Now he might be king: Moving beyond rock 'n' roll.

MICHAEL BASTIAN

Signature: Golden Age Fire Island
In his favor: Years of retail expertise and a mellow-deep understanding of aspirational sportswear.
How he might be king: Lowering his prices.

MICHAEL KORS

Signature: Hermès for Staten Island (an MK exec's description, not ours)
In his favor: Household name (thanks in part to *Project Runway*), easy way with real deal luxury (snakeskin, fur, the works).
How he might be king: More sportswear for people who fly coach.

TOM FORD

Signature: *American Gigolo* Redux
In his favor: Celebrities and millionaires love his suits and tuxedos.
How he might be king: Making clothes accessible to noncelebrities and thousandaires.

No. 69 THE POP-CULTURE DOMINANCE OF THE SUBWAY SANDWICH

- In the remake of *Red Dawn*, a kid holds up a Subway and demands that a "sandwich artist fill this shit with bread!"
- On *Pawn Stars*, the Subway western-egg-and-cheese sandwich is compared favorably with the "greasy breakfast burritos" pawnbroker Chumlee "used to eat."
- As a meeting site for the gang's group date on *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*
- On *The Simpsons*, Lisa asks her art-camp counselors what kind of artists they are and they reply "sandwich artists."
- Subway sandwiches are a substitute for home-cooked dinner on *Cougar Town*
- As the site of a date on *The Real World*
- On *Hawaii Five-0*, a character spends 50 seconds extolling the sandwiches as "some serious culinary fusion."

ILLUSTRATION BY KYLE HILTON

kia.com

Introducing the all-new 2014 Cadenza



KIA

A Premium Sedan From Kia

The Cadenza† comes equipped with highly advanced available features like a Lane Departure Warning System[1], UVO eServices[2] Infotainment system with hands-free connectivity, and Xenon High-Intensity Discharge headlights with Adaptive Front Lighting System. And with luxurious available features like a Panoramic Sunroof, Ventilated Driver's Seat and a Complimentary Scheduled Maintenance Program,[3] the all-new 2014 Kia Cadenza† is impossible to ignore.

†2014 Kia Cadenza initially only available in certain markets with limited availability. Cadenza with Technology Package shown. Not all optional features are available on all trims. The Lane Departure Warning System is not a substitute for proper and safe driving. This system may not detect every object in the vehicle's blind spot or direction of travel. Always drive safely and use caution when using this feature. Warning: Driving while distracted can result in a loss of vehicle control that may lead to an accident, severe personal injury and death. The driver's primary responsibility is in the safe and legal operation of a vehicle, and any use of handheld devices, other equipment or vehicle systems which take the driver's eyes, attention and focus away from the safe operation of a vehicle or which are not permissible by law should never be used during operation of the vehicle. ‡Purchasers and lessees of new 2014 Kia Cadenzas are eligible. Participating Kia authorized dealers only. The program provides certain factory scheduled maintenance work for the first five normal maintenances for 37,500 miles or 30 months, whichever comes first (see Normal Maintenance Schedule in Owner's Manual); however, the fifth maintenance will be covered up to the 36th month. Non-transferable. Terms, conditions and exclusions apply. See participating dealers for program details.

OTHER KEY BRITISH IMPORTS

One Direction • The Hobbit • Top Gear • The Guardian • Cadbury Fruit & Nut bar • A glass of Lagavulin, neat • "Cumberbatch" jokes • The word bloody of late for some reason • Our whale language, actually • The smirk • Another Lagavulin, thanks

Number 70

THE EMPIRE THAT NEVER DIES

THE BRITISH ARE BECOMING MORE AMERICAN THAN THE AMERICANS. BASTARDS.

ICONIC AMERICANS PORTRAYED BY BRITS



Clive Owen as Hemingway in *Hemingway & Gellhorn*

Stephen Graham as Al Capone on *Boardwalk Empire*

Freddie Highmore as Norman Bates on *Bates Motel*



Christian Bale as Batman



Henry Cavill as Superman



Andrew Garfield as Spider Man



Carey Mulligan as Daisy Buchanan



Daniel Day-Lewis as Abraham Lincoln



Piers Morgan as Larry King

CULTURAL IMPOETS



Downton Abbey



Luther



James Bond



Doctor Who



Harry Potter



Sherlock Holmes

SBITISH ACTORS PLAYING AMERICAN ARCHETYPER



Andrew Lincoln on *The Walking Dead*



Damien Lewis on *Homeland*



James Purefoy on *The Following*



Stephen Moyer on *True Blood*



Matthew Rhys on *The Americans*



Emma Watson in *The Bling Ring*

SSITISH PEOPLE WHO REEM AMERICAN



Sacha Baron Cohen



Simon Cowell



Helen Mirren



Kate Middleton



Adele



Martin Amis



Hugh Jackman (Might as well be British)



Gwyneth Paltrow

No. 71

The First Five Seconds of Online Ads

A young woman sits before a computer monitor in a NASA-style mission control room, speaking coolly into a headset. "All stations come over to Mission A for a final go," she says. Her voice is flat and confident. "This is for real this time. Step seven-point-two-one-two." A rocket is going to launch. Everyone is tense.

It's a commercial for Siemens, a company that makes software used by SpaceX. Also, it's a gripping little film. Online ads are aspiring to the kind of greatness usually seen only during the Super Bowl. Because otherwise you wouldn't watch.



No. 72

The Irrelevant Movie Star

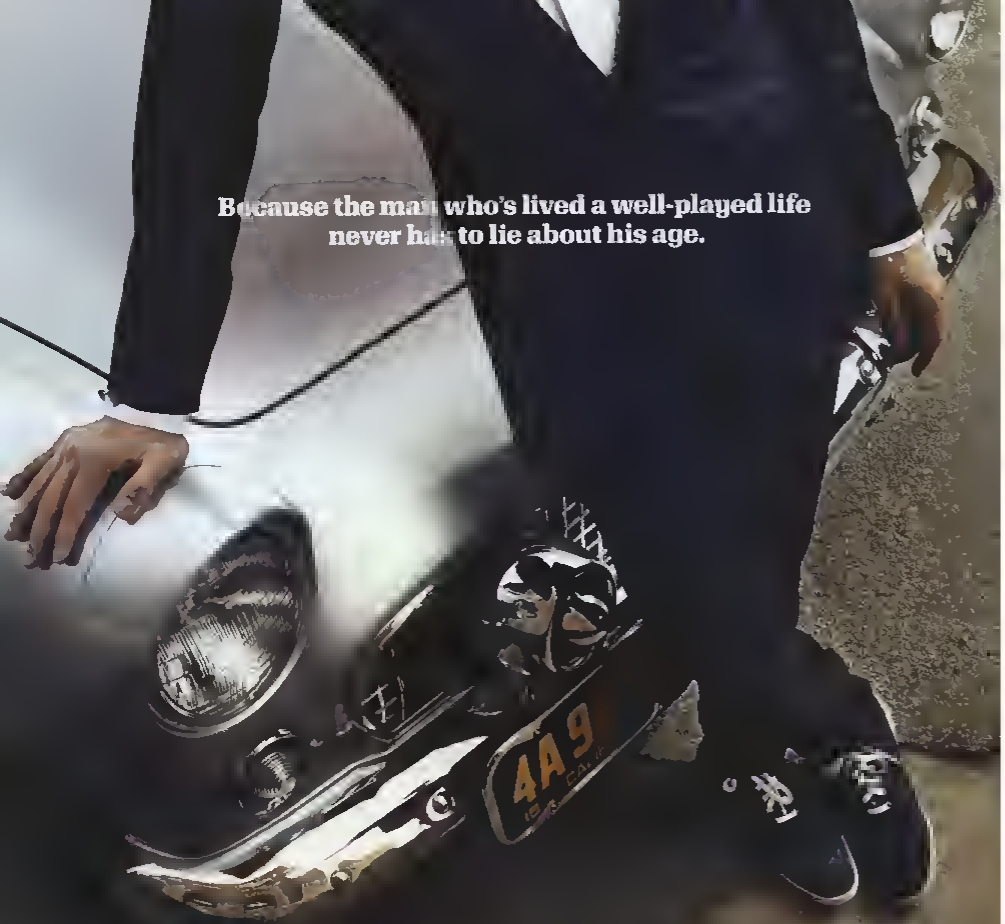
Kristen Stewart is the star of one of the most successful movie franchises of the last five years (*Twilight*), and she's out earned every actress the last two years. She doesn't seem to hobnob. She doesn't seem to enjoy herself. She doesn't seem to comb her hair. She is not a movie star. They really don't exist anymore.

If you truly live, one life is all you need.

Esquire

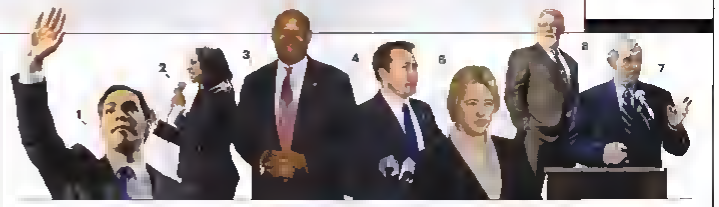

KNIFE FIGHT
SEPT 24 TUESDAYS 9|8c
So learn to cook. With fire.
BREW DOGS
Never arrive empty handed.
BREW DOGS
SEPT 24 TUESDAYS 10|9c
Esquire NETWORK


THE GETAWAY
SEPT 25 WEDNESDAYS 9|8c
Travel first. Ask later.
And always do your own stunts.
BOUNDLESS
SEPT 25 WEDNESDAYS 10|9c
Esquire NETWORK



NO. 73
"DETROIT"

n. any slow decay looked upon, photographed, contemplated, fetishized, made into countless Internet slide shows, patted on the head, condescended to by people from other places



No. 74

Lake Bell, Auteur

Lena Dunham and Louis C.K. were the writer-director-actors of the moment prostrating themselves to America with every line and never flattering themselves because humiliating themselves is ostensibly so much more revealing. Lake Bell is the opposite of all that. In this age of self-effacement and fearless ugliness, she is doing something revolutionary: looking desirable even as she directs herself delivering lines she wrote. Her auteurist debut, *In a World*..., in which she plays an aspiring movie-trailer voice-over artist, We hope there's more to come.



No. 75

The Public Consumption of Gore

The mangled legs of Boston Marathon bombing victim Jeff Bauman, a "night vision" video of a man blowing his brains out after being pursued by police, wounds and warts and surgical scars and popped zits and dead animals on Reddit, etc., etc.

Number 76

AGE OF THE MAYOR

1. JULIÁN CASTRO
36, San Antonio
(population 1.36 million) Created a pre-K program that will allow 22,000 low-income four-year-olds to attend school.

2. TERRY BELLAMY
41, Asheville, N.C.
(population 65,000) Reduced carbon emissions by 18 percent in five years. First African American and youngest mayor in the city's history. Homecoming queen of Asheville High School.

3. MICHAEL NUTTER
56, Philadelphia
(population 1.536 million) Launched an initiative to reduce gun violence by targeting repeat offenders and teaching gun safety, which led to a 40 percent drop in shooting victims, created nearly 10,000 summer jobs for city youths.

4. SHANE BEMIS
41, Gresham, Ore.
(population 107,000) Enabled 144 small businesses to open in three years by waiving all fees and charges for new businesses if they moved into previously vacant spaces; currently replacing all of Gresham's streetlights with LED bulbs; owns Boccelli's Ristorante, described on Yelp as "the best restaurant in Gresham. Granted that's not a high bar, but still the best."

5. ANNISE PARKER
57, Houston
(population 2.14 million) Total number of jobs have grown 13.1 percent since she became mayor in 2010, the highest rate of improvement among large cities; first gay mayor of a major American city; former oil executive who champions renewable energy, raised a teenager she met at a pride parade.

6. R. REX PARRIS
61, Lancaster, Calif.
(population 157,000) Requires all new homes to be powered by solar panels. In an effort to make Lancaster the first energy self-sufficient town, explains his acceptance of climate change science by saying he "may be a Republican" but he's "not an idiot."

7. JERRY GIST
71, Jackson, Tenn.
(population 65,000) Improved the health of citizens by making groceries available in food deserts, improving biking and walking paths, and reducing health-care costs by $2 million in the first year of reforms; describes his role as the mayor of a small town as the one "everybody calls."

NO. 77



THE UNDENIABLE CHAMP

Name. LeBron James
Date of birth. December 30, 1984
Which makes him 28
Jersey number 6
Height. Six feet eight inches
Number of NBA championships with the Cleveland Cavaliers. Zero
NBA championships. Two
2013 success. Second NBA championship and second consecutive NBA finals MVP
What James said about game six of the 2013 finals. "By far the best game I've been a part of."
Hyperbole? No
Recently compared to: God
By: George Hill of the Indiana Pacers after game two of this year's Eastern Conference finals against the Heat
His reaction. Nice-guy benevolence: "I'm going to come back [next season] a better player. Because I owe it to my teammates."
Still, detractors point out: Michael Jordan won every final series he played in; never having to play a game seven, while James is two for four in the finals, including the seven-game series this year.
That point. A little nitpicky.

ILLUSTRATION BY KYLE HILTON

CHANGES IN ASSHOLERY *(1933 to 2013)*



Where Did All These Assholes Come From?

BY TOM CHIARELLA

When I was a kid, I knew who the assholes were. My father would tell me. The guy renting an apartment from us who ran up the account at the hardware store then refused to pay his last four months' rent because of an argument over an auger. A drunk pro-lifer who refused to stop talking at cocktail parties. The menagerie of people who wrote to the newspaper arguing their hobbyhorse passions: gun control, commingling of the races, taxes, uncontrolled blaring of music from car windows. "Asshole," my dad would mutter as he folded the paper on them, or closed the door on them, or turned away from a conversation over a mutual fence. And when prodded, he'd identify the person, explain his reaction. An asshole was intolerant, intrenchant, single-minded, and without empathy. An asshole had only one goal in life: to get what he wanted no matter what it did to others. Assholes were not to be feared. Because no one respected them, no one would listen. There weren't that many of them, for one thing. My dad just went back to work in spite of all that. Most people—in public life and private—were okay in his book.

Somewhere along the way to now, the ranks swelled, and the world we know—the world we see on television—was overtaken by assholes. Lying baseball players, carping congressmen from districts redrawn by other carping congressmen, news reporters tweeting their bare chests, politicians tweeting their bare chests, anyone tweeting their bare chest, empty-eyed twits vying to marry a person they were introduced to on network television, sour-faced politicians who stroke themselves for their ability to obfuscate truth and delay change, liberals who defend a president who incarcerates and murders without explanation, preachy, carping, loudmouthed cable-TV-show "hosts" who urge their audience to fear ambiguity, to embrace extremism. Those who want to succeed. Radio talk-show hosts—just them in general and on the whole. Dopey mayors. Opinionated Internet stalkers. People who hashtag. Blank-eyed man-on-the-street interviewees who hold forth for television reporters on any subject that happens across their Twitter feed. Rich white haircuts who bring us sports results without pleasure, amazement, or unrehearsed reflection, armed with clubby zingers and one-liners designed to contribute only to their own network immortality.

And that's just one spin through the channels offered by my cable provider. They're everywhere. And I could name them. So could you. You don't live in their world unless you recognize what a collection of assholes we have. Where did they come from? How did we let them in? There are answers. But anyone who pretends to have one is most likely just another asshole. So I've gone my father's way, closing the door, turning the page, turning off the television, going back to work, muttering to myself what I insist on every damned day: Most people are okay in my book. I have to believe that still.

No. 78 →

NO. 79
HOW NOT TO GET CAUGHT: A RECAP
(PART 5 OF 5)



- No public WiFi
- The password
gg7yt#$%ssss\\{{{
- Better yet
gg7yt#$%ssss\\{{{}@!
- Hard delete
- *Harder*
- Remove the battery
- Now hand it over
- Tor?
- *Shhhhhhh*
- Quit

No. 80

Turns Out the Duplass Brothers' "Mumblecore" Style Is Brilliant

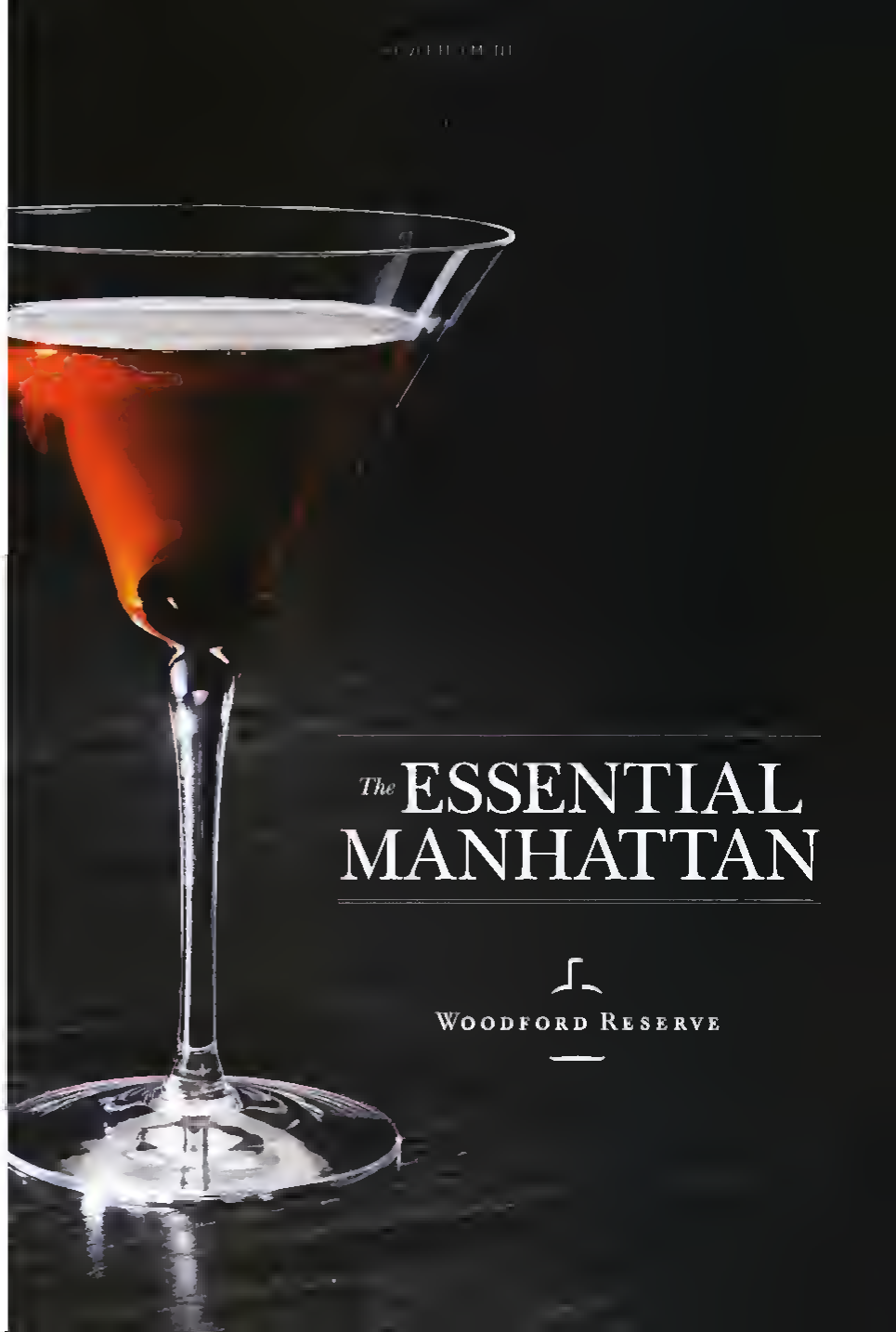
Mark and Jay Duplass's films *Cyrus* and *Jeff, Who Lives at Home* cost about $7 million—in anyone else's hands the budget would have been at least $25 million. The Duplasses' cut-cost, minimal studio supervision system depends on their creative use of cheap technology, healthy DVD sales, and the willingness of actors like Jason Segel, Ed Helms, and Susan Sarandon to work for a fraction of their regular pay. When no less than Steven Spielberg and George Lucas are prophesying the "implosion" of the film industry, being able to guarantee that a movie will not lose money makes you a valuable commodity. The Duplass brothers have been smart enough to convert that into autonomy.

—ANNA PEELE

In 2014, the Duplasses will join low-budget auteurs Louis C.K. and Lena Dunham on TV with their HBO series Togetherness.



TOP ILLUSTRATION BY LUKE LUCAS. BOTTOM ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY



A BRIEF HISTORY: WHAT'S IN A NAME? THE CLASSIC EDGE OF TODAY

The Classic Manhattan hasn't been tinkered with much since its inception, which suggests it was a ***near perfect cocktail at the start.***

Where and when was that start? The precise origins are somewhat in dispute. Theories range that the drink was created for a political fundraiser at New York's Manhattan Club in 1874, to the more obscure reference in a 1923 guide to New York, in a section written by a bartender, who mentions the "Manhattan Cocktail" as having been invented in the 1860's by a guy named Black who "kept a place 10 doors below Houston on Broadway," and noting the drink's subsequent rise to fame.

However humble (or not) the Manhattan's beginnings, over the last 150 years, it has become undoubtedly ***one of the world's most iconic cocktails.***



THE BEAUTY OF A MANHATTAN IS IN ITS SIMPLICITY

The beauty of a Manhattan is in its simplicity: nothing more than bourbon, sweet vermouth, and a couple dashes of bitters with a cherry on top. A deep understanding of the liquor involved is the key to mastering this cocktail, which requires knowing which vermouth will make the ideal dancing partner for your bourbon.

STIR IT: Whether you prefer your Manhattan up, or on the rocks, never ever shake a Manhattan.

SMOOTH AS SILK: Bourbon is ideal because of its roundness of flavor, but it is important to choose a bourbon with a prominent rye component.

SWEETNESS: Because bourbon's base ingredient is corn, you want to be selective about your sweet vermouth.

SPICE: A few dashes of bitters is necessary for rounding out the finish. Think of it as tipping back the sweet scales to more evenly match the spice.

THE CLASSIC MANHATTAN RECIPE

2 oz Woodford Reserve bourbon

1 oz sweet vermouth

2 dashes bitters
(give or take 1, to taste)

1 maraschino cherry
(optional)

THE ULTIMATE BOURBON, WOODFORD RESERVE

Woodford Reserve has history on its side.

Distilled in the oldest operating distillery in Kentucky, it was founded by Elijah Pepper, who built his log cabin distillery in 1812. The current production of Woodford Reserve is how they're honoring the past, while ushering in modern distilling techniques.

Woodford Reserve's complexity is due to their unique interpretations at all five steps of production. Their grain mix of 72% corn and 10% malted barley is finished off with an unusually high 18% rye, resulting in much more spice than your average bourbon. They use water from a limestone well so it's mineral rich and iron-free, which creates a clean, crisp finish. They use bourbon that is triple distilled using Scottish copper pot stills, ensuring that only the purest, cleanest "center cut" moves to white oak barrels. And those barrels? They're handcrafted in Woodford Reserve's own cooperage, then charred and toasted, which is where the sweet and nutty flavors are imparted.



VISIT WWW.WDDDFORDRESERVE.CDM FOR MDRE PRDDUCT HISTORY, DETAILS AND RECIPES.

THE SETTING

Wondering where and when the ideal setting is for mixing up a Manhattan? The timelessness of the Manhattan is in no small part due to the fact that it is so versatile.

Sophisticated and elegant, it's the perfect cocktail over which to seal that huge business deal.

Deep and introspective, it's the thoughtful drink for toasting quality time with extraordinary friends.

Rich and flavorful, it's the ideal pairing for when you want to enjoy life to the fullest while savoring the moments that matter most.



CHRIS MORRIS: MASTER DISTILLER

A distillery with this much history attracts only the best in the profession. Chris Morris, Master Distiller since 2004, has worked with whiskey since 1976, when he started as a Master Distiller trainee, and it's clearly in Morris's blood: both of his parents once worked at the Brown-Forman distillery. His passion for the craftsmanship of Woodford Reserve over the last 15 years is something that can't be bottled.

On why he chose to work with Brown-Forman and Woodford Reserve: The Master Distiller is typically involved in all manner of quality assurance through tasting and monitoring at all stages. But I'm also fortunate to be very involved in the creative process in creating new products as well, which requires working with the research and development team and also the staff at the cooperage. I really enjoy that this is a team-oriented company and brand.

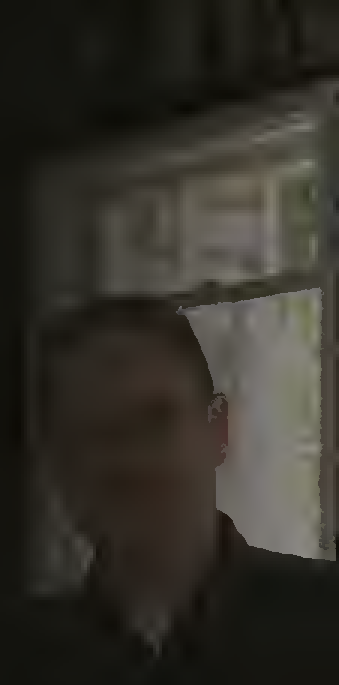
On his goal for every bottle that he creates: Our primary goal is to have a consistent product, number one. Number two is to create the highest quality flavor with the most complex balance that we can produce consistently from bottle to bottle.

On why Woodford Reserve is the perfect foundation for Manhattans: The Manhattan cocktail has a couple of real powerful flavor ingredients in vermouth and bitters. You really need a rich, full-bodied bourbon with flavors that will come through those strong additives. You also want the spice and herbal notes to enhance the vermouth and bitters as well.

It's about bringing like flavors together and building upon them to make an elegant and satisfying drinking experience.

On where and when he drinks Manhattans: I often make them at home, but there's nothing better than a Manhattan in a classic bar environment with a first-class person behind the bar.

On his preferred vermouth and bitters: I prefer Noilly Prat and Martini Rosso. There are more fancy vermouths but we don't see those much here in Kentucky. In terms of bitters, Woodford Reserve makes a bourbon barrel-aged spiced cherry bitters that was created just for using in Manhattans. It's great.

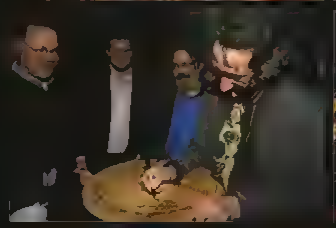


On what sets Woodford Reserve apart from the rest:

We're so much about a balance of flavors and a balance of all the sources—they really all work hand in hand. But, certainly speaking in terms of the Manhattan, it's our larger amount of rye in our recipe that gives Woodford the perfect spice note to play off the sweetness of the vermouth.

THE MANHATTAN EXPERIENCE










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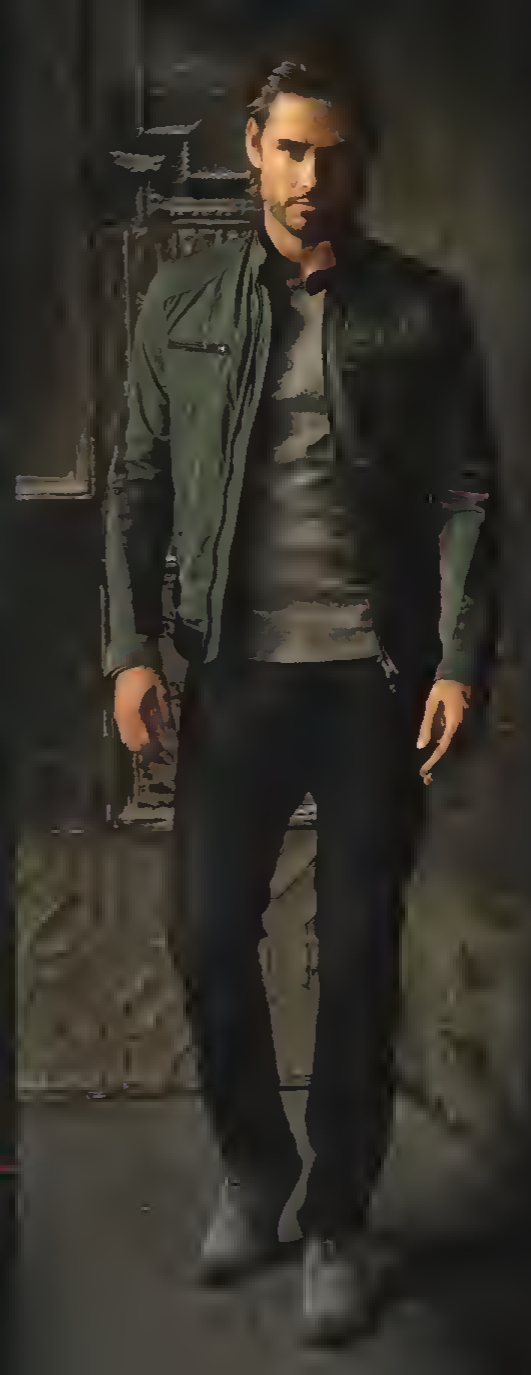
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THE TIMELESS STYLE OF ESQUIRE

Over the last 80 years, we've given a lot of advice. On the following pages, we present the best of it, with today's best clothes (and a few of today's best-dressed men) as proof that some truths actually are timeless.

PORTRAITS BY LORENZO BRINGHELI

"BE BRAVE. LAYER COLOR UPON COLOR TO BUILD A LOOK THAT SAYS YOU HAVE THE SPIRIT TO EXPERIMENT. THE IMAGINATION TO BLEND VIVID COLORS INTO A PLEASING COMBINATION. THE TRICK IS TO BUILD AROUND ONE ITEM. USE YOUR EYES. BE CONFIDENT. WITH GOOD COMMON SENSE YOU CAN PUT YOURSELF TOGETHER IN AS FORCEFUL A MANNER AS THE INTREPID MEN ON THESE PAGES."
FEBRUARY 1977

"WATCH THE LENGTH OF YOUR SUIT JACKET. THIS IS A RATHER TRICKY DETAIL. IF IT IS TOO SHORT IT WILL TEND TO SAW YOU IN HALF, AND IF TOO LONG WILL SHORTEN THE APPEARANCE OF YOUR LEGS."
APRIL 1940



On Lucas Flores Piran: Double-breasted cashmere coat ($2,350); two button wool jacket ($2,050); and cotton shirt ($380) by Gucci; cotton jeans ($78) by Levi's; suede monkstraps ($205) by Grenson; steel automatic Double-Retrograde Calendar watch ($2,300) by Seiko; cashmere scarf ($1,528) by Kiton; silk pocket square ($30) by Ilosa.

"BLUE JEANS ARE GOOD. DARK-BLUE JEANS ARE BETTER. LEAVE THE HOOD CUTS TO COWGIRLS AND BLACK DENIM TO EX-CONS."
MARCH 2005



ACCESSORIES ARE THE SUGAR IN YOUR COFFEE, THE SALT ON YOUR STEAK, THE DETAILS IN YOUR CLOTHES . . . YOUR NECKWEAR AND SOCKS CAN BE BLOOD BROTHERS OR DISTANT RELATIVES—DEPENDS ON YOUR TASTE.

APRIL 1951

Steel Ballon Bleu watch ($5,550) and palladium Diablo de Cartier pen ($670) by Cartier; sunglasses ($135) by Carrera; wool pocket square ($165) by Brunello Cucinelli; leather and cashmere gloves ($335) by Dunhill; leather bracelet ($225) by Tod's; metal cuff links ($36) by Massimo Dutti; leather zippered folder ($795) by Smythson; leather notebook ($169) by Coach; leather and metal key chain ($410) by Louis Vuitton



From left: Suits by Ermenegildo Zegna, Canali, Salvatore Ferragamo

*"First thing to consider is color; second is cut, third is occasion. **Greys, Browns, Blues**—with their individual hues—see that they suit your hair, eyes, complexion. Then: single or double breasted; are you tall or short, slender or robust? Next, day or evening, city or country. If you buy with these basics in mind, if you choose deliberately and not haphazardly, you're certain to show up at the proper place and time, properly dressed."*

MARCH 1952



SEPTEMBER 1950

"NOTHING TAKES A BEATING AND KEEPS COMING BACK FOR MORE LIKE A CORDUROY SPORT JACKET."

Two-button cotton corduroy jacket ($420) by J. Hilburn



MARCH 2000

"YOU DON'T HAVE TO BLAZE ACROSS THE COLOR SPECTRUM WHEN PAIRING A SHIRT AND TIE WITH A SUIT. A SUBTLE VARIATION IN COLOR ... ALMOST MONOCHROME ... BESPEAKS A CERTAIN UNDERSTATED ELEGANCE."



AUG. 2002

*"While dressing like your grandfather hasn't always been the goal—especially where the sock garters are concerned—here's a place to make an exception: **the wing tip.** The perforated shoe style (spawned in rural Scotland and Ireland, where holes were punched in brogues to drain out the water that inevitably got into them) has become an homage to classic style, as the shape of the toe cap and the pattern of holes have been maintained for centuries."* From left: By Rockport ($145), O'Keeffe ($620), Allen Edmonds ($345).

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"PEAKED LAPELS ARE A GOOD THING, TOO, BECAUSE THEIR POINTS ALSO EMPHASIZE THE VERTICAL EFFECT."
OCTOBER 1942

"We hear pretty frequently that these pages devote insufficient attention to the wants of the average man. Readers keep writing in telling us they care to be found ... the too colorful ... that we are prone ... crate and describe ... for an answer, ... ly say that we ... actly enjoy it. ... But here, ... plain blue suit ... we hope to mollify ... of the plain reader."
OCTOBER 1935

The same amount of shirt should rise above a suit-jacket collar as that which peeks from under its sleeve—one-half inch. Although I occasionally flout about the amount of shirt cuff showing (since many comfy shirts have been lengthened into semi-oblivion), I never even look at my suit collar vis à-vis my shirt collar."
SEPTEMBER 1996

"THE REQUIRED NARROWER TROUSERS WITHOUT CUFFS CONFORM TO A GOOD STANDARD OF DRESS. THESE HAVE BEEN NOTED AND ILLUSTRATED IN THE FASHION PAGES OF ESQUIRE, PARTICULARLY IN CONNECTION WITH THE RETURN OF SIMPLE ELEGANCE. PLEATS AT THE WAISTBAND ARE TO BE ELIMINATED."
JUNE 1942

On Jai Lennard: Two-button wool-and-mohair suit ($1,930) by Prada; cotton shirt ($345) by Ermenegildo Zegna; silk tie ($135) by John Varvatos; leather monk straps ($1,545) by Tod's; steel Big Pilot's watch ($15,400) by IWC.



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ESQUIRE REGRETS

"CAPES ARE COMING BACK IN FORCE THIS YEAR. GREAT FOR INNER ROOMINESS AND WARMTH."
AUGUST 1958



DECEMBER 2001

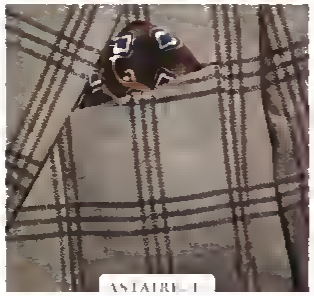
"THE VELVET JACKET HAS TWO IMMEDIATE EFFECTS. FIRST, PEOPLE WILL WONDER WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU ARE UP TO. AND SECOND, EVERY WOMAN AT THE PARTY WILL WANT TO TOUCH YOUR SLEEVE."

WHAT HE SAID

"I often take a brand new suit or hat and throw it up against the wall a few times to get that stuffy, square newness out of it."
—**FRED ASTAIRE, SEPTEMBER 1960**

MARCH 2005

"IN THE NEW JEANS-AND-A-SUIT-JACKET ENVIRONMENT, A POCKET SQUARE CAN STAND IN FOR A TIE. HERE'S HOW."



"To be done only with a silk handkerchief. Begin by spreading the material across a flat surface and pinching at the center, allowing the fabric to pillow around the pinch. Only an elegant pattern will do." *Silk pocket square ($80) by Paul Stuart, wool jacket ($650) by J. Hilburn.*



"Straight out of the 1960s comes this straight-across approach. Donned by spies, news anchors, and heads of state, this style is simple and clean. It should be done with a white linen or cotton handkerchief." *Cotton pocket square ($70) by J. Press, cotton jacket ($645) by Boss.*



"The structured nature of this style can be done with almost any material: silk, linen, or cotton. Very measured and exact, it calls for a quiet pattern on the hankie and is usually worn by men you'd trust to invest your money." *Silk pocket square ($100) by Ermenegildo Zegna, wool jacket ($595) by Billy Reid.*



"Constructed in the same fashion as the Astaire pocket square but with the additional step of folding up the corners. This style is slightly more ragged in a very purposeful way. Must still be done with silk." *Silk pocket square ($185) by Gucci, wool-and-cashmere jacket ($795) by Façonnable.*



AUGUST 1939

"The caveman was a lucky and very hairy man. His head somewhat resembled the modern floor mop and his eyebrows were nice and bushy. To protect his eyes from the sun, all he did was push his overgrown cowlicks down over his face, ruffle up his eyebrows, pull up his whiskers and squint. But modern customs have abandoned us to the barber—and therefore **sunglasses**, with their conveniently dark tinted lenses to cover up equally dark circles and to foil Old Sol." Sunglasses ($195) by Ray Ban.

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Leonardo DiCaprio and TAG Heuer have joined together to contribute to the Natural Resources Defense Council. «For nearly 40 years NRDC has led the environmental movement to protect our planet. I have been a proud board member since 2003. To get involved please visit www.nrdc.org.»

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"LEATHER," AS AN AUTHORITY ON SUCH THINGS ONCE SAID, "SPEAKS A MAN'S LANGUAGE." RECENTLY IT'S BEEN SPEAKING SO LOUD AND LONG AND APPEARING IN SO MANY SHAPES AND FORMS THAT WE DECIDED TO TAKE A LOOK AT ITS VARIOUS SOURCES, AND FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON IN THE PRODUCING END OF THIS MILD MASCULINE MANIA. LEATHER PRODUCTION, WE FOUND, IS NOT ONLY AN INDUSTRY BUT AN ART."

DECEMBER 1939

"In addition to the whole killing the enemy and blow in-up stuff routine Uncle Sam has proven himself to be a damn fine designer Take a look in your closet and count up the victories Those khakis you wear to invade the Home Depot? The leather jacket you don when conducting maneuvers in the park with your kids? That raincoat you throw on to mount an offensive on the movie theater? All courtesy of our military industrial complex "

FEBRUARY 2000

"...HOMICIDALLY PRACTICAL"

MAY 1958

On Brad Fisher: Leather bomber jacket ($1,195) and cotton shirt ($145) by Polo Ralph Lauren; cotton khakis ($68) by Dockers; suede boots ($565) by Tod's; steel Navigation Anti-Magnetic watch ($2,300) by Longines

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"THERE'S A CASUAL FEELING ABOUT THE BLAZER THAT SEEMS TO RUB OFF ON ITS WEARER. THE CONVENTIONALIST BLAZER IS NAVY BLUE WITH METAL OR WHITE PEARL BUTTONS. THE NEWEST BLAZERS ARE IN COLORS—A GOOD LOOKING SILVER GREY SHADE THAT WEARS WELL WITH DARKER GREY OR DARK BLUE SLACKS, AND A MAROON THAT GOES WELL WITH GREY SLACKS."

JUNE 1948

Double breasted wool jacket ($2,830) by Brunello Cucinelli



MARCH 1986

"WALKING INTO A MEETING WITH A BEAUTIFUL LEATHER CASE WON'T ALWAYS CLINCH THE SALE OR GET YOU ELECTED TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS. IT JUST REINFORCES YOUR GOOD TASTE, INTELLIGENCE AND STYLE. AND WHEN IT COMES TO GETTING AHEAD, VISIBILITY IS EVERYTHING."

Leather briefcase ($1,665) by Tod's



MARCH 1999

"THERE ARE TWO DIFFERENT STYLES OF LONG-SLEEVED V-NECK. THERE'S THE ONE WITH THE PLUNGING NECKLINE THAT, WHEN WORN WITH NOTHING UNDERNEATH, FRAMES A NICE PATCH OF PECTORAL FRINGE. AND THEN THERE'S THE LESS GENEROUS BUT MUCH MORE GENTLEMANLY HIGH V-NECK. IT IS THE HIGH V-NECK THAT MOST MEN WANT. PLEASE."



1951

"Why will a man browse through rack-on-rack of ties, look through pile-on-pile of shirts, but hesitate to try on more than a pair or two of shoes before he buys? New footwear, it seems to us, should receive as much consideration as new suits—surely they get as much wear. The new shoe styles are worth spending time on, too—look for the lasts that have trimmer lines, have fewer decorations, have less dead weight to lug around." From left: By DiBianco ($950), Grenson ($385), Johnston & Murphy ($275)

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"A WHITE SHIRT SUGGESTS GREATER MORAL STRENGTH THAN SHIRTS OF OTHER COLORS."
JULY 1977

"THE SO-CALLED REGULAR COLLAR . . . IS PROBABLY ADAPTED TO MORE FACIAL CONTOURS THAN ANY OTHER. IT GOES WELL WITH FACES OF MODERATE PROPORTIONS AND ALSO ADAPTS ITSELF TO BROAD OR TO LONG NARROW FACES."
MARCH 1945

"EXTREME CARE IS TAKEN IN SELECTING A SMALL PATTERNED TIE. FOR A MAN . . . MUST STEER CLEAR OF THE LOUD, TOTEM POLE VARIETY"
FEBRUARY 1943

On Orieus Shankle: Cotton shirt ($495) and wool trousers (part of suit $3,395) by Giorgio Armani; silk tie ($110) by Emporio Armani; steel automatic Deville-Retrograde Calendar watch ($2,300) by Seiko.

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APR. 1939

"Chukka shoes, of ankle-high reverse calf, were originally worn by Indian Maharajahs (and this is no romance) with jodhpurs for spectator wear at polo games, and since have become part of the country kit. Unlined, with crepe soles, they are one of the most comfortable shoes known to man." From left: By Johnston & Murphy ($140); Mark McNairy New Amsterdam ($348); Brunello Cucinelli ($910)



JANUARY 1961

"PASS EVEN THE MOST CASUAL DAYS IN STYLE . . . YOU'LL FIND YOU GO MILES IN COMFORT AND GOOD LOOKS"

RELAXED CARDIGANS STRIKE A PROPER NOTE FOR ENJOYABLE CASUAL PASTIMES."

SPRING 1998



Wool shawl collar cardigan ($495) by Brooks Brothers



WHAT HE SAID

"The black cashmere turtleneck is a perfect garment (cf Horst, Avedon, Irving Penn, et al.). It accentuates the jawline, or, in its absence, suggests it and, by extension, character."

—DAVID MAMET

MARCH 1998

Cashmere turtleneck sweater ($225) by Joseph Abboud



"THE GREAT-COAT . . . STRIKES THE PERFECT BALANCE BETWEEN SWAGGER AND DIGNITY."

OCTOBER 1972

From left: Coats by Canali, Hermès, Louis Vuitton

ESQUIRE REGRETS

"IN THE COMPARATIVELY BRIEF TIME SINCE IT WAS INTRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY, THE CAFTAN HAS ESTABLISHED ITSELF AS ONE OF THE MOST PRACTICAL AND ATTRACTIVE ARTICLES OF LEISURE WEAR."

JUNE 1972

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"GOOD FASHIONS ALWAYS ESCHEWED THE SUPERFLUOUS—THE FANCY BACK, THE LEATHER BUTTONS, THE ZOOT EFFECT. TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, THIS WELL STYLED OVERCOAT. THE PLAIN SLEEVES, MODERATE LENGTH AND SIMPLE STYLE WERE ACCEPTED AS GOOD TASTE LONG BEFORE THE CONSERVATION CREW MADE THEM COMPULSORY."

FEBRUARY 1944

"WHILE TEMPERATURES HAVE BEEN REACHING FOR NEW HEIGHTS... THE BIG FACT IS THAT... CLOTHING NOW WEIGHS LESS THAN EVER BEFORE"

AUGUST 1950

"*Scarpe di morto*, the Italians call our clunky black business kicks: the shoes of the dead. The idea that unadorned lace-ups and heavily brogued and inelegant wing tips are only good enough to be buried in. While that sentiment definitely goes a bit too far (there's nothing wrong with a fine, all American shoe when it's worn with a fine, all-American suit), there is something to be said about a little panache where the feet meet the street."

MARCH 1999

On Omar Hernandez: Double-breasted wool blend coat ($1,945) by Dolce & Gabbana; wool turtleneck sweater ($139) by Tommy Hilfiger; wool trousers ($150) by DKNY; leather boots ($950) by Gucci; leather gloves ($545) by Giorgio Armani

CASA HERRADURA
•EST 1870•

GREAT STYLE BEGINS WITH GREAT TASTE



MAKE A CLEAR STATEMENT. DRINK RESPONSIBLY.
Alc. 40% by Vol. (80 proof) Tequila imported by Brown-Forman, Louisville, KY. ©2013


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FRONTIER
Levi's
GO FORTH
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DECEMBER 1997

"Old line wisdom: a black tie evening is so special you don't want to know when it's going to end. Hence: a watch, my good man, is an inappropriate, unnecessary accessory. The more modern, better wisdom: the open bar goes cash at nine and you gotta know when to get that last free whiskey. Go ahead—strap on a ticker. Preferably something with a black leather band that's slim and sophisticated."
White gold Altiplano watch ($17,000) by Piaget

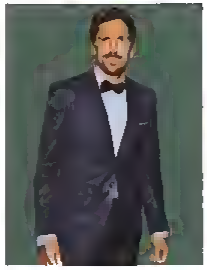


DECEMBER 1997

"WHILE WE FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT A MAN SHOULD TIE HIS BOW TIE HIMSELF, WE ARE NOT STUPID. KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT—WE HAVE A BACKUP PRE-TIED NUMBER STASHED AWAY FOR THOSE RUBBER-FINGERED, WE'VE-GOT-TO-BE-ON-THE-DAIS-IN-FIVE-MINUTES EMERGENCIES. BUT HERE'S THE DEAL: WE WEAR IT ONLY WITH A STRAIGHT-COLLAR SHIRT SO THERE'S NO WAY ANYONE CAN SEE THAT IT'S A PHONY (WHICH ONE WOULD IF IT WERE WORN WITH A WING COLLAR), AND WE ROUGH IT UP SOME TO MAKE IT LOOK LESS THAN PERFECT. IF ANYONE'S NOTICED OUR LITTLE TRICK, HE HASN'T LET ON."
Cotton evening shirt ($195) and silk bow tie ($60) by Thomas Pink, metal cuff links ($36) by Massimo Dutti

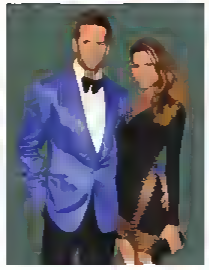
ESQUIRE REGRETS

"CUMMERBUNDS ARE NO LONGER JUST AN ACCESSORY WITH TUXEDO TROUSERS . . . ANY LENGTH OF FABRIC WRAPPED AND TUCKED AT THE WAIST WILL WORK FOR FORMAL OR CASUAL SASH-AYING."
SPRING 1984



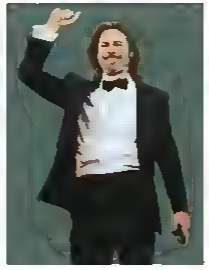
FALL 2006

"AMID THE MURKINESS OF THE NEW RULES OF BLACK TIE, WE SUGGEST THAT BLACK TIE DOESN'T NEED TO BE BLACK AT ALL. BUT MIDNIGHT BLUE."



AUGUST 1951

"NEWEST THING UNDER THE MIDNIGHT SUN IS THE SILK DINNER JACKET. COOL AS ICED CHAMPAGNE AND VERY HANDSOME."



DECEMBER 1997

"A CUMMERBUND MAY SEEM UNNECESSARY. BUT WE LIKE IT FOR THE TRIM, FINISHED APPEARANCE IT PROVIDES. AND REMEMBER, IT AIN'T A GIRDLE."

JOHNSTON & MURPHY
SINCE 1850
JOHNSTONMURPHY.COM



"NOTHING ELSE IN A MAN'S WARDROBE WAS EVER AS STYLISH—AS CASUAL AND YET AS DRESSY—AS THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT. IT WAS GIVEN THE IMPRIMATUR OF THE CHIC OF THE MEN WHO WORE IT ("JOCK" WHITNEY, ALFRED VANDERBILT JR., MEN LIKE THAT, MEN WHO COULD AFFORD SHOOTING BOXES IN SCOTLAND, AND, ABOVE ALL AND WITH MATCHLESS GRACE, FRED ASTAIRE) AND THE UTTER POSH OF THE PLACES WHERE THEY WERE SEEN IN IT: THE POLO MATCHES ON LONG ISLAND PLAYING FIELD, ON WALL STREET, IN SANCTIFIED MEN'S CLUBS. . . ."

JULY 1972

"NOTE THAT THE CORRECTLY CUT TROUSER OF TODAY IS THE WIDEST THROUGH THE THIGH, A TRIFLE NARROWER AT THE KNEE, AND CONSIDERABLY NARROWER AT THE CUFF"

MAY 1935

"AS FOR YOUR TROUSERS, MAKE SURE THEY'RE CUT TO BREAK ON YOUR SHOE. WE SEE TOO MANY MEN WITH PANTS SO SHORT THEY COULD WADE THROUGH THE PUNCH BOWL."

DECEMBER 1997

On Olivier van Themsche: Two button wool flannel suit ($1,395) by Calvin Klein Collection; cotton shirt ($90) by Massimo Dutti; silk tie ($135) by Thomas Pink; leather monk-straps ($345) by Allen Edmonds; cotton pocket square ($40) by Paul Stuart; leather belt ($110) by Church's.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THE PHOTOGRAPHY BY AMY KOMOROWSKI FOR THE LEFT SIDE AGENCY

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WENGER



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Shown: Evolution S14 Swiss Army Knife
Terragraph Chronograph

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WHO WE ARE AND HOW WE GOT HERE

Esquire 1933—2013 80

THE LIFE OF MAN

A PORTRAIT OF THE AMERICAN MAN NOW

80 PHOTOGRAPHS OF 80 MEN BY MARK MANN

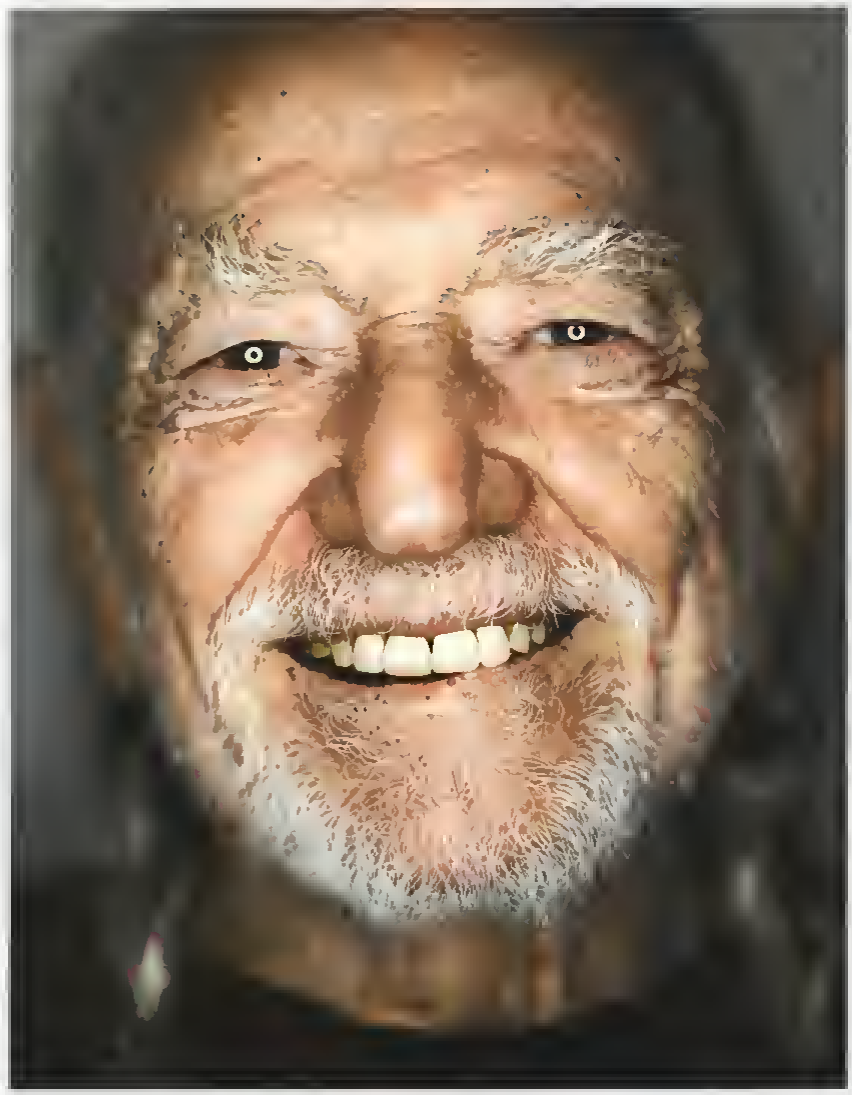
Stories by Chris Jones, Scott Raab, Mike Sager, Tom Junod, Tom Chiarella, A. J. Jacobs, Stephen Marche, and more.

THE LIFE SPAN of Esquire is now roughly the same as the life span of a man: eighty years, from our birth in 1933—when Franklin Roosevelt was inaugurated to his first term as president—to 2013, when Barack Obama was inaugurated to his second. It is in fact the life span of the modern history of America. That history is inside us. It is in the faces of those around us. To celebrate the eightieth anniversary of Esquire, we have photographed eighty prominent American men (and boys and squirts), one born in each year of the magazine's history. Most, even some of the youngest, have left their mark on the country, and together their faces are a breathing timeline—from those born into the astonishments and traumas of the last century to those born into our own—a living history of the modern American man. Together they are our face. And who better to start our journey than this face right here?

GO TO LIFEOFMAN.ESQUIRE.COM TO WATCH VIDEO INTERVIEWS WITH EACH SUBJECT. BROWSE GALLERIES OF OTHER MEN BORN IN EACH OF THE LAST EIGHTY YEARS. UPLOAD A PHOTO OF YOURSELF INTO THE LIFE OF MAN GALLERIES. AND EVEN HELP RAISE A LITTLE DOUGH FOR CHARITY.

SEE PAGE 88 FOR DETAILS.

PRECEDING PAGE: SCULPTURE BY E2 (LIZÁ RAMALHO AND ARTUR BERELO): PIGURED CONCRETE, 4' X 8 6'
For more on the making of this sculpture, visit esquire.com/sculpture.



80 | WILLIE NELSON

(b. 1933) SINGER-SONGWRITER; SOCIAL ACTIVIST; MAN OF THE PEOPLE
Best advice he's gotten: "An ex father-in-law gave it to me. Take my advice and do what you want." **Most looking forward to:** "Getting onstage, then getting back on the bus. Then heading somewhere else, getting onstage, and getting back on the bus."



Moyers is one of a handful of living passengers from the flight that carried the body of John F. Kennedy from Dallas to Washington, D.C., on November 22, 1963.

79 | BILL MOYERS

(b. 1934) MOST OF *MOYERS & COMPANY* ON PBS. JOURNALIST. FORMER PRESS SECRETARY TO LYNDON JOHNSON
Best day so far: "In early September 1952, I was taking the English placement test at a small college where I was a freshman. I looked up and there was this remarkably lovely young woman. It was, for me, love at first sight. I knew I had found my soul mate. And we've been together sixty years."

THE FLIGHT FROM DALLAS

From noon to dusk on November 22, 1963, history went dark, locked inside the closed and crowded cabin of *Air Force One*. Fifty years later, it's fully come to light.

BY CHRIS JONES

12:30 P.M., CENTRAL STANDARD TIME

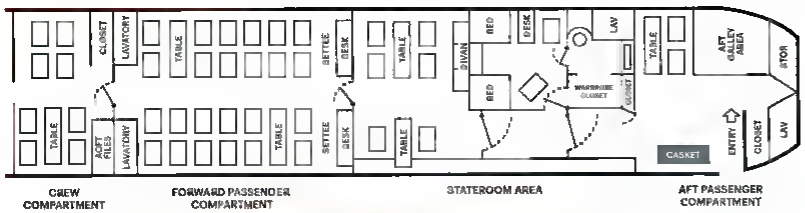
Colonel James Swindal, a handsome forty-six-year-old carpenter's son from Alabama and the pilot of *Air Force One*, sits in the communications shack behind his cockpit, pushing back a roast-beef sandwich. Two million dollars' worth of the latest technology buzzes around him, teletype machines and radios and three separate phone patches. He's half-listening to the radio, Charlie frequency, to the chatter of Secret Service agents narrating the progress of President John F. Kennedy's motorcade through Dallas. Swindal's copilot, Lieutenant Colonel Lewis Hanson, has left the plane, taking advantage of the short stop at Love Field to pay a quick visit to his ailing mother-in-law. As Swindal waits, he brings on only a light load of fuel for this afternoon's scheduled flight to Austin, part of the president's continuing tour of Texas.

Behind Swindal, in the large passenger compartment, two secretaries type press releases, farther back, in the stateroom—with its two fixed tables, TV set, and six chairs upholstered in gold—all is quiet. Only in *Air Force One*'s single bedroom is there activity. George Thomas, Kennedy's valet, lays out a fresh set of clothes for the president to change into when he returns. The day started out rainy and overcast, but now the sun is out, and it's warm for late November. Thomas picks out a lightweight blue suit for Austin, a carefully pressed shirt, and a freshly polished pair of shoes.

Back in the communications shack, Swindal hears the first in a series of puzzling radio calls. The Secret Service agents refer to one another by code names, all starting with *D*. "Dusty to Daylight," the radio crackles. "Have Dagger cover Volunteer." Dagger, Swindal knows, is a laconic agent named Rufus Youngblood, a thirty-nine-year-old native of Georgia. Volunteer is the code name for Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson.

The radio suddenly drops out. Swindal worries that President Kennedy's notoriously tricky back has leveled him—he was wearing his cumbersome brace when he left the plane—and the motorcade, on its way to the Dallas Trade Mart for a luncheon, has needed to stop.

Outside on the tarmac, radio operator John Trimble is stretching his legs when a member of the White House Communications Agency, listening



INSIDE AIR FORCE ONE

When it landed in Dallas that morning, the customized Boeing 707 Stratoliner (bearing the Air Force designation *Special Air Mission 26000* when the president is not on board) had been in service for a little over a year. It was the first jet aircraft to be used for regular presidential service. To accommodate the casket of President Kennedy, four seats and a partition just to the left of the rear cabin door had to be removed.

to the same Secret Service feed on his portable radio, waves him over. He tells Trimble that someone in the presidential motorcade has been hurt. The plane needs to be readied for takeoff immediately. "My first reaction was that one of the Secret Service agents had fallen from a car," Trimble says later.

He runs up the ramp and onto the plane. In his wake, the crews from two nearby passenger jets—*Air Force Two*, the vice-president's plane, and the Pan American charter for the accompanying press—stream past *Air Force One*'s wheels, under its shining silver belly. They had been grabbing lunch inside the terminal when they were interrupted by a PA announcement: *Time to move.*

Swindal asks Trimble to radio the White House switchboard to find out what's happened, or is happening still. He needs a destination. In the meantime, he heads for the stateroom and turns on the TV.

A vague early bulletin hits the screen and then hangs in the air: President Kennedy has been shot. The pilot is soon joined by Thomas, the valet; Sergeant Joseph Ayres, the plane's steward; and the two secretaries, their hands lifted to their mouths. Thomas retreats to the bedroom and begins putting away the clothes he's just laid out. The women start to cry.

The White House confirms to Trimble the terrible news. Through his headset, he listens to the report in disbelief.

12:50 P.M.

General Godfrey McHugh, President Kennedy's top military aide, calls *Air Force One* from Parkland Hospital. They will be leaving for Andrews Air Force Base, and they will be leaving soon.

Trimble radios Andrews and asks that a voice frequency be kept clear of traffic. He does not want to say why; he doesn't know how far the news has traveled and does not want to be the bearer of it. But Andrews complies with this unusual request immediately—"Roger, sir. The frequency has been cleared"—because the operator likely knows, too.

Swindal orders the fuel tanks topped up. He also disconnects Love Field's mobile air-conditioning unit from the plane. The temperature inside *Air Force One* begins to rise. Swindal idles only one engine, conserving fuel, providing just enough power to keep on some lights and the TV. Hanson, the copilot, rushes into the cockpit, something like numb. His mother-in-law, who was watching her TV, had yelled the news to him the instant he'd walked through her door. "My mind rejected the idea," he says later, "as though it was some kind of bad dream." He fires up the other engines at least twice, as if wanting to make sure they still work.

Swindal plots a flight plan east to Andrews, over Texarkana, Texas, and Memphis and Nashville. Then the two men wait and cook, unaware of exactly what's unfolding at the hospital only a few miles away. Now Swindal sees a pair of unmarked police cars screaming onto the runway over the morning's puddles and discarded welcome signs.

And he knows.

1:30 P.M.

Lyndon Johnson, trapped somewhere between vice-president and president, is hunched down in the backseat of the first car. Jesse Curry, the chief of the Dallas police, is behind the wheel. Rufus Youngblood and Congressman Homer Thornberry pile out of the back with Johnson. Congressman Albert Thomas, who had waved down the car when it was peeling away from Parkland Hospital, is in the front seat. He jumps out with Curry.

Lady Bird Johnson is in the second car with Congressman Jack Brooks and three more members of the Secret Service. Together they run up the Eastern Airlines ramp at the rear of the gleaming Boeing 707.

Youngblood and the other agents begin running through the cabin, rapidly closing the plane's shades and curtains. There's an uneasy, unspoken feeling that *Air Force One* could be attacked at any moment, driven into by a gasoline truck, strafed by machine-gun fire from a rooftop. There are enemies out there. With the shades closed and the power mostly off, the plane goes dark.

"I'm sticking to you like glue," Youngblood tells Johnson.

Through one of the last open windows, Sergeant Ayres, the steward, sees a police car swerving across the runway, its tires screeching, its sirens ringing out. *If there's a conspiracy, here's the rest of it,* he thinks. The Secret Service agents come close to opening fire on the speeding car, filling it with bullets. They would have killed Jack Valenti, an unofficial aide of Johnson's, Lem Johns, a fellow Secret Service agent, Cliff Carter, one of Johnson's closest advisors, and Cecil Stoughton, the White House photographer.

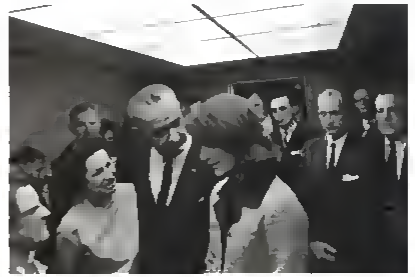
Other cars, with still more passengers, have already pulled up to the bottom of the steps at the plane's rear entrance. There are more Johnson people—Marie Fehmer, his secretary, and Liz Carpenter, a former newspaper reporter turned confidante—and the first wave of Kennedy loyalists. Evelyn Lincoln, the president's secretary, and Pam Turnure and Mary Gallagher, Jackie Kennedy's ladies-in-waiting. The two camps have arrived at *Air Force One* as if by instinct, propelled by different versions of the same understanding: This plane is for the president.

FOR A NOTE ON HOW CHRIS JONES REPORTED THIS STORY, SEE PAGE 72.

1:36 P.M.

Johnson and Lady Bird spend their first minute or two on board in the bedroom—two single beds, a nightstand, a painting of a French farmhouse on the wall. The room's ghosts are too new, and the Johnsons are uncomfortable in their company. On the careening drive to Love Field, Lady Bird had looked out a window and seen a flag already lowered to half-mast. "I think that was when the enormity of what had happened fresh struck me," she says later. The Johnsons ask to go to the adjacent stateroom instead.

Lyndon Johnson appears in the hallway. He is six foot three, filling the passage. Everybody in the room jumps to their feet, including the three congressmen, Texans all. Congressman Thomas is the first of them to speak. "We are ready to carry out any orders that you have, Mr. President."



Cliff Carter picks up a white phone in the rear of the plane. Trimble patches him through to his wife in Austin. He asks her to call Rufus Youngblood's wife. Carter heard radio reports of dead agents on his way to Love Field, and he knows these reports are untrue. All of the agents are alive. Only the now former president is not.

His conversation is interrupted by the sound of hammering. In the small aft cabin, behind the bedroom, Sergeant Ayres is removing two rows of seats to make room for a casket.

1:38 P.M.

On the TV in the stateroom, Walter Cronkite puts on his dark-framed reading glasses. The plane goes pin-drop quiet. "From Dallas, Texas, the flash apparently official, President Kennedy died at 1:00 P.M. Central Standard Time. Two o'clock Eastern Standard Time, some thirty-eight minutes ago." Cronkite's voice cracks when he continues: "Vice-President Lyndon Johnson has left the hospital in Dallas, but we do not know to where he has proceeded. Presumably he will be taking the oath of office shortly and become the thirty-sixth president of the United States."

1:40 P.M.

Johnson goes into the relative privacy of the bedroom, Marie Fehmer and Youngblood following him in. *The oath of office.* Johnson takes off his jacket in the rising heat and lies down on one of the beds. He picks up the phone and asks Trimble to connect him to Robert Kennedy, the attorney general. The two men are not close, the scars and resentments from the nasty 1960 race for the Democratic presidential nomination never having faded.

President Johnson turns to Jackie Kennedy moments after taking the oath. Lady Bird tells her, "The whole nation mourns your husband."

"I knew how grief-stricken he was," Johnson later tells the Warren Commission, "and I wanted to say something to comfort him. Despite his shock, he discussed the practical problems at hand."

Johnson asks Kennedy whether he's heard any news of plots, of responsibility. The new president's mind has been racing. Was it the communists? Was it the Vietnamese? Behind his closed curtains, he is certain that something larger is afoot. But Robert Kennedy has the fewest answers of any man in the world.

Johnson then asks Kennedy where he should take the oath of office and what its exact words are. The questions are met with silence before Kennedy replies that he will find out and call back. He hangs up.

The new president receives two calls from Washington in quick succession. The first is from McGeorge Bundy, President Kennedy's national-security advisor; the second is from Walter Jenkins, one of Johnson's most trusted aides. Both men tell him he should return to the capital immediately. Johnson says he will not leave without Jackie Kennedy, and she has let it be known that she will not leave without her husband's body. These dominoes must fall in order. Johnson does not want to be remembered as an abandoner of beautiful widows.

Robert Kennedy calls back. The specifics of this conversation will be forever debated; several of that day's calls are recorded, but no recording of this one has ever surfaced. According to Johnson's account, Kennedy tells him he should take the oath in Dallas, and that it is imperative. Kennedy later denies he said anything of the sort.

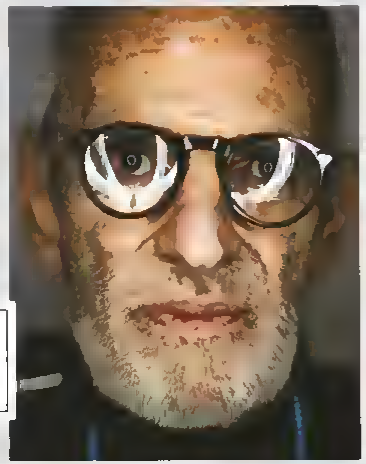
After those few disputed minutes, Nicholas Katzenbach, the deputy attorney general, is patched into the call. He has the wording of the oath. It is in the Constitution and probably in every lawyer's office across the country. Fehmer leaves the bedroom and heads into the front passenger compartment to pick up another phone. Katzenbach dictates the oath, and Fehmer types it out. She asks if she can read it back to him, and she does, both Johnson and Kennedy still listening in their respective quiets. "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of president of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

1:43 P.M.

Air Force One radios Andrews Air Force Base. "Stand by to take off." It does not take off.

1:50 P.M.

Johnson calls Irving Goldberg, a lawyer and friend. They decide to ask U.S. district judge Sarah T. Hughes—a longtime friend of Johnson's—to administer the oath. Fehmer calls Hughes's office, a clerk tells her that the judge is not [*continued on page 184*]



78 | LARRY KRAMER

(b. 1935) PLAYWRIGHT AND ESSAYIST; COFOUNDER OF GAY MEN'S HEALTH CRISIS; SURVIVOR

Most looking forward to "A cure for AIDS. A vaccine against HIV. That the movie of my play *The Normal Heart*, which is coming next spring, is fantastic and the whole world will see it."



77 | ROBERT REDFORD

(b. 1936) ACTOR (*ALL IS LOST*, OUT THIS MONTH); DIRECTOR AND PRODUCER; INDEPENDENT-FILM ENTHUSIAST

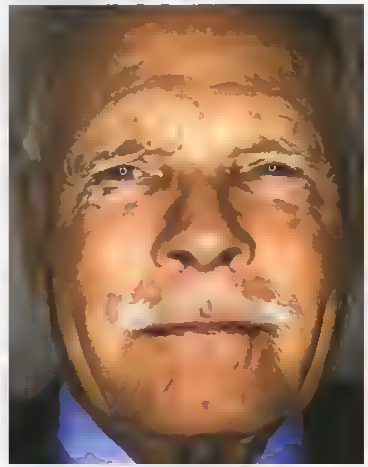
Most looking forward to "Continuing. That would make me happy."



76 | MERLE HAGGARD

(b. 1937) SINGER; GUITARIST; OUTLAW

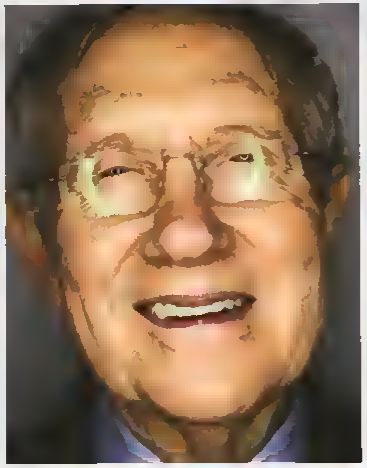
Best advice he's gotten "My father told me to always be honest."



75 | TED TURNER

(b. 1938) MEDIA MOGUL; FOUNDER OF CNN AND PIONEER OF TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR NEWS; LARGEST PRIVATE LANDHOLDER IN THE UNITED STATES (RET.)

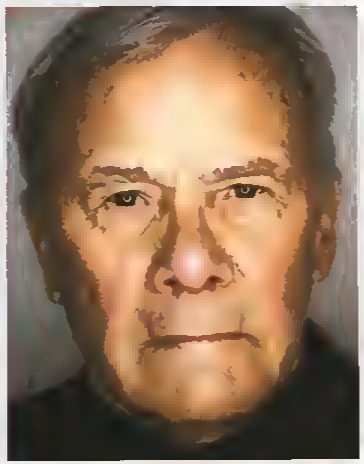
Most looking forward to "A world without fossil fuel and without nuclear weapons."



74 | HARRY REID

(b. 1939) FIVE-TERM SENATOR FROM NEVADA; SENATE MAJORITY LEADER; DEMOCRAT

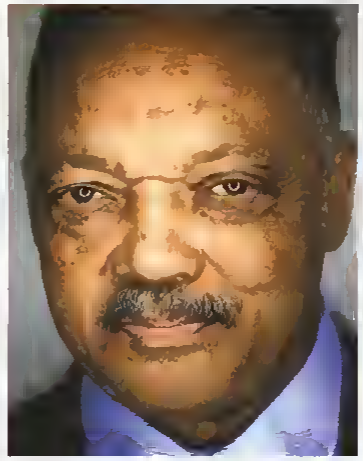
Best advice he's gotten "To continue my education past the elementary school."



73 | TOM BROKAW

(b. 1940) NEWSMAN AND AUTHOR

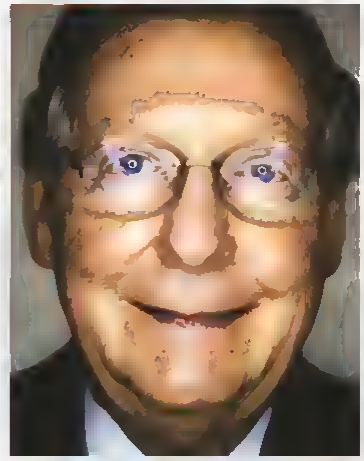
Proudest accomplishment "On the personal level, that Meredith and I have raised a wonderful family of three alpha females who have each made their own mark in the world in a way that can be celebrated by their parents, especially and by all who know them."



72 | JESSE JACKSON

(b. 1941) MINISTER; FOUNDER OF THE RAINBOW PUSH COALITION

Best day so far "Prior to my daughter being born, July 18, 1960, was a big day. I went to jail along with several classmates for using the public library, so I took one bold step out of an oppressive occupation into freedom in dignity."



71 | MITCH McCONNELL

(b. 1942) FIVE-TERM SENATOR FROM KENTUCKY; SENATE MINORITY LEADER; REPUBLICAN

Best advice he's gotten "The best and most important word in the English language is *focus*."

[*continued from page* 181] in. He believes she's at the Trade Mart, where she went to see President Kennedy make his speech. Fehmer hangs up and informs Johnson that Hughes can't be found. He tells her to call the office back. This time, he takes the phone.

"This is Lyndon Johnson," he says. "Find her."

1:55 P.M.

Air Force One continues to fill. Although it normally carries about twenty-five passengers comfortably, it is now taking on most of *Air Force Two*'s original passengers as well, nearly twice its usual load. The secretaries who cried before the TV have been told to leave and board the second plane. In their place, piles of bags, including Johnson's suitcases, are carried from *Air Force Two* across the runway. Bill Moyers, a twenty-nine-year-old advance man, has chartered a small plane from Austin to Love Field. Now he's given permission by Swindal to land and come aboard. Mac Kilduff, President Kennedy's assistant press secretary, is also on his way. Only a little more than twenty minutes ago, at 1:33 P.M., he had announced the president's death to the world in front of a chalkboard in a nurse's classroom. On it, a single word had been scrawled: PARKLAND.

When Kilduff first opened his mouth, no sound had come out, and the gathered newsmen hollered at him to start again. "John F. Kennedy died at approximately one o'clock Central Standard Time today, here in Dallas," Kilduff said. "He died of a gunshot wound in the brain."

2:02 P.M.

Judge Hughes has been found. She is on her way.

In the passenger cabin, Stoughton, the White House photographer, approaches Liz Carpenter and Marie Fehmer. He is sweating and ashen. "You must go in and tell the president," he says, still trying to catch his breath, "that this is a history-making moment, and while it seems tasteless, I am here to make a picture if he cares to have it. And I think we should have it."

2:14 P.M.

A white hearse pulls up to the ramp at the rear of the plane, followed immediately by another car, and then another. Both are packed with Secret Service agents. Among them are Bill Greer, the driver of President Kennedy's open-topped limousine; Roy Kellerman, who had been in the front passenger seat; and Clint Hill, who had sprinted forward to climb onto the back of the car, only seconds too late.



Joining the crowd behind the hearse is President Kennedy's so-called Irish Mafia, his close network of Boston advisors: Ken O'Donnell, Larry O'Brien, and Dave Powers, a conspicuous blood-stain on his brown suit. Dr. George Burkley, Kennedy's personal physician, and General McHugh also gather around the back of the car. So does another of Kennedy's military aides, General Ted Clifton, one more member of this mobile army. Together they pull out the dead president's casket, shining bronze in the sun. Minutes before, it was the subject of a drawn-out fight at Parkland, pushed and pulled between Kennedy's men and county officials citing unbreakable Texas laws regarding the autopsies of murder victims. The casket's sudden presence on the ramp is proof of a hollow northern victory. The men smash off the casket's long handles in order to fit it through the plane's door and settle it into the empty space in the aft cabin, where the two rows of seats had been.

Jackie Kennedy, who had ridden in the back of the hearse with her husband's body, follows the casket up the steps and heads for the bedroom. She is shocked to find Johnson, Fehmer, and Youngblood inside it—with Johnson, depending on the account, either still on the bed or having just lifted himself off it.

In a 1969 interview with Bob Hardesty, Johnson seemingly confesses to the less graceful of the possibilities: "He wasn't going to sleep in the bed, and I was trying to talk to [Robert] Kennedy and take pills and locate the judge and do all these things I had to do."

In less than a minute, all four mortified people in the bedroom leave—Jackie retreats to the aft cabin, next to the casket, while Johnson and his company scurry forward, to the stateroom. Johnson finds Lady Bird and together they return to Jackie, convincing her to go back into the bedroom. The Johnsons sit with her on one of the beds. Sergeant Ayres has laid out some blue *Air Force One* towels on it.

"Oh, Mrs. Kennedy," Lady Bird says, as she will later recall in her diary, "you know we never even wanted to be vice-president and now, dear God, it's come to this."

Jackie appears in shock. "Oh, what if I bed not been there. I was so glad I was there," she says.

"I don't know what to say," Lady Bird says. "What wounds me most of all is that this should happen in my beloved state of Texas."

To this, Jackie says nothing. She sits in her very particular brand of silence, her pink outfit stained with gore, flecked with fragments of her husband's skull and brain. One of her stockings is almost completely lacquered in blood. Her right glove, white that morning, is caked and stiff with it. Her left glove is missing. Lady Bird asks her if she can get someone to help her change.

"No," Jackie says. "Perhaps later I'll ask Mary Gallagher, but not right now. I want them to see what they have done to Jack."

The Johnsons tell Jackie about their plans for the swearing in. Then they take their leave. Jackie stays in her spot on the bed. She looks around the empty room, begins to unbutton her single glove, and lights herself a cigarette, adding smoke to the shimmering air.

2:20 P.M.

Ken O'Donnell, desperate to take off, heads toward the cockpit. He can be blunt. O'Donnell wasn't Kennedy's gatekeeper; he was

◀ President Kennedy's bronze casket being hauled up the ramp to *Air Force One*. Its long handles will have to be removed to fit through the rear door. A police officer at the far right holds his cap over his heart.

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The casket is removed from a truck lift at Andrews Air Force Base before being placed in the back of the waiting ambulance. Jackie Kennedy, still in her bloodstained pink jacket, stands in the center of the lift next to Robert Kennedy.

the gate. Now he runs into McHugh and orders the general to get the plane in the air. After the casket fight at Parkland, O'Donnell fears that *Air Force One* will be refused air clearance or even intercepted by swarms of local cops. (In the confusion, he is not aware that their chief is on the plane.) "I'm concerned that the Dallas police are going to come and take the body off the plane and Jackie Kennedy's going to have a heart attack right in front of us there," he later recalls. "I'm petrified."

McHugh has already spoken to Colonel Swindal, who gave him the message that McHugh now passes along: President Johnson wants the plane grounded until he's sworn in.

O'Donnell takes his case for immediate departure to Johnson himself, who is still conferring with his Texas assembly in the stateroom. "There was some difference of opinion between him and me," O'Donnell later tells the Warren Commission. Johnson, citing Robert Kennedy's alleged advice, will not be moved.

"There's no question in [my] mind," O'Donnell says later, "that Lyndon Johnson wanted to be sworn in by Judge Sarah T. Hughes, an old family friend, and he was afraid somebody was going to take the thing away from him if he didn't get it quick."

2:28 P.M.

Judge Hughes arrives, wearing a brown dress with white polka dots. She is a tiny woman. In photographs, she almost disappears.

Kilduff escorts three pool reporters onto the plane behind her: Sid Davis of Westinghouse Broadcasting, Merriman Smith of UPI, and Charles Roberts of *Newsweek*. They see Johnson in the stateroom. The president has risen out of his gold-upholstered chair, ready to be sworn in. "If there's anybody else aboard who wants to see this, tell them to come in," he says. The room begins to fill. The temperature continues to climb. "Almost suffocating," are the words Roberts later uses to describe the scene.

2:34 P.M.

Marie Fehmer palms the typewritten oath to Judge Hughes. But they still need a Bible. Larry O'Brien, excusing himself to Jackie, finds a Catholic missal in the bedroom's nightstand drawer. It is in a small box, still wrapped in cellophane. It is possibly a gift, something that somebody, somewhere, had thrust into Kennedy's hands, perhaps even on this last trip to Texas. Now O'Brien tears open the box and hands the book to Judge Hughes.

Ken O'Donnell follows O'Brien into the stateroom. Johnson sees him. "Would you ask Mrs. Kennedy to come stand here?" He wants her to stand beside him.

"You can't do that!" O'Donnell shouts. "The poor little kid has had enough for one day, to sit here and hear that oath that she heard a few years ago! You just can't do that, Mr. President!"

"Well," Johnson says, "she said she wanted to do it."

"I just don't believe that," O'Donnell says, even as he heads toward the bedroom. He paces in the hallway, his hands on his head—*hysterical* is the word he later uses to describe himself. Finally he walks into the bedroom. Jackie is combing her hair.

"Do you want to go out there?" O'Donnell asks.

"Yes," Jackie says. "I think I ought to. At least I owe that much to the country."

2:37 P.M.

Jackie Kennedy comes out of the bedroom. The room falls silent. She has taken off her single bloody glove, but she has not changed her clothes or made use of the blue towels.

2:38 P.M.

Twenty-seven observers crowd onto the eagle-adorned carpet in the stateroom of *Air Force One*. It has been ninety-eight minutes since President Kennedy died. Cecil Stoughton climbs up on a couch, pressing himself against a wall. He has a semiwide lens, a new Hasselblad 50mm, but he still has trouble making the shot. "You're going to have to back off just a little bit if I'm going to get you all in," he says to Johnson, and the foursome at the center of the portrait pushes back into the watching crowd. Most of them can't hear Judge Hughes over the whine of the engines coming to life.

Johnson chooses to swear rather than affirm, adding, for good measure, four words that are not in the oath. "So help me God." He turns to kiss Lady Bird, near tears, on the forehead. She grabs Jackie's hands. "The whole nation mourns your husband," she says.

Chief Curry leans toward Jackie. "God bless you, little lady," he says, "but you ought to go back and lie down."

"No, thanks. I'm fine," she says before she slowly makes her way to the aft cabin. She drops into a seat beside her husband's casket. She will not move from it.

Johnson shakes hands with the congressmen, the pool reporters, and his staff. In Stoughton's pictures—in the less-seen frames before and after the photograph that will come to define the moment—some faces are smiling. Lyndon Johnson is the first southern president since Andrew Johnson of Tennessee took over from Abraham Lincoln.

In the crush of the moment, few people notice the man standing in the back, Stoughton's flash lighting up his spectacles, a steel briefcase in his hand.

2:41 P.M.

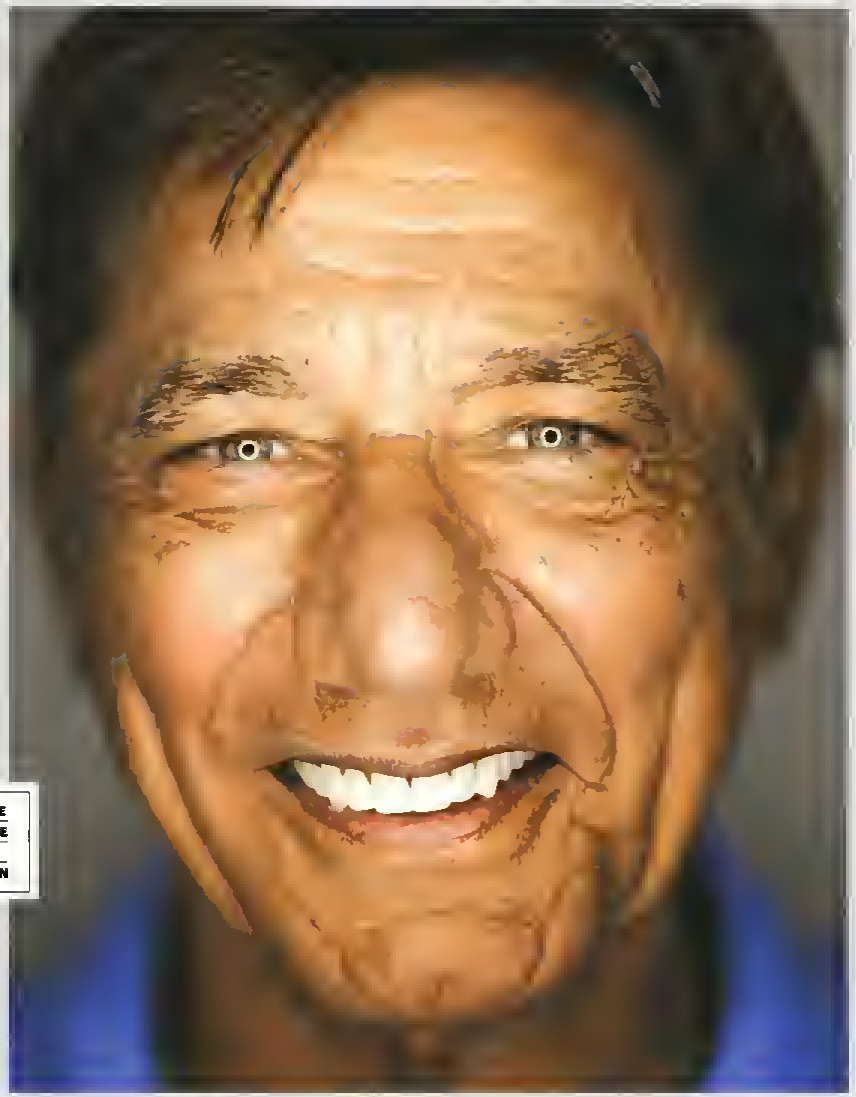
Johnson issues his first official order as president. "Now, let's get airborne."

[*continued on page 263*]



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70 | JOE NAMATH

(b. 1943) QUARTERBACK, NEW YORK JETS (RET.); TABLOID SENSATION (RET.), FUR ENTHUSIAST (RET.)
Best advice he's gotten: "My dad made me look him in the eye and be honest with him."

GODS AMONG US

BROADWAY JOE TOSSED FORTY-SEVEN MORE INTERCEPTIONS THAN TOUCHDOWNS IN HIS CAREER—AND YET HE'S IMMORTAL. WHAT WE NEED FROM OUR SPORTING HEROES, AND WHY WE NEED THEM NOW MORE THAN EVER

By Scott Raab

"Free-spirited" was what the sporting press called Joe Willie Namath. There were other hard-living, gun-slinging NFL quarterbacks before him—Hall of Famers like Bobby Layne and Sonny Jurgensen—but their careers didn't span the transformation of the NFL into a civil religion, which coincided with the whole damned culture blowing up real good, so good that in the pages of this very magazine, in 1969, you had William F. Buckley writing about Joe W. Namath and opening his piece with Bill sizing up Joe, both of them in the audience at the off-Broadway debut of *Oh! Calcutta!*, featuring live nude actors plus sketches by Samuel Beckett and John Lennon. Such a scene today is inconceivable—at least until Dinesh D'Souza and RGIII drop Ecstasy and turn up at a Kanye concert.

In truth, Joe Namath's spirit wasn't free at all by then. He was twenty-six years old and had abruptly retired from the NFL after the league's commissioner commanded him to sell his ownership interest in the Bachelors III, a New York City nightclub frequented by Cosa Nostra gangsters. Namath wept when he announced his retirement, which only lasted a week into training camp before the 1970 season.

Nobody blamed him. Like every other pro athlete, Joe Willie always was a working stiff, low man on the totem pole despite the women and the acclaim. Our sporting heroes are like us that way, in a way that actors or musicians or painters or writers are not. We watched the jocks in high school. We played a little bit of ball ourselves and we might've had some talent for it, but not that much, not enough to pay the price to chase it hard for long.

Our sporting heroes pay. Most of all, they pay in pain. We watch them break down piece by piece, and they keep falling apart after leaving the field. Having devoted entire lives entirely to building a career that, even for the best and luckiest of them, still must end much sooner than most, they're ill-equipped for much of anything but coaching or broadcasting. Yet we will envy them no less when their knees, like both of Namath's, are replaced, and we will mourn like orphans when they pass, as we mourned when they retired for good.

Our sadness isn't insincere. Our envy isn't mean. They are the measure of our embrace of communal myth and our capacity for common worship—and of our thirst for spiritual sustenance in a cultural desert scorched and rotted dry, where both heroism and villainy, and community, too, have become carrion. Our sporting heroes can cross lines of race and class and politics, and make it easy for us to do the same without thinking much about it—just how we like it.

We aren't children. We aren't innocent. Bereft is what we are, and why our sporting heroes matter. We need them to be heroes, need them to be villains, need them in that way now more than ever. We know more about them now—too much, really. Once upon a time, we could celebrate the boozing, and we talked about heart instead of reps at the combine, clutch hitting, not Wins Above Replacement. What was Beowulf's time in the forty? Broadway Joe tossed forty-seven more interceptions than touchdowns in his career, and he's immortal.

That's what it boils down to, after all. Our heroes live forever, and we don't. Their love for the game is bound by rules—the rule-book rules and all those others crafted to protect their owners' property—but our love for them is boundless. We didn't need to create these gods, they came to life before our very eyes, and what we've seen them do is superhuman. Our covenant with them requires no priest or proof. The spirits they set free are ours. ■



69 | MICHAEL DOUGLAS

(b. 1944) ACTOR

Best advice he's gotten: "When you are sick, enjoy it. Because there is nothing else you can do."



68 | ALAN MULALLY

(b. 1945) CEO, FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Best advice he's gotten: "It was from my mother, and it was that the purpose of life is to love and be loved—in that order."



Clinton served for eight momentous years, but none of them were more consequential—none had a more profound and lasting impact on America and the world—than 1998.

67 | BILL CLINTON

(b. 1946) FORTY-SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES; FOUNDER OF THE CLINTON FOUNDATION AND HOST OF THE ANNUAL CLINTON GLOBAL INITIATIVE

Best advice he's gotten: "It was in a conversation with Nelson Mandela. I talked to him about how he overcame his bitterness and hatred and resentment, and he said, 'You know what? People can take a lot from you. They can take everything except your mind and your heart. Those things you have to give away. I decided not to give them away, and neither should you.'"

1998

It was a big year for Osama bin Laden. And for the impeachment of a president. But if Clinton's enemies hadn't been so determined to remove him from office, might September 11 be just another date on the calendar?

BY CHARLES P. PIERCE

WHAT I REMEMBER MOST IS THAT IT WAS just coming on dawn. I was in Arizona, on assignment for this magazine to write about John McCain, who was just gearing up for his first presidential run in 2000. I was staying in Phoenix and I was meeting him that morning in Tucson. There was an orange mantle on the mountains behind me to the east. The light was just coming up, and I was driving through the softening night, listening to some all-news radio station and wondering what in the hell had gone on while I slept. It was a Monday morning, January 19, 1998.

The radio signal kept rising and falling, losing strength and gaining it again. I caught the news only in snatches. The president of the United States was accused of having been involved in a sexual affair with a young woman named Monica Lewinsky. We knew about it this morning because *Newsweek* had been preparing to run a story about it, but the magazine had held off; later we learned from the story's author, Michael Isikoff, and from a number of other sources, that there had been a considerable amount of what former Watergate conspirator Donald Segretti would call "ratfucking" involved in boosting the story into the mainstream. But this morning, not even that made sense. The story of the affair was being credited not to *Newsweek* but to something called the Drudge Report, which had ferreted out the details of the story while ostensibly writing about the brawl that had broken out at the magazine over publishing it. *Newsweek*, it appeared, had been scooped on its own scoop, and by something of which I had never heard in my life.

For the previous five years, I'd followed more closely than most people, I think, the proliferation of gunned-up scandals that had launched themselves almost from the moment Bill Clinton took his hand off the Bible. I had spent an entire summer watching congressional hearings into the Whitewater land deal and come away more confused about what actually had happened than I'd been before. I didn't think Hillary Clinton (or anyone else) had had poor Vince Foster murdered, but apparently enough people did that Congress and two special prosecutors had, unbelievably, looked into the case. I never quite figured out what the whole thing with the White House Travel Office was supposed to be about. What I did know is that these purported scandals came hard after one another, and with increasing speed. The news cycle was becoming both faster and endless. There was a sense of time gone reckless, of judgment left gasping. It was becoming impossible to keep up. And now, on this chilly dawn in the desert, here came news of the least probable scandal of them all.

I spent the day with McCain, driving from one personal appearance to another. It had been almost three decades since I'd spent any time with a politician, and the first important difference I noticed was cell phones. There were four of them, and the interior of the car

rang like a carillon all morning The media was openly speculating that the presidency of Bill Clinton now could be measured in days, if not hours. The government seemed to be coming apart at warp speed I was still trying to figure out what in God's name the Drudge Report was At one point, McCain looked at me and asked, "What do you think I should say?"

This was quite a moment. An influential senator whom I'd known for approximately thirty-five minutes had asked me for advice on what his public stance should be as regards the issue of the president's doing the lured help. "I think," McCain said, answering his own question, "that I should say that we have to wait until all the facts are in."

I think that's a hell of an answer, I told him.

The mountains of Arizona are tamed by the urban sprawl that carpets the valleys beneath them. As McCain and I drove around Tucson, ringed by docile peaks, what neither one of us knew was that, far away, deep in another scarred range of broken mountains, in a place called Khost in eastern Afghanistan, the jumped-up son of a Saudi millionaire was preparing himself for a press conference. He would be announcing his latest international venture. It would be called the International Islamic Front for Jihad Against Jews and Crusaders. His name was Osama bin Laden, 1998 was going to be a very big year for him. And for fellatio, too



ISAAC NEWTON IS STILL smarter than most of us In 1687, he proposed his Second Law of Motion, in which he explained that acceleration is possible only if the object to be accelerated is acted upon by what he called a "net" or an "unbalanced force." That is what happened to the country, and its government, in 1998. It was the beginning of an accelerated age that has not yet exhausted itself The events of the year were buffeted by unbalanced forces. The news business was just beginning to speed up owing to the effects of the Internet. Events seemed to blur, one into the other, the way the landscape will from the windows of a speeding train. The sped-up news cycle became an unbalanced force driving the government and the people in it. In the midst of an accelerated reality, there is a danger that the acceleration itself will effectively become the reality for some of the people in it, and when the actual reality reasserts itself, it will do so harshly and with a considerable impact, like a wall to a speeding train. It was a year of unbalanced forces, both here and abroad.

The acceleration took place along two principal tracks. The very strange and compelling pursuit of Bill Clinton that culminated in only the second impeachment of a president in the country's history, and Clinton's attempt while that pursuit was going on to actually be president—most notably, in the recognition by him and by his administration that Osama bin Laden was a profound threat to the national security of the United States The absurd was the unbalanced force that accelerated all the events, even the deadly serious ones For the rest of the country, holding on for dear life and watching as if out the window of that speeding train, events passed so quickly that they blurred, one into another And now, fifteen years after the fact, when the past has slowed down in comparison to an accelerated present that already seems to be the future, we can look back and realize that a year of unbalanced forces can appear at the time to be comic but, in retrospect, look like nothing more than an epic of insupportable tragedy born of lost opportunities that passed too quickly

With his bombings of the American embassies in Africa that summer and his declaration of jihad against all American interests, 1998 was the year that saw Osama bin Laden become the world's best known and most feared terrorist

▼

AT ABOUT 10:30 ON THE MORNING of August 7, 1998, in Nairobi in Kenya, a truck bomb detonated and blew off the entire back side of the American embassy in that country. A building next door collapsed, killing, among other people, several classes of secretarial students. About nine minutes later, in Dar es Salaam in Tanzania, another truck bomb went off outside the U.S. embassy in that country. As Steve Coll points out in *Ghost Wars*, his excellent history of the largely covert war between the United States and Osama bin Laden's Al Qaeda network, the impact of this bomb was partially muffled by a water truck that had been parked between the truck containing the bomb and the embassy building. (The water truck got blown three stories high.) There were 224 people killed, and well over 4,000 injured, by the two blasts, the overwhelming majority of them in the Kenyan attack. In this country, most people heard the words "Al Qaeda" for the first time. Suddenly, Osama bin Laden, whose renown to this point had been limited to the whispery corridors of various intelligence establishments, was the most famous terrorist in the world

But throughout the year, as the seemingly preposterous story of the president and the intern dominated coverage in this country, the CIA had been working on a complicated plan to capture bin Laden at a base called Tarnak Farms in Afghanistan. When CIA director George Tenet presented the plan to the White House at the end of May, it was shelved due to the possibility of heavy civilian casualties in the raid and because, ultimately, the raid was a direct attack on the Tarnak compound, over open ground, and it looked for all the world like it might turn out to be Pickett's Charge transplanted onto an Afghan plain In August, when the bombs went off in Kenya and Tanzania, the recriminations within the intelligence community were swift and harsh So, too, was the president's response. On August 20, he ordered cruise missiles launched at an Afghan training camp in Khost, where it was thought bin Laden might be, and at an industrial facility in the Sudan, which was said to be a chemical-weapons facility but turned out to be a pharmaceutical factory. The latter was a criminal blunder The former was not. It was, in fact, the last great opportunity to stop Osama bin Laden before he changed September 11 forever. Lawrence Wright, in *The Looming Tower*, his history of Al Qaeda, describes what happened that night:

"Bin Laden had made the decision to go to Khost only the night before," he writes. "But as he and his companions were driving through Vardak province, they happened to pause at a crossroads 'Where do you think, my friends, we should go,' bin Laden asked 'Khost or Kabul?' His bodyguard and others voted for Kabul, where they could visit friends 'Then, with God's help, let us go to Kabul,' bin Laden decreed— [continued on page 198]



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[*continued from page 194*] a decision that may have saved his life."

But the acceleration blurred everything, and the acceleration became the reality itself, with its own history and its own physical laws, until people began treating the acceleration as the reality. A contemporary *New York Times* analysis demonstrates this phenomenon conclusively:

"A president who evaded the draft as a young man and has avoided the use of force through most of his presidency has now launched his second series of attacks in recent months. The first came last August when Mr. Clinton ordered the bombing of targets in Afghanistan and the Sudan in retaliation for the bombing of American embassies in East Africa. The attacks in Afghanistan and the Sudan came just three days after Mr. Clinton had gone on national television to acknowledge that he had had an inappropriate relationship with Monica Lewinsky. 'Wag the Dog' theories were rampant. A disturbing, surreal haze covers nearly every development now. Every act and every utterance has multiple potential meanings. The right wing of the Republican party clearly is out to destroy Mr. Clinton."

The rock-solid historical evidence is that by a fluke, Osama bin Laden survived the cruise-missile attack sent to kill him. Over time, that would become the only one of the "multiple meanings" that really mattered. However, for nobody was the acceleration the reality more than for the Republicans who remained in pursuit of the president. This was because in that same month, in August of 1998, Kenneth Starr finally ran Bill Clinton to ground.

On August 17, three days before the missiles flew, the president admitted to a grand jury—and, later that evening, on television, to the country at large—that he indeed had had a sexual affair with Monica Lewinsky. Almost immediately, the calls for his resignation began and the notion of impeaching him over the events surrounding the investigation of his affair took on vivid life. There was a conspicuous lack of support for him in the Congress, even among Democrats. (The odd thing, and something that later would come to be reckoned as the president's salvation, was that his appearance on television, while roundly condemned by the political media, was accepted as a heartfelt apology by the general public.) The White House called around looking for somebody—anybody—who would defend the president on television. Finally, they reached Representative Barney Frank of Massachusetts, who was vacationing at the time in Provincetown.

"Once it became clear that, yes, the president had gotten a blowjob, my view was that he was going to be impeached," Frank recalls. "The early votes in the House, the raw data, showed him with about 60 votes, and 350 against. So the day the grand-jury testimony came out, I was down in Provincetown, and the White House had been called by all the networks, and they said they didn't want to respond. The networks said, Well, we need someone to present your side, so the White House called me. The next thing I knew, I was getting calls from all the networks and CNN. So I put on a jacket and a white shirt and a tie over a pair of shorts, and they sent the trucks to me. I was the only member of Congress that the White House asked who was willing to do it, although I have to say that defending oral sex in Provincetown is not the hardest thing in the world."

Frank looked on in something like awe as the Republicans drove their inquiries into the president's affair beyond what he saw as the country's capacity either to keep up or to very much care about the whole business after a while. (In this there was a foreshadowing of their destructive impulse to engage in a culture of ginned-up "scandals" against Barack Obama rather than govern.) They blew right through the possibility of censuring Clinton, which might have garnered four hundred votes in the House, and which had been an option in almost every other impeachment proceeding against a federal official in history. (It was also the primary objective of one of the new online activist gatherings, which were just then coming into being, called "Censure and Move On," which later would shorten its name to MoveOn.org.) It started, Barney Frank believes, in the summer of 1998.

"It actually was the first sign of the right wing's driving the train and taking them into disaster," Frank explains. "I don't think Henry Hyde wanted to do it. He was riding the tiger and he couldn't get off. I don't think a lot of them wanted to do it. They had their people out in the country so stoked that they couldn't stop. It was one of the first examples of the right wing grabbing control and abandoning political reality."

The acceleration increased, and nothing was truly under control, in Washington or in the hills of western Asia. And in the streets of cities throughout the Islamic world, as Lawrence Wright





Special Prosecutor Ken Starr (right), whose initial brief was to investigate the Whitewater real estate deal, testifies before the House Judiciary Committee about the Lewinsky affair in November. At 10:30 A.M. on August 7, a truck bomb devastated the American embassy in Nairobi (far right). Nine minutes later, our embassy in Tanzania was hit.



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NO ONE EVER ASKED THE COMPELLING QUESTION: IN ITS ZEAL, MIGHT CONGRESS JUST BE CRIPPLING A PRESIDENT, AND PREVENTING HIM FROM DEFENDING THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA?

reports, new signs were seen. NO WAR FOR MONICA, they read. Finally, Republican congressmen and Islamic radicals—unbalanced forces both—had something in common.

But in all the sweaty pursuit of Clinton by Starr and the Republicans in 1998, and for all the talk of wagging dogs and of the maddening ill discipline of an enormously talented political figure, there was not then nor has there been since any serious contemplation of the danger these hideous political games put the world in. It is a fact that in 1998, the American government possessed the best sustained intelligence on Osama bin Laden's movements, activities, and associations that it ever would (until the operation that resulted in his burial at sea). It is a fact that for the White House—which two years before had created the bin Laden Unit at the CIA—the Al Qaeda leader was at least a minor obsession. It is also a fact that several of the seminal events in both the bin Laden and Lewinsky stories coincided, and each time during that calendar year that Clinton moved to use the might of the United States military to kill bin Laden, the action was denounced in both houses of Congress as an illegitimate use of American power, meant to cover for the president's misconduct. No one ever asked the compelling question. In its zeal, might Congress just be crippling a president, and preventing him from defending the United States of America?

After all, had we put a stop to Osama bin Laden in 1998, it is safe to say that history might well have spun off in a much different direction, and we'd be living in a much different world. But in 1998, we had all begun to go too fast to care about any of that.

ON SEPTEMBER 11, 1998, one of the last September 11th's that would be completely normal, I was sitting in a small bar in the airport in Shreveport, Louisiana, drinking the second of several indolent afternoon beers and waiting for my plane back home. The TV set above the bar was tuned to CNN, and Candy Crowley was reading, as best she could and propriety allowed, the report compiled by Special Prosecutor Kenneth Starr concerning the only case he had left against Bill Clinton—namely, the sexual affair between Clinton and Monica Lewinsky. The report was precise. The report was graphic. The report was the single most bizarre government document ever produced.

"According to Ms. Lewinsky, she performed oral sex on the president on nine occasions. On all nine of those occasions, the president fondled and kissed her bare breasts. He touched her genitals, both through her underwear and directly, bringing her to orgasm on two occasions. On one occasion, the president inserted a cigar into her vagina. On another occasion, she and the president had brief genital-to-genital contact."

A crowd gathered quickly, jamming the little concourse saloon far beyond what must have been its legal capacity. The closed-captioning was on, and quite a few words scrolled by that have not often scrolled by on a news program, before or since. People stared, silent and, yes, it must be said, openmouthed. I thought back to that morning in the desert almost nine months earlier. I knew now what the Drudge Report was. I had a fairly good idea of what was going on in this, the least likely scandal of them all. It was easier to understand than Whitewater, God knows, and more obviously a problem than the unfathomable uproar over the travel office. I didn't know what was going on in Afghanistan, nor did many of the other people in the bar. The last most of us had heard about the place, the Russians were still raising hell there.

A cigar?

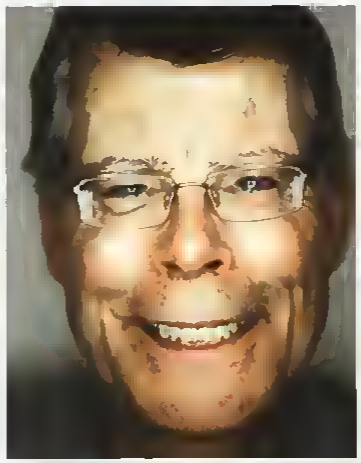
"Jesus," somebody behind me said. "How the hell did the country get to this place?"

THE PASSAGE OF BILL CLINTON, who was himself pursuing Osama bin Laden, fell into a burlesque after the midterm elections of 1998. Newt Gingrich, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, had said that he would give a speech on the moral turpitude of Bill Clinton every day until the elections were held. At the last minute, Gingrich spent millions of Republican-party money on an ad campaign specifically attacking Clinton over the scandal. However, in a considerable break with political tradition, which dictated that the party out of the White House always does well in midterm elections, especially in the second term, the Republicans got kicked around the block by a party led by the man they were preparing to impeach.

They actually lost five seats in the House of Representatives, leaving them with a thin eleven-vote majority when the next Congress would convene in January. Even Henry Hyde, the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee that would vote on the articles of impeachment, thought that the election results were directly tied to what the country had come to believe was a Republican obsession with Bill Clinton's penis and where it had been. Surely, many people in Washington thought, there was no way that the Republicans would proceed with impeachment proceedings in a lame-duck Congress. Many people in Washington were wrong. The acceleration was still increasing. The unbalanced forces driving it were still irresistible, and they were still growing. The deputy of the disgraced Gingrich, now-felon Tom DeLay of Texas, hoisted impeachment onto his back. The reprobate from Sugar Land had long wanted to impeach Clinton for something, and with Republican ownership of Congress, how could they not?

"The most amazing thing I had to report back to my caucus was what happened on the day after the elections in 1998," says Julian Epstein, who then was the minority chief counsel for the Democrats on the House Judiciary Committee, which included Barney Frank. "I went to see the general counsel and I asked him if the elections had given us a way out. But they were going full speed ahead. The elections hadn't changed their plans one bit. I was very surprised."

Throughout the fall of 1998, the Democrats used the reckless momentum of the Republicans to very good advantage, even as the actual impeachment proceedings ground on toward fruition. In November, Special Prosecutor Kenneth Starr came before the committee, and Barney Frank elicited from Starr that all the other purported scandals that had dogged [*continued on page 262*]



66 | STEPHEN KING

(b. 1947) NOVELIST
Most looking forward to: "Man. I'm sixty-six years old. So I look forward to waking up every morning and saying, Hey, I got another day. By the grace of God or whatever power runs the universe, I'm still here."



64 | GEORGE FOREMAN

(b. 1949) BOXER; MINISTER; GRILLING ENTREPRENEUR
Best advice he's gotten: "The great Art Linkletter looked me right in the eye at one of the worst parts of my life and said, George, continue to do good, and good will come to you."



65 | STEVEN CHU

(b. 1948) PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS, STANFORD UNIVERSITY; NOBEL PRIZE WINNER; FORMER SECRETARY OF ENERGY

STEVEN CHU IS NOT A POLITICIAN

STEVEN CHU IS A SCIENTIST. In the earliest days of his career, at Bell Labs, Chu created atomic traps in which single atoms could be probed, studied, and tinkered with. A few years later, he used lasers to grab and stretch virus DNA, leading to a new understanding of plastics and polymers. Hyperprecise atomic clocks also came along, as well as a shared 1997 Nobel Prize in Physics.

President Obama named him secretary of energy in 2008. It was a message that science, banished from Washington out of political convenience during the Bush years, would return. And with it came an honesty often missing from policy debates, as when Chu told *The Wall Street Journal* that to solve global warming, "somehow we have to figure out how to boost the price of gasoline to the levels in Europe."

He was right. Just as he was right that the only way to make huge advances in energy independence is to take huge gambles. That led to the successful launch of a new government agency, ARPA-E, an energy-solutions research lab modeled on DARPA, as well as the doling out of $36 billion in stimulus loans for clean-energy initiatives. "We're swinging for the fences," he said to his critics. "We're going to strike out a lot, but we'll hit a few grand slams."

He was right about that, too. He understood that the only way to solve the major energy and environmental problems facing our world is to go all-in. And now that he's moved back to academia at Stanford, he will be missed. Washington needs more scientists. —TYLER CABOT



63 | BILL MURRAY

(b. 1950) ACTOR

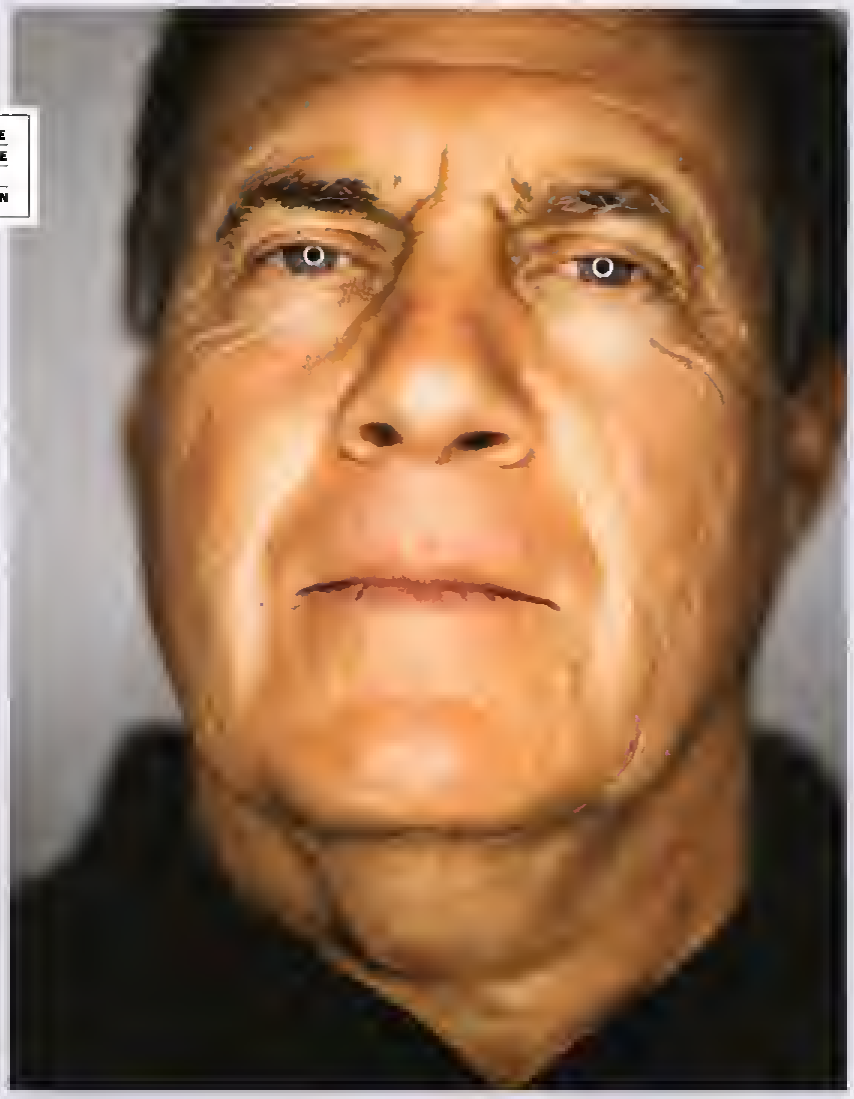
Best advice he's gotten: "I ignored it." **Most looking forward to:** "A honeymoon with a book. I'd like to go to my house and take a book. Take a book over on that couch. And then take it over to that chair. And then take it out on the lawn. And then take it over out by the water. Take a book in the kitchen, and then in bed. Just like a honeymoon."



62 | ROBIN WILLIAMS

(b. 1951) ACTOR

Best advice he's gotten: "It was by Bette Davis. We were doing *Laugh In*, and she got the whole cast together and said, 'Just learn to say no.' I thought 'Wow, pretty interesting, because she was doing *Laugh In*.'" **Most looking forward to:** "Grandchildren. I can't wait to see how my son does as a father. Revenge will be mine!"



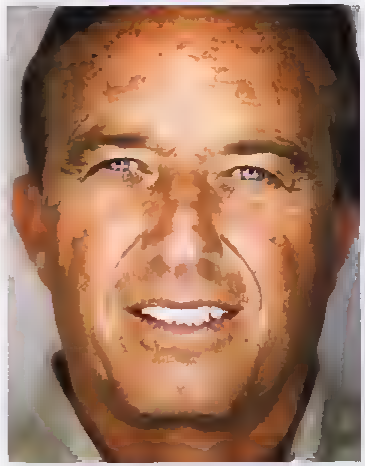
61 | BILL BELICHICK

(b. 1952) COACH, NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS
Best advice he's gotten: "My dad told me to go into something that I loved to do, not for the money. And so I did that. My first job with the Baltimore Colts in the National Football League paid twenty-five dollars a week."



60 | CORNEL WEST

(b. 1953) PHILOSOPHER, AUTHOR, ACTIVIST
Best advice he's gotten: "The best piece of advice I have received in my blessed life is from my beloved brother Clifton West, who told me early on, 'Have the courage to be Cornel West.'"



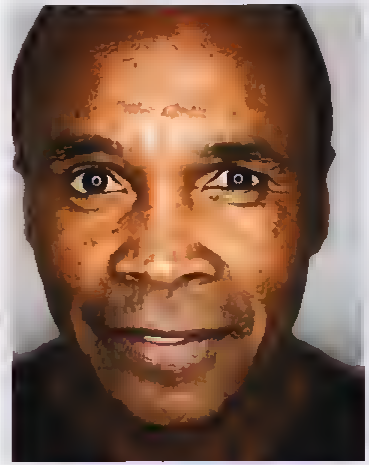
59 | ROBERT F. KENNEDY JR.

(b. 1954) LAWYER, ENVIRONMENTALIST, SCION
Most looking forward to: "I try to focus on the present and be grateful for the things that I have—to want the things that I have rather than want things I don't have. I've had a wonderful, charmed life, so that's how I try to live."



58 | EDDIE VAN HALEN

(b. 1955) GUITARIST, ROCK STAR, HELL-RAISER
Best advice he's gotten: "Was from my father at an early age when we were making music. I would make mistakes, and I would ask, 'What do you do?' And he'd say, in Dutch, '*Gewoon door blijven gaan*,' which means 'Don't stop and don't let the audience know you made a mistake.'"



57 | SUGAR RAY LEONARD

(b. 1956) BOXER (RET.)–FORMER WORLD CHAMPION
Best day so far: "Just being with my family."



WHAT I'VE LEARNED

MATT LAUER

56

(b. 1957) ANCHOR *TODAY* 1997–PRESENT

INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN

> **I was always more interested** in asking people about themselves than I was telling them about me.

> **There's a difference** between good chemistry and a *bond*. Chemistry is something you have with somebody you meet—or you don't. It's an intangible. It may be superficial. It's much harder to put your finger on than a bond. Broadcasting through 9/11 together, like Katie Couric and I did, creates a bond.

> **It's a weird characteristic,** and I don't know where it comes from, but the bigger the interview, the calmer I get.

> **I learned more** from my dad by osmosis than by any talk we ever had. He was the most reliable person I've ever met.

> **There was always** an unspoken generosity about my mom. I would jump in my Volkswagen Beetle and drive home from Ohio University and get to Greenwich by dinnertime. I'd walk in and surprise her and my stepfather. My mom would jump up, hug me, and say, "Pull up a chair. We have plenty of food!" She'd walk to the kitchen with her plate and around the corner, where I couldn't see her, take the pot roast off her plate, put it on another plate, slide over half her mashed potatoes, and then she'd come out with this great plate for me. When I looked at her plate, I realized there was almost nothing on it. I'd say, "Mom—" And she'd say, "I ate before you got here."

> **So many times** my son and I will be watching a baseball game together and a popular player hits a home run, and as he's running around the bases, my son, without hesitation, will look up at me and ask, "You think he's on steroids?" Heroes have been broken before his eyes so many times, and that's disheartening.

> **I don't find anything** comes out of getting in someone's face during an interview and screaming.

> **When you have a sense** that emotions are being used to manipulate, you have to jump in and cut it off. But when there's real, honest emotion coming out, like when Tom Cruise got worked up over his belief system on antidepressant drugs, you let that go because there's no replacing that reality. If you were to cut that off, you'd be doing your viewers a disservice. My job was to stay out of the way.

> **Early on,** I had five jobs in a row where I was either fired or canceled. One or two times you can say, "They don't know what they're talking about. They don't know talent when they see it." After the fifth time, if you don't look in the mirror and ask yourself some really serious questions about whether you're cut out to be in this business, you're an idiot.

> **Over the course** of twenty years that I've been at NBC, I have never seen the amount of money I make reported correctly by the media.

> **Someone once wrote** a wonderful complimentary little blurb about me. At the end, the writer said, "So that's why we love Matt Lauer. Of course, the day will probably come when we're going to have to kick his ass." I never forgot that. *Voilà.*

> **The way the media** treated what happened with Ann Curry was a disappointing learning experience. I was disappointed by the laziness of the media, the willingness to read a rumor, repeat that rumor, and treat it as a fact. And yet, what were my options? Does anyone want to see a person who's making the money that the newspapers say I'm making complaining, "Woe is me, my life is terrible, and people are being unfair"? No one would've had any patience for that. *I* wouldn't have any patience for that. So you just shut up and go about doing your job and hope that people who know you well—your friends and your family—know what's true.

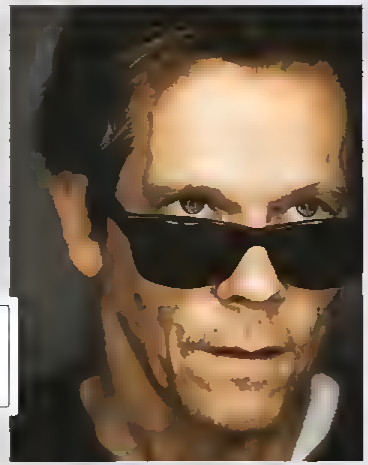
> **If I were to write** a contract and put it in front of a group of young broadcasters and journalists, and on this piece of paper it said, "You're going to have twenty years as host of the *Today* show, and eighteen of those years are going to be so unbelievably fantastic that you're going to think you're living in a fantasy world. And one or two of those years is going to be incredibly frustrating and challenging," don't you think every single one of those young broadcasters and journalists would grab that paper out of my hand and sign on the dotted line?

> **I like fishing** as much when I don't catch anything as when I do.

> **If I feel like** I've done a great job during an interview with the president of the United States live in the Oval Office, it doesn't give me a tenth of the good feeling of going to the school play and making eye contact with my kids as they're onstage delivering their lines. Nothing compares with that moment of connection.

> **I've always liked** the idea of walking into a cocktail party where there are different people and finding some connection with almost everybody in the room.

> **When you punch a guy** with four Budweisers in him, he tends to go down a lot faster than a guy who is stone sober. ■



55 | KEVIN BACON

(b. 1958) ACTOR; CENTER OF UNIVERSE
Best day so far: "I would say—not to evade the question—there's two days: two kids, two births, two best days of my life."



54 | JONATHAN FRANZEN

(b. 1959) NOVELIST
Best advice he's gotten: "It was by my father. He said: 'Don't work for a company. They'll take your labor and they won't pay you a lot.'"



53 | CAL RIPKEN JR.

(b. 1960) SHORTSTOP, BALTIMORE ORIOLES (RET.); PRESIDENT, RIPKEN BASEBALL, INC.
Best advice he's gotten: "Be a good listener. You learn a whole lot more when you're listening and keeping your mouth closed."



52 | WOODY HARRELSON

(b. 1961) ACTOR
Proudest accomplishment: "Without question, my kids. Not that I worked that hard in the early stages—a couple of grunts and a nap. I should have never said that. Oh, fuck. Yeah. My kids."

FAME. THAT BASTARD.

HOW THE UNFAMOUS GOT THAT WAY

By A. J. Jacobs

Let me tell you about the men on this page.

Starting with the eldest, we have a landscape architect from Villanova, Pennsylvania, named Kevin Bacon. The son of a schoolteacher and a planning commissioner, Bacon moved to New York City at seventeen to pursue a career as an actor, but returned home in 1980 after losing the camp-counselor role in *Friday the 13th* to superstar Daniel Stern, partly because Bacon ate a bad meatball sub before his audition. Bacon is known for specializing in sustainable rock gardens.

To his right, we have Jonathan Franzen, who runs social media for Odwalla fruit juices; Cal Ripken Jr., a hospital administrator in St. Louis; Woody Harrelson, who leads Segway tours in Hawaii; and Matthew Broderick, an account manager at Ogilvy & Mather advertising.

The preceding is not true, of course, but it is not far-fetched. The point I'm trying to make is that we vastly underestimate the role of luck when it comes to fame and fortune.

No doubt: These five men are immensely talented and hardworking, and all were gracious to pose for our portfolio. But they are also the beneficiaries of hundreds of random events. As is anyone who is famous or successful in his field. Tweak five seemingly insignificant decisions in these men's lives and this page would bear different faces.

Matthew Broderick seems wonderfully aware of this fact. In a 2004 interview, he recalled that *New York Times* theater critic Mel Gussow happened to catch his performance as the foster son in *Torch Song Trilogy*. "Suddenly, all these doors opened. And it's only because Mel Gussow happened to come by right before it closed and happened to like it. It's just amazing. All these things have to line up that are out of your control."

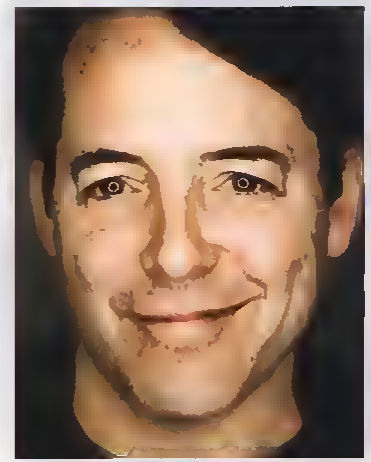
To some extent, you make your own luck, you create opportunities. But that extent is limited. By my scientific calculation, our society is 14 percent meritocracy and 86 percent Powerball. Just imagine if actor John Lynch had turned down his role in *Sliding Doors* because his mom was sick. He probably wouldn't be starring in the hit series *The Fall*.

Bacon himself might agree with my thesis, at least if he took the lesson of his brilliant 1989 film, *The Big Picture*. In this satire of Hollywood, Bacon plays a struggling film-school grad who suddenly becomes a hot property. The reason? One afternoon, he goes for a drive and doesn't answer his phone, thereby creating an illusion of inaccessibility that sends producers into a frenzy.

Hollywood success requires a higher percentage of good fortune than success in most businesses. Except maybe writing fiction. But even sports—which might seem driven by purely objective measures—involves heaps of luck. Cal Ripken was an amazing ballplayer with John Henry–like persistence. But he was lucky he didn't get injured. Lucky he grew up with a father who happened to manage the Orioles. Lucky his eyesight didn't give out as he passed thirty-five.

I realize it's not a hugely uplifting message. It doesn't jibe with our Ayn Randian dreams and American work ethic. But this more realistic worldview has its advantages, I find. It helps with forgiving yourself your failures. It allows you more compassion for those who didn't get the breaks. It cuts down on celebrity worship and boosts humility.

I know there are hundreds of writers who could have done a better job with this essay. But thirteen years ago, I happened to be drinking buddies with the Esquire designer who happened to mention my name to Esquire's editor in chief who happened to have an opening at the magazine. I am fully aware that I am a lucky bastard, and I try to be grateful for it every day.



51 | MATTHEW BRODERICK

(b. 1962) ACTOR; RIGHTEOUS DUDE EMERITUS
Proudest accomplishment: "I am occasionally grateful and proud that I have managed to make a living doing something I love for thirty years now. That's what I'm most proud of, other than, you know, family stuff. And all the wonderful buildings that I've made."



50 | MARTIN O'MALLEY

(b. 1963) GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND; FORMER MAYOR OF BALTIMORE. DEMOCRAT

Best advice he's gotten: "It came from Governor Ed Randall, who said to make every decision as if you're not running again for office."

Esquire 1933–2013 80

1963

THE REMARKABLE GROUP OF MEN ON THIS PAGE WERE ALL BORN IN THAT MOMENTOUS YEAR, AND—ALTHOUGH AT AMAZINGLY DIVERGENT STAGES OF LIFE AS THEY TURN FIFTY—ALL HAVE BEEN SHAPED BY THE SAME HISTORY

BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON

Any given year, of course, can claim its world-beaters and its notorious. But you can't help but be struck by the unique spirit of the men born in the year of "I Want to Hold Your Hand," the March on Washington, and the assassination of President Kennedy. Each turns fifty this year, and he is the greatest basketball player ever, a hard-ass Republican, a bearded musical maestro, a B movie genius, a genial leading man, an Irish Catholic who made his name in politics by rising to lead a black city, a fashion designer who makes clothes "so crazy-humorous beautiful that the air gets sucked right out of the room."

He is **Brad Pitt.** And **Conan O'Brien. Johnny Depp** and **Rick Rubin.**

He is **Michael Jordan.** He is **Eric Cantor.**

"He's a functional illiterate," said the *Pulp Fiction* typist of **Quentin Tarantino.** "I was averaging about nine thousand grammatical errors per page. After I would correct them, he would try to put back the errors, because he liked them."

Travis Tritt's dad used to tell him, "You have a better chance of being the president of the United States than you do making it in the music business." The lesson young Tritt took away: If you want to make me do something, tell me I can't do it. Which helps explain why he arrived in Nashville with long hair, black leather pants, and a noticeable absence of cowboy hat.

Rand Paul learned the same lesson at the National Republican Convention, when he was just thirteen. "My dad was a Reagan supporter, and that wasn't the cool thing to be. All the establishment was for Ford. But, you know, my father was never afraid to swim against the current, and I think I saw that as an example to be admired."

By age twenty-five, **Marc Jacobs** had soared out of fashion school to the top rung of Perry Ellis, only to be fired when he bet the company on grunge. "It was a moment when people questioned what was beautiful," he has recalled. But he proved himself again with massive global success at Louis Vuitton.

Some of them remember a simpler time, but their simpler time is the innocent years of the 1970s. "I lived in a small town of about thirteen thousand people," Paul remembers. "I rode my bike everywhere. We would play Wiffle ball for hours. You know, outside. I think we need to pass a law that we go back to three channels and *The Brady Bunch* is on one of them."

Sitting in a small Capitol Hill conference room between votes, Paul also remembers the thing that most changed him. "When I was at Grady Hospital, half the people would be handcuffed to the stretchers, and we were just sort of figuring out what AIDS was. I remember having a big guy with a knife wound in his cheek, and I was sitting there sewing him up. He was a real belligerent drunk, but he also had tracks up and down both arms, and I remember cutting myself. That was the first time I was tested."

No wonder memories of lost innocence beguile them, even the most cynical. "In the sixth grade, toward the very end, I went and saw *The Bad News Bears*, and I fell hopelessly in love with Tatum O'Neal," Tarantino has said. "I mean, so much in love with Tatum O'Neal. My crush on Tatum O'Neal was so strong that actually you could almost consider it your first love. So in the sixth grade, I started writing an ABC *After School Special* about me meeting Tatum O'Neal. I called her Somerset in the script, and I did what I could never do in real life—I finagled a way, through conniving and lying, to meet Somerset O'Neal, and she was charmed by me."

And oh, how they all wanted to be rock stars. **Bret Michaels** had a few big records with Poison, and **Julian Lennon** was born with an insurmountable name. **John Stamos** played with the Beach Boys, although it's TV that made him famous. **Martin O'Malley** alternates between his statistics-driven approach to running Maryland and playing Irish rock, like U2 and the Pogues, around Baltimore. **Joe Scarborough** balanced his rock band's gigs and impeaching Bill Clinton, Conan never seems to put down his guitar, and **Michael Chiklis,** the sociopathic hero of *The Shield*, has talked about his time in the progressive-rock power trio called Double Talk. "I had sandy brown hair down to my ass. I wanted to be Roger Taylor of Queen."

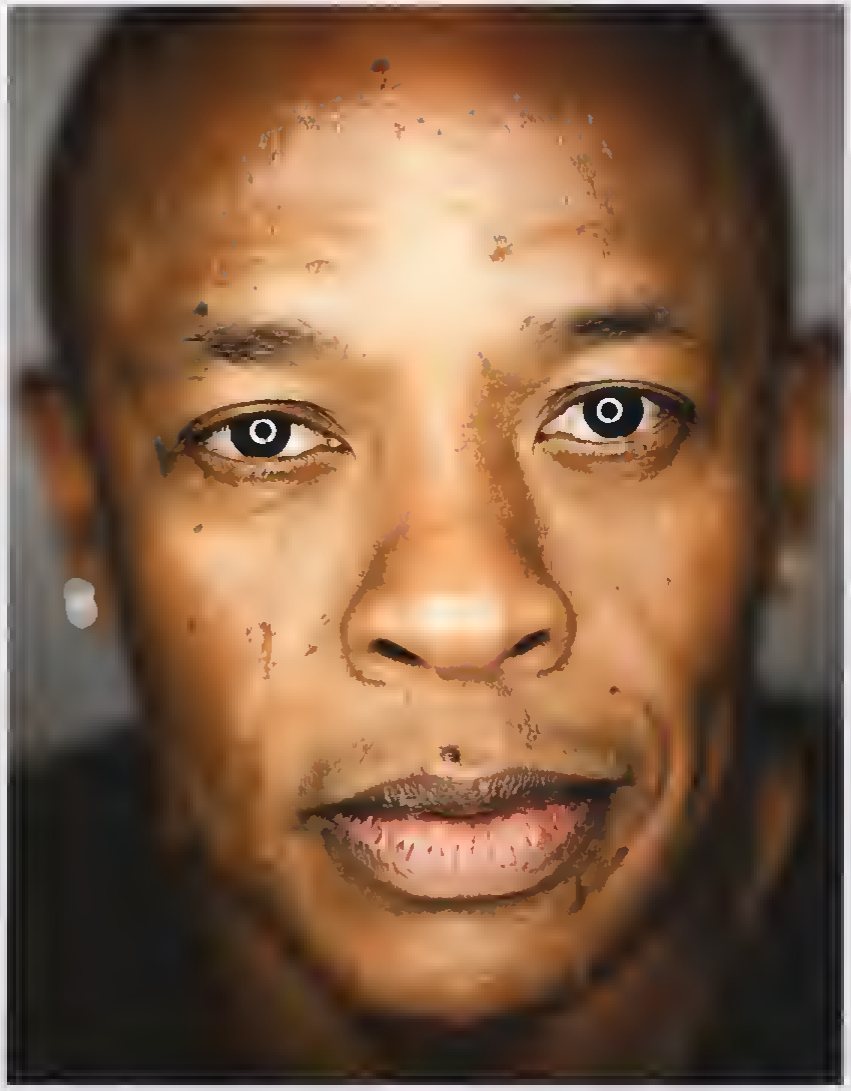
Even now, at an age when their fathers were solid and fixed, already finished men in their minds, the men of 1963 are hardly satisfied. "The tyranny of narrative is beginning to frustrate me," **Steven Soderbergh** says now, and he swears he will stop making films unless he can come up with a new idea. "I'm convinced that there's something else we can do with this medium, and I don't know what it is yet."

And now the curtain rises on Act 3. ■



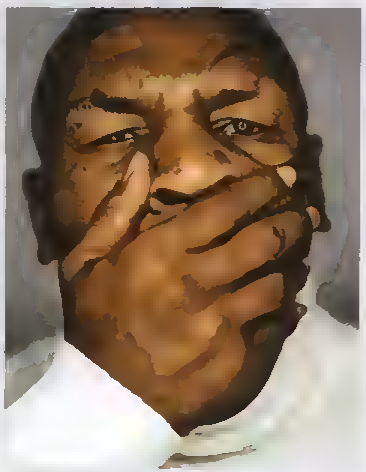
49 | STEPHEN COLBERT

(b. 1964) ACTOR-COMEDY CENTRAL'S *THE COLBERT REPORT* ARCHED EYEBROW OF A GRATEFUL NATION
Best day so far: "I know I should say getting married or the birth of my child, but last Friday was pretty good. And there was nothing special about it. It just felt really good."



48 | DR. DRE

(b. 1965) PRODUCER WHO CAN RAP AND CONTROL THE MAESTRO, HEADPHONE MAGNATE
Best advice he's gotten: "To protect my B's—my babe, my body, and my business."



47 | MIKE TYSON

(b. 1966) BOXER (RET.); FORMER HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD; STAR OF ONE-MAN SHOW *MIKE TYSON: UNDISPUTED TRUTH*, AIRING SOON ON HBO

Best day so far: "When I decided not to use drugs anymore, to get high anymore. I had all the blessings from the world, but I never had no humanity blessings, you know?"

DINKLAGE
AN APPRECIATION

I FIRST SAW PETER DINKLAGE IN *Living in Oblivion*, in 1995. Playing an actor named Tito, dressed in powder-blue tails and a matching top hat, he accosts the director of the film-within-the-film, played by Steve Buscemi. Tito is furious because he has been cast as a dwarf in a dream sequence.

"Why does my character have to be a dwarf?" he asks Buscemi, who's too flustered by the question to answer directly, which serves only to inflame him.

"Is that the only way you can make this a dream—put a dwarf in it?" he snarls. "Have you ever had a dream with a dwarf in it? Do you know anyone who's had a dream with a dwarf in it? *Nooooo!* I don't even have dreams with dwarves in them. The only place I've seen dwarves in dreams is in stupid movies like this."

Whereupon Tito shoves the top hat into Buscemi's gut and storms off the set. It's a short scene, rendered more caustic than funny—and unforgettable—by the fact that Dinklage is shown only in profile throughout his rant. His hero-handsome profile, his lion's roar, his regal rage: As *Game of Thrones* fans know, Dinklage plays for keeps, not laughs. —SCOTT RAAB



46 | TIM McGRAW

(b. 1967) SINGER; ACTOR

Best advice he's gotten: "Was from Johnny Paycheck, a country singer. He looked at me right in the eye and said, 'Son, always go hard and fast, so when you hit the ditch, you can come out the other side.'"



45 | JUNOT DÍAZ

(b. 1968) AUTHOR AND WINNER OF THE PULITZER PRIZE

Best day so far: "One day, when I was a kid, a librarian pulled me aside and said, 'You know, you should really think about being an artist.' I had just immigrated to the United States, and I didn't even know what an artist was. God forbid she would have said I should become a banker."



44 | PETER DINKLAGE

(b. 1969) ACTOR; HBO'S *GAME OF THRONES*

Proudest accomplishment: "Well, waking up every morning and having a modicum of sanity left."

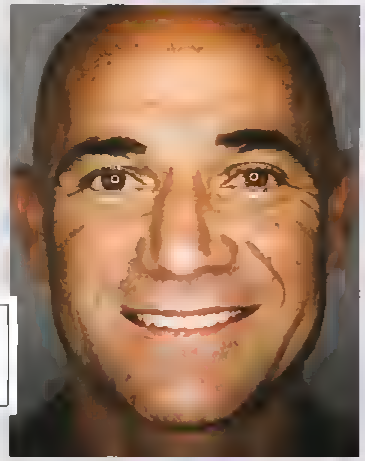
THE COCKTAIL PARTY OF 1969

ILLUSTRATION BY ANOY FRIEDMAN

(b. 1969) ESQUIRE INVITED A GROUP OF PREEMINENT FORTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLDS TO A MASS BIRTHDAY PARTY TO CELEBRATE THE YEAR THAT GAVE THE WORLD WOODSTOCK, A MAN ON THE MOON, AND THEM. THE FORTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLDS DECLINED, AND WE WERE LEFT TO IMAGINE THE CONVERSATIONS AND COCKTAILS THAT MIGHT'VE BEEN

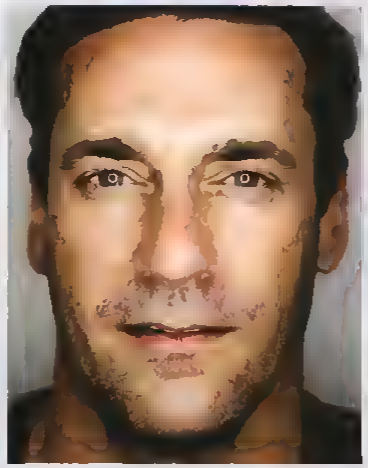
Front row, from left: Cory Booker, Jennifer Lopez, Zach Galifianakis, Tucker Carlson, Christy Turlington, Matthew McConaughey, and Vern Troyer. Middle row, from left: Ice Cube, Paul Rudd, and Sheryl Sandberg. Back row, from left: Peter Dinklage, P. Diddy, Jennifer Aniston, Mariano Rivera, Jay-Z, Wes Anderson, Cate Blanchett, Patton Oswalt, Tyler Perry, and Brett Favre. We also imagine that Bobby Brown, Jon Meacham, and Dr. Sanjay Gupta had to leave the party early.





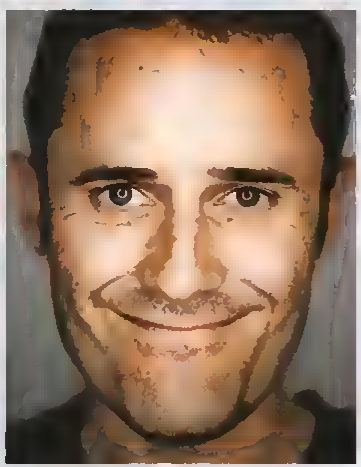
43 | ANDRE AGASSI

(b. 1970) TENNIS PLAYER (HEY!) | FORMER WORLD NUMBER ONE | PHILANTHROPIST
Proudest accomplishment: "I was horsing around with my son. He was maybe six years old, and we were on a trampoline, and we ended up laughing so hard that we fell on our backs. We were looking up, and in between his laughter he said to me, 'I always wanted a dad like you.'"



42 | JON HAMM

(b. 1971) ACTOR, ABC'S *MAD MEN*
Best day so far: "I remember coming out to California after college, by myself, in a 1986 Toyota Corolla. I was driving into L.A. for the first time, and it was a beautiful day, everything that southern California's supposed to be, and I remember thinking, 'I finally made it to California.'"



41 | EVAN WILLIAMS

(b. 1972) COFOUNDER AND FORMER CEO OF TWITTER | COFOUNDER OF BLOGGER, COFOUNDER OF PUBLISHING PLATFORM MEDIUM
Best advice he's gotten: "What comes to mind is a piece of advice I read in *Brian Eno's Diary*: 'When in doubt, tidy up.'"



40 | SETH MEYERS

(b. 1973) HEAD WRITER AND WEEKEND UPDATE ANCHOR, *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*; FUTURE HOST OF *LATE NIGHT* ON NBC | STAND-UP COMIC
Proudest accomplishment: "I'm most proud of the company I keep. I'm very lucky to have been able to work with some really funny people over the years."

Esquire 1933–2013 80

40

WHEN A MAN HITS FORTY, HE HAS LIVED. HE HAS ACHIEVED SOMETHING, MAYBE. HE HAS DISCOVERED WHO HE IS. AND IF HE'S LUCKY, HE'S ONLY COME HALFWAY

BY TOM CHIARELLA

Circle, straight line, great arc, long walk, horse race, pie—whatever shape you give to your own life, forty is the turn. You turn forty. You don't reach forty, you don't make it there, or even arrive. You turn. In the measure of a life, it is halfway. You turn—into it, around it, through it. So the age is the expression of an action, a verb describing the persistent movement of a life, and a descriptor of that point, implying a correction, a change of angle.

You sit there—on your deck with an icy glass, alone or amidst the keenings of children, in a house you bought, or in a field, on land you want, at your desk, or on a plane—with what you have made for yourself, with the people you know, and you turn forty.

Know this. People picture men at the age of forty. It becomes the essential representation of the physical self. You will do it, too. Until then, you have worried about what will be lost by forty—your flat stomach, your thick hair, your relative speed, your ability to eat chicken wings without much reflection. And from forty onward, when you picture yourself, you will conceive of yourself only at that turn. Your belly, your thinning hair, the strength in your legs, the way you breathe when you run. That is what you are and what you will be in your mind from now on.

You don't stop. You haven't done anything. Or if you have done something by that point, you can still be convinced that there is more to do. You believe—you must—that your best work is ahead of you.

Paul Newman turned forty in 1965. He made only one movie that year, *Lady L*, with Sophia Loren, which no one remembers now. But the year mattered because Newman came into it having played a forty-year-old on and off for a decade. And he went on playing forty—or thereabouts—for the next fifteen years. That's it then. He came in, and he went on. This is the turn. We got to watch Paul Newman make it again and again. You get to do it only once. (And so did he, in real life.)

At forty, you know, or you should. The calendar makes no promises. Nothing is guaranteed to happen. Until then, hope has lived in each passing year. Despair has revealed itself in some measure to each and all. Forty is not necessarily the zenith of a life or career. Nor does it have to mark the year of your best work, or the most work, or even the work that matters. Any given year can offer as much as the next or the last. Until forty, you bank on that axiom with little urgency. Forty is the point you must start to react to it, the year of reckoning. This is why forty is fraught. This is why it matters. Because this is the turn. ■



39 | DEREK JETER

(b. 1974) SHORTSTOP AND TEAM CAPTAIN, NEW YORK YANKEES

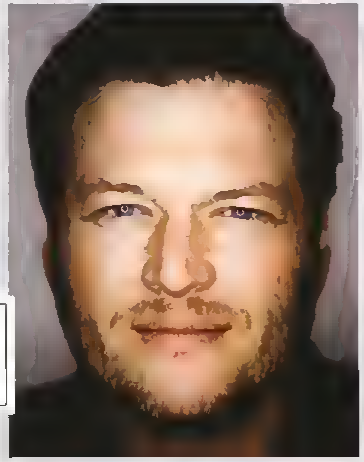
Best advice he's gotten: "You may run into people who are much more talented than you, but make sure that no one outworks you."



38 | BRADLEY COOPER

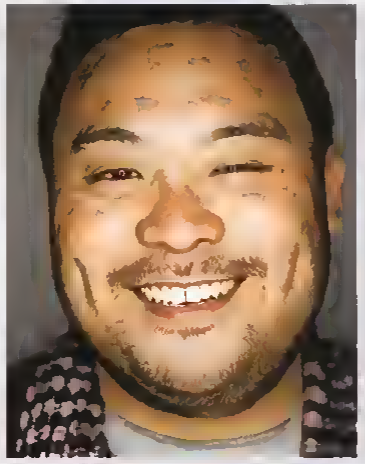
(b. 1975) ACTOR

Best advice he's gotten: "I've been given a lot of advice. Great advice. But recently, it was a friend of mine who was quoting another friend of his who had given him this advice, talking about relationships. But I can't say what the advice is. But it was good."



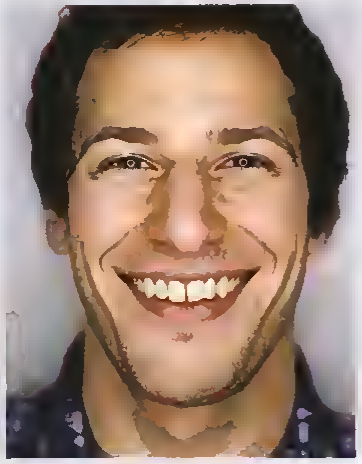
37 | BLAKE SHELTON

(b. 1976) SINGER-SONGWRITER; COACH, NBC'S *THE VOICE*
Most looking forward to "November. It's my favorite month of tha year. Because I like it when shit dies."



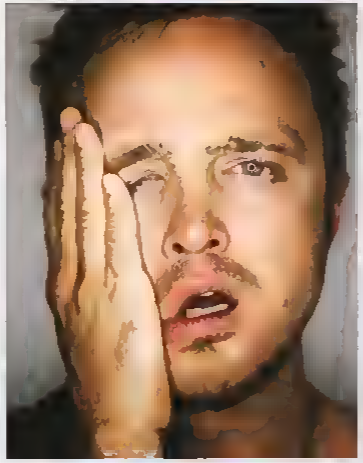
36 | DAVID CHANG

(b. 1977) CHEF AND FOUNDER OF MOMOFUKU (AND TWELVE OTHER RESTAURANTS AND BAKERIES AROUND THE WORLD)
Proudest accomplishment "I started Noodle Bar in 2004 and felt like I bought a one-way ticket. I didn't think that the restaurant would be around, or that I would be around, at age thirty-six. Small miracles."



35 | ANDY SAMBERG

(b. 1978) VIRAL VIDEO TRAILBLAZER ("LAZY SUNDAY," ET AL.); ONE THIRD OF THE LONELY ISLAND ACTOR-FOX'S *BROOKLYN NINE-NINE*
Best advice he's gotten "It was from a close family member who said, 'Never look in the mirror when you're on acid.'"



34 | AARON PAUL

(b. 1979) ACTOR, AMC'S *BREAKING BAD*
Best advice he's gotten "Simple: Be kind and don't be a d-bag."

1980: Crack was just turning up in the United States. The contras were seeking funds to support their civil war in Nicaragua. And an L.A. kid was looking for an opportunity. The combination would change America.

SAY HELLO TO RICK ROSS

BY MIKE SAGER

THE REAL RICK ROSS IS NOT A RAPPER. That's what it says on his T-shirt, silk-screened attractively in two colors. The bold letters in black ink frame his image—bald, bearded, and somewhat bug-eyed with the fervor of his comeback. The gold ink requires a second stencil. Depicted on his head is a crown, cocked just so and perfectly aligned, the kingpin in exile, and below that his autograph, the excessively flamboyant signature of a man who once made millions a day selling cocaine but only began learning to read, behind bars, at age twenty-eight. Eventually he would read himself to freedom.

On a sunny morning in southern California, Rick Ross is driving from his cramped but rent-free apartment along tony Ocean Avenue in Long Beach toward some pressing new business in blue-collar Riverside, an hour away. We're talking here about the real Rick Ross, born Ricky Donnell Ross in 1960, one of three Ricks from 'round the way, this one the Rick who stayed on Eighty-seventh Place where it dead-ended at the 110 Freeway, in the shadow of a massive concrete abutment where you could feel the earth vibrating beneath your feet, hence his nickname, Freeway Rick Ross, as opposed to the rapper known as Rick Ross, a blubbery former college football player and corrections officer whose birth name is William Leonard Roberts II. When Roberts entered the music game, he appropriated the name and tattooed it across his fists: RICK RO$$. He rose to prominence rapping about a fictitious criminal past while the real Rick Ross, Freeway Rick Ross, a man iconic enough to have his name jacked, was serving a life sentence without the possibility of parole in a federal penitentiary.

Having brought suit against the rapper for copyright infringement and failed in several courts, Ross came up with the idea of these T-shirts. Over the past five months, with the help of a gangbanger turned silk-screener, he's printed five thousand. Offered in a rainbow of colors, in sizes up to 6XL, they are folded painstakingly and fitted into plastic bags

On *Breaking Bad*, Paul plays a high school dropout who finds a fortune and a night mare by cooking exotic dope. About when Paul was born, a similar and more disastrous story was just beginning.



▲ Ross today in the old neighborhood. In the mid-eighties he filled the closet in his bedroom at his mama's house with so much cash he eventually had to hire people to count it.

by his older brother in a mini-warehouse to which Ross has managed to secure the key, one in a seemingly endless series of fuzzy handshake arrangements through which he operates his portfolio of legal enterprises.

Everywhere he goes—to give testimony in a storefront church in Ontario, to lecture a law-school class at the University of Southern California, to make a personal appearance at an open-mic night in Inglewood, to have lunch at Denny's in Carson (he's a vegan; the chain features a garden burger), to attend a party for a Korean rapper who worships Ross as an American folk hero, to take a meeting at Warner Bros. studios in Burbank or with an Epic/Sony vice-president in Beverly Hills—Ross rolls behind him unself-consciously a battered suitcase full of merch, the zipper toggles missing, his Willy Loman smile unwavering as he digs through the slippery packages to find the proper size and color, no charge for a photo. If you don't have the twenty dollars, more than likely he'll sell it for less. Taken by the moment, by the recognition and adulation, he'll often make it a gift.

If you meet Rick Ross and you tell him you're broke, broker even than he is at the moment—there is $11.15 left in his savings account—he'll spot you a ten-pack of T-shirts, a $200 value on the streets. (If you live out of town, he'll mail you a ten-pack, someone else donates postage from his company's postal machine.) His manufacturer's price is about four dollars per piece. Wholesale is ten dollars. On the Web the price is twenty-five dollars. Sell those shirts, pay him back a hundred dollars, and you get to keep the profit. If you're smart like Rick Ross, the real Rick Ross, Freeway Rick, you'll reinvest. Just like that you're in business.

Back in the day, Ross would offer the same deal with crack cocaine—to start you out, he'd give you $100 worth for free and you could sell it for $300. Between 1982 and 1989, federal prosecutors estimated, Ross bought and resold *three tons* of cocaine. In 1980 dollars, his gross earnings were said to be in excess of $900 million—with a profit of nearly $300 million. Converted roughly to present-day dollars, $2.5 billion and $850 million, respectively. As his distribution empire grew to include forty-two cities, the price he paid per kilo of powder cocaine dropped from as much as $60,000 to as low as $10,000. This was partially due to his exponentially increasing network of distributors, as Crips and Bloods struck out across the country to franchise the trade, spreading their gang culture with it—and partially due to his sweetheart connection with a Nicaraguan national who would later be said to have ties to both the CIA and the contra rebels supported during the 1980s by the Reagan administration. (Later this same connect—Oscar Danilo Blandon—would be hired by the DEA as an informant, it was he who would bring Ross in to the deal that led to his life sentence.)

Fueled by the findings of an investigation by *San Jose Mercury News* reporter Gary Webb in 1996, many would come to believe that the CIA had actually created the crack epidemic in America by allowing (or turning a blind eye to) massive shipments of cocaine into the country, the profits from which went to arming rebels fighting a Latin American regime disfavored by our government. Webb also theorized that much of the contra coke (cultivated in Colombia) ended up in the hands of Freeway Rick Ross.

Webb's revelations were aggressively attacked by the country's major newspapers, in reports heavy with unnamed government sources. Webb left the paper in disgrace; he was later found dead with two bullets in his head, an apparent suicide. An earlier inquiry led by then-senator John Kerry supported the substance of Webb's allegations, as did a 1998 report by the CIA's inspector general. Even many of those who vilified Webb now acknowledge that much of what he reported was true. A minority of the citizenry still believes there was genocidal intent in the CIA's actions—that the coke was deliberately funneled toward black ghettos as a way of decimating a troublesome population.

Deliberate or not, crack spread like a brush fire through the desiccated urban landscape, causing what USC law professor Jody Armour calls "the crack plague and its festering aftermath." Today, the ripples are still felt on all sociological levels; 30 percent of African-American males under thirty are currently incarcerated or on probation or parole. Along the way, crack also helped to enrich law-enforcement agencies and private security contractors and to elect politicians, being "tough on crime" became a necessary platform plank, a mind-set that would later dovetail into post-9/11 issues of domestic security. In 1986, when homicide rates due to gang warfare across the country had reached all-time highs, mandatory federal sentencing minimums were established, making the penalties for possession of crack by weight a hundred times more punitive than those for possession of powder cocaine. Many say this is one of the reasons for the disparities of race in our prison population. Only recently did President Obama sign legislation reducing the crack-to-powder-coke ratio to 18 to 1. To date, various estimates place the cost of the four-decade-plus war on drugs between $500 billion and $1 trillion.

The way Rick Ross sees it, he was a banker in a shadow economy, working with the only currency available to a disenfranchised segment of society. By giving out unsecured microloans, he created jobs. By middling large quantities of this once-refined plant (similar to sugar or coffee, only illegal), he made himself and others wealthy—an American capitalist in the grand tradition of our country's rags-to-riches folklore. Working with gang leaders he'd known since grade school, both Crips and Bloods, Ross created a sales model—a foolproof recipe for cooking powder coke into crack using household materials, a chain of organization, an army of Dope Boys, and standardized curbside service techniques that were exported around the country and continued to evolve one step ahead of police and their increasingly well-stocked arsenal.

The real Rick Ross. Freeway Rick Ross. He didn't invent crack. But he probably did more than anyone else to cause its spread. Just Say No. The War on Drugs. Mandatory Minimums. *The Wire*. RICK ROSS. This is his legacy. Say hello to my little friend.



AT THE MOMENT, FREEWAY RICK ROSS IS sitting behind the wheel of a salvaged Hyundai Santa Fe with 169 grand on the odometer. He is traveling seventy miles per hour in the middle lane of the 110 Freeway, heading for the 91 Freeway, chatting nonstop to a series of callers on a BlackBerry cell phone with a cracked face that the mother of his two youngest children—Mychosia Nightingale, a former Army sergeant who did three tours in Iraq—found for him on Craigslist for twenty-nine dollars. (Ross doesn't do computers.)

The steering wheel vibrates beneath his driving hand. The vehicle is slightly out of alignment; it was purchased at auction on his behalf by another of his partners, this one a reformed bank robber who is helping him learn the business of flipping low-end cars. So far this week, Ross has sold two cars, one of them the sedan his brother was driving; after repair expenses, he's cleared nearly two grand. There's a nice Honda waiting in Riverside, all it needs is a new air bag and it's ready for Craigslist. Prior to jumping on the freeway, Ross stopped at a junkyard and scored.

By any account, going legit hasn't been easy. After his release from prison in 2009 (more on that below), Ross tried long-distance trucking. He was up to seven rigs when the repair bills crippled him. Then, he says, two of his cousins ran off with the last two viable trucks. Next he tried the hair business—human hair for extensions. Another cousin, who was supposed to go to India to buy more hair, ran off with a suitcase full of money.

Ever upbeat, Ross keeps trying. Among projects he's pursuing: a storefront for the T-shirts. A literacy campaign. A social-media campaign (freewaysocialmedia.com). A rap label. (If you want to be signed, you have to sell T-shirts.) A sports training and management agency specializing in troubled athletes. An energy pill. (His potential partner made a fortune selling faux marijuana and bath salts.) By far his biggest hopes lie in Hollywood. Ross has a partnership stake in a documentary about his life, *Crack in the System*, by the filmmaker Marc Levin, there's been no sale yet. He's also shopping his biopic. It was written by Nick Cassavetes, a cowriter of *Blow*; Nick Cannon has signed on to play Freeway Rick Ross. So far Ross hasn't found anyone willing to give him $36 million to make the film.

Likewise the T-shirts. He sold $1,500 worth his first month and reinvested everything. The problem he's got right now is reups—he is owed something like $4,000. Apparently, his corps of street salespeople have discovered a slight problem with Ross's model—T-shirts don't sell like crack.

Ross's cell phone is set to speaker, propped on his right shoulder to avoid another ticket. There's a spare battery charging in a broken phone in the cupholder; a third battery floats loose in the pocket of his jeans, the same pair the government issued him on the day he walked out of the federal prison in Texarkana, in northeast Texas, after serving fourteen years of a reduced sentence. The calls come in every few minutes: acolytes and sycophants, old homies and new connects, possible business partners, members of the media.

"What up whet up what up?" Ross answers, ever upbeat. "Talk to me. Who dat?"

This particular caller has been highly anticipated. He's from Russell Brand's late-night talk show, *Brand X*. The hugely popular English comedian is taping his last installment of the season tonight. Ross is scheduled to appear.

As Rick has been learning, it's one thing to be mobbed by a crowd of adoring brothers and sisters at the giant City of Hope church, or at Earlez Grille on Crenshaw Boulevard, or at the corner of Eighty-first and Hoover, a former weed and PCP spot where Ross became the first street dealer to offer ready rock for sale to the public. (His initial customers were the D Boys. They liked to mix a little crack into their blunts—street name: coco-puffs.)

But it's quite another to gain acceptance from the mainstream—especially when you're trying to raise $36 million for a film. This shot on national TV is just what he needs, a big-time arena in which to push his shirts and his various campaigns, a chance to explain a little bit about himself, to put things in context, to explain his situation—how he was really more of an entrepreneur giving microloans than a drug pusher peddling death. How the CIA practically put the drugs in his hands.

> Ross created a foolproof recipe for cooking powder cocaine into crack using household materials and a chain of organization around the country.

The caller sounds superfriendly; the two have spoken before. The routine of arrival is explained. The names of Ross's green-room entourage are locked down. A medium-sized Real Rick Ross T-shirt is requested. Then talk turns to plans for the segment.

"We'd like to have you show the audience how to make crack," the caller says.

Ross's large and expressive eyes seem to bulge out of their sockets. "You want me . . . to come on your show and cook crack?" He looks as if he's about to cry.

"Yes!" enthuses the caller. His tone is reminiscent of a cheerleader pumping a fist in the air. "Can you tell me what we'll need?"

THE 110 FREEWAY LINKS THE PORT of Long Beach with downtown L.A. It runs through the eastern side of the city, paralleling the coastline, passing near the Watts Towers, the L.A. Memorial Coliseum, the USC campus, and the Staples Center before merging with Interstate 10, a gateway to the rest of the nation. Leaving Long Beach, the 110 runs through blighted communities that once housed hundreds of thousands of blue-collar workers, many of them African-Americans who'd immigrated from the South in successive waves after World War II, seeking jobs and a better life. Today the area is best known for gangs, drugs, and economic despair. After the 1992 riots, people of color began to refer to a place called Soweto South of Pico Boulevard—the geographical line of demarcation between the haves and have-nots in Los Angeles.

A number of years ago, the 110 Freeway was widened. By eminent domain, construction claimed the house, at 430 West Eighty-seventh Place, where Ross grew up. Today if you go there, the ground still trembles. Homeless people live in makeshift tents beneath the overpass.



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Back in 1979, when Ross was nineteen and the house still stood, he would arrive home with his buddy Ollie "Big Loc" Newell to find the usual friends and family hanging out in the garage that Ross and his brother had converted into a bedroom.

The house was shared by Ross's aunt and his mother, Annie Mae Mauldin, the daughter of an east-Texas sharecropper Ross's father, Sonny Ross, a former Army cook and later a pig farmer, came from similar roots. Rick would have no relationship with him until after Rick's first stint in prison.

Ross and his mother came to South Central in 1963, when he was three. At first, they lived with her brother, George, and his wife. One night George became enraged and attacked his wife and sister. As little Ricky looked on in terror, Annie Mae Mauldin pulled a handgun from her purse and killed Uncle George. After what Ross remembers as a long and painful separation, Mauldin was released from jail and mother and son were reunited.



Throwing in with George's wife, Mauldin bought the house on Eighty-seventh Place. Mauldin cleaned office buildings, did landscaping, worked for a lawyer soliciting auto-accident cases. Eventually, the family went on welfare. Ross remembers collecting canned food from looted stores after the Watts riots. Mauldin is now in her mid-eighties, a sprightly woman with a quick laugh who drives a minivan and likes to gamble in a nearby casino. She remembers Ricky being embarrassed by government handouts, always bustling. He cut lawns, sold lemonade, pumped gas for tips, shoplifted, ran errands for neighborhood pimps. At Manchester Elementary, Ross wasn't so industrious. He fought with classmates, sassed teachers—the little guy with the big temper. Even though he couldn't read, he was promoted every year.

"There weren't no bankers or lawyers in my neighborhood to learn from," Ross says. "The pimps and the hustlers was my role models. There was experts on burglary, there was experts on how to rob somebody at the ATM, how to get a gun, how to file off the serial numbers—all this information was readily available in our community. Criminal enterprise was the only work we had."

Ross attended middle school during the early seventies, around the same time the Crips street gang was being founded. Started initially as a sort of neighborhood-watch brigade by muscleheads who prided themselves on a fly style of dress, the Crips would mutate across South Central (and further spawn the Bloods). One day at Bret Harte Junior High, after putting his books into his locker, Ross turned around to find himself staring down the barrel of a .38-caliber pistol. Somehow his homies defused the incident, but Ross was deeply shaken. He resolved to never join a gang. "I figured there had to be something better for me out there. I just didn't know what it was yet."

As it happened, his answer came in the unlikely form of a tennis racket, when a man showed up to hold a clinic at nearby Manchester Park. Ross went to the park nearly every day, despite the fact that he and his pals had once discovered a mutilated body floating in the swimming pool. (The memory would haunt him for years, as would his uncle's shooting, crippling him at times with debilitating symptoms of post-traumatic shock. In later years Ross would never be known for violence. If someone beat him on a deal, he didn't order a hit. Instead he'd think, *That motherfucker gonna be sorry when I blow the fuck up.*)

Too small for football or basketball, the quick and tenacious Ross found in tennis a legit place to excel. By ninth grade he was recruited to play for Dorsey High School, a magnet school in Baldwin Hills, an exclusive residential area known as the black Beverly Hills.

Ross dropped out before receiving his diploma. As his jock friends went off to college scholarships, Ross ended up playing for the tennis team at Los Angeles Trade-Technical College while he was studying auto upholstery, inspired by his newfound passion for lowriders. He bought a 1966 Impala convertible and set about restoring and customizing it—juiced, lifted, and sporting fancy rims, the vehicle could hop three feet off the ground. To pay for his hobby, Ross fell into a network of auto thieves who became known as the Freeway Boys. He also became part owner of a chop shop.

Around the spring of 1982, Ross was arrested for the first time and charged with possession of stolen auto parts. Free on bail and awaiting trial, he got a call, as Ross tells it, from his old friend Mike, a running back who'd left town for a football scholarship to San Jose State University.

Mike was staying in the guesthouse of a nice place in Sugar Hill, an area popular with wealthy black folks prior to Baldwin Hills. It had its own kitchen and everything. Ross had never even had his own room.

Greeting Ross and his boy Ollie at the door, according to Ross, Mike pulled out a plastic baggie filled with white paper bindles. He removed one and opened it—inside was a small amount of white powder that sparkled beneath the lamplight. At the time, the most common drugs to use or sell in the ghetto were black-tar heroin, marijuana, and PCP—phencyclidine, a powerful anesthetic. The only time Ross had even heard of cocaine was in the movie *Superfly*.

"This is worth fifty dollars," Mike said.

"Stop lying," Ross laughed.

"Man, no joke. They going crazy over this stuff. All of the entertainers are doing it. All the white people are doing it."

"Well, if it worth that much, I'm gonna find a way to get rich," Ross proclaimed.

"Take this and see what you can do with it," Mike said. He handed over the half-gram bindle.

Now Ross and Ollie arrived home to find the usual suspects collected in the garage bedroom/clubhouse. In Ross's mind, "these guys was supposed to be the ones in our little circle who knew what was going on in the streets. The players, the down hustlers, the street-smart guys—these was them."

Ollie bolted the interior door and Ross produced with some ceremony the little packet of cocaine. He opened it on the table.

The scent was vaguely medicinal, like something you might smell in the emergency room. Everybody stood dumbfounded, just looking at one another.

Finally, Cruz Dog spoke. He was one of Ross's oldest homies, a

▲ Ross leaving a jail van in Tyler, Texas, in 1994 after serving nine months on state charges of conspiracy to possess cocaine. He had already done four years in federal prison in Cincinnati for distributing.

fleet wide receiver turned fearless Crip soldier Ross had known since Manchester Elementary

He pushed back his cap and scratched his head "What is it, cuz?"

ROSS AND ALLIE DROVE AROUND THE 'HOOD, seeing what they could do with this new drug. Eventually they ran into Martin the pimp. Martin demonstrated how to cook the powder into crack—he produced a small nugget that looked like a white aquarium stone.

Then Martin demonstrated how to smoke it. (It made a loud crackling sound when lit, some say that's the origin of the name.)

An hour later, the partners were back at the house on Eighty-seventh Place, stewing on the front porch The drugs were gone They owed Mike fifty dollars. Ollie wanted payback.

"Man, you can't kill Martin," Ross said. "That's the OG man, everybody in the 'hood gonna be mad."

Then Martin pulled up in front of the house He was riding with Big Mouse, one of the original Crips. The two approached the porch. Martin's eyes looked wide and a little crazy Ross steeled himself.

The old pimp took Ross's hand in a soul shake "Man, I got you a customer," he enthused.

When Mike had first pulled out the coke in the guesthouse, Ross snorted a couple of lines and was unimpressed In powder form the effects were subtle. But after watching Martin cook the crack and compulsively smoke it—and return an hour later in an urgent search for more, with financing in tow—Ross knew he'd discovered an opportunity.

At first, Ross middled the coke for Mike, without commission, just to learn the ropes Then he discovered that his upholstery teacher, who lived in Baldwin Hills, was also into coke He had connections to Nicaraguan dealers Ross started buying and selling more and more product. He paid Martin the pimp to cook each batch into crack, in time Ross figured out the simple process himself.

Ross wasn't the first to deal crack—a mass-produced form of what others were calling freebase. Crack was documented by UCLA researchers as early as 1974 in the San Francisco area. At the same time Ross was experimenting with sales of ready rock, so were dealers and users in New York and Miami. Along with a source of heat and some water, "a saucer, a glass, a paper towel, and Arm & Hammer baking soda are about all that is needed" to cook crack, according to a physician who testified in 1979 before a U S. House Select Committee.

Thereafter, whenever Ross recruited a new subdealer, he'd teach him how to cook. He wasn't afraid to go into a hostile neighborhood to seek out a leader and make a deal. "I wasn't a Crip or a Blood. I was the man with the dope and the opportunity," Ross says

Eventually Ross was introduced to a Nicaraguan named Oscar Danilo Blandon. A former marketing director in Nicaragua, Blandón and his wife were forced to flee their country in 1979 when the Cuban-aided Sandinista rebels defeated the U S.-trained army of Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza and took over the country

Dealing with Blandón, Ross seemed to have virtually unlimited access to drugs By age twenty-three, Ross says, he was a millionaire In some respects he was the prototypical drug kingpin. He wore a bulletproof vest and carried a 9mm, fathered five babies with four different women, kept himself surrounded by a posse of workers connected by walkie-talkies, ordered up bootleg designer furnishings for his motel (which he gave to his mom to run), bought an apartment building, sponsored a semipro basketball team, bought new pews for his mom's church, had so much cash he had to hire people to count it.

But he was never flashy. He wore T-shirts and jeans and was driven around in a beater "Instead of buying cars and fancy stuff, I took my money and I went and bought more and more dope—eventually my dealer told the other guys they was too small-time and had to buy their dope from me. So then I was getting a lower price, plus I was making money on all they shit, too," Ross explains For a long time, the Freeway Rick Task Force—a squad of hardened drug cops from the L. A County Sheriff's Department dedicated to his capture—actually had no idea what he looked like.

In 1988, a load of coke bound for his lucrative new territory in Cincinnati was detected by a drug-sniffing dog at a bus station in New Mexico. The drugs were traced to Ross, he was arrested. Federal indictments in Cincinnati, Los Angeles, and Tyler, Texas, were handed down. Ross pleaded guilty to cocaine-trafficking charges and received a mandatory ten-year prison sentence, which he began serving in 1990

Around this time, a federal investigation into the sheriff's office was uncovering massive corruption. Dozens of narcotics officers were convicted of beating suspects, stealing drug money, and planting evidence. Ross testified for the government. In return he served only four years and nine months of his sentence.

Back home at thirty-four, Rick got a job hauling trash. His major efforts were devoted to an old theater in South Central he wanted to convert into a youth center/recording studio/performance space. While he'd been away in prison, holding on to the theater and his other remaining assets had been costing him nearly fifteen grand a month With all the money spent on lawyers for himself and his workers, he was nearly broke He'd paid the owner of the theater $900,000 up front and $6,000 a month while incarcerated. Now Ross was behind in the payments; the owner was threatening to foreclose Everything else was gone. Ross was determined not to lose the theater, too

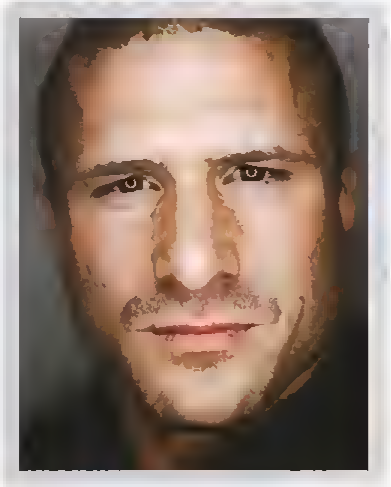
As it happened, right about this time, Ross received a call from his old business partner, Blandón.

In late 1990 or '91, Blandón was arrested by the LAPD with a suitcase full of cash—only to be hailed out by the U S Justice Department, which said he was part of a money-laundering case. Then Blandón was arrested by the DEA for conspiracy to distribute cocaine

While probation officers recommended a life sentence and a $4 million fine, the prosecution argued that Blandón was "extraordinarily valuable in major DEA investigations of Class I drug traffickers," and recommended forty-eight months and no fine Less than a year later Blandón was freed In a memo to a judge, the prosecutor wrote that Blandón hed "almost unlimited potential to assist the United States as a full-time, paid informant after his release from prison "

Ross was a little surprised to hear from Blandón, but they'd always done beautiful business. Ross and a friend drove to Blandón's downtown L. A restaurant. After they chatted and caught up, Blandón got to his point. "The Colombians are on my back," he told Ross. He owed money, he had a shipment he needed to sell. "Why go around begging [*continued on page 276*]





33 | SHAWN FANNING

(b. 1981) COFOUNDER OF NAPSTER (AND NOW AIRTIME, A VIDEO-CHAT HUB) INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY GAME CHANGER

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

- **It's called flow.** That state of being present but unaware of the passage of time, unaware of your body. Your focus is on your objective. There's complete immersion and excitement. I think many of the great achievements in human history have been the result of that state.
- **I got my first computer** when I was sixteen. I wrote Napster when I was eighteen. There was no Internet bubble at the time. My family thought I was playing games and messing around. They had no idea that I was diving into this completely new world. And it wasn't something I knew how to explain, because I was trying to make sense of it myself.
- **When people classify you,** you lose your ability to share the things you've learned.
- **The collective effort** to improve the Internet is always going to defeat those trying to exploit it.
- **Sometimes I joke** that mentoring is manipulating someone for their own best interests.
- **Hippies are really happy,** but for some reason that turns people off.
- **I have a view that if somebody's** doing something bad and no one has told them yet, it's not their fault, because none of us can have complete perspective.
- **The challenge is no longer** about building great software and technology. It's about building a way for a product, that is able to attach to a person's *life*.
- **Often entrepreneurship is** driven by insecurity. You're solving a problem, but you're running away from something.
- **Technology is not like physics,** where there are laws. Technology is changing all the time.
- **Cutting my hair** is a good example of a time when my brain is blank.
- **Given that the Internet** changed our notion of friendship and connections—and has caused a massive increase in our sense of interconnectivity—or what some would argue is a false sense of connection—or a poor substitute—to me, friends are people who will tell you the things you need to hear because they care about your best interest.



32 | AARON SCHOCK

(b. 1981) ILLINOIS REPUBLICAN, SECOND-YOUNGEST MEMBER OF CONGRESS

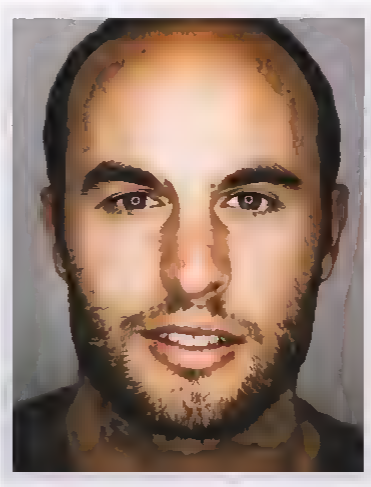
Best day so far: "The one I'm living. Because I believe that each day presents limitless opportunities to succeed or fail based on the decisions that I make."



29 | EZRA KLEIN

(b. 1984) BLOGGER, EDITOR, AND COLUMNIST *THE WASHINGTON POST*, TALKING HEAD

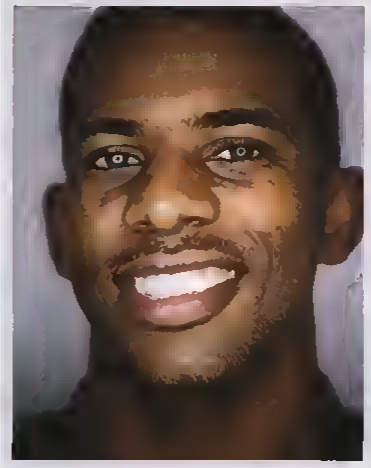
Best advice he's gotten: "Keep calm."



31 | LANDON DONOVAN

(b. 1982) FORWARD, LOS ANGELES GALAXY, U.S. NATIONAL SOCCER TEAM

Best day so far: "After the shootings in Newtown, the soccer community had the opportunity to go put on a soccer night in Newtown. We were able to give people in desperate need of some happiness a night to forget about what had happened."



28 | CHRIS PAUL

(b. 1985) POINT GUARD, LOS ANGELES CLIPPERS; SIX-TIME NBA ALL-STAR

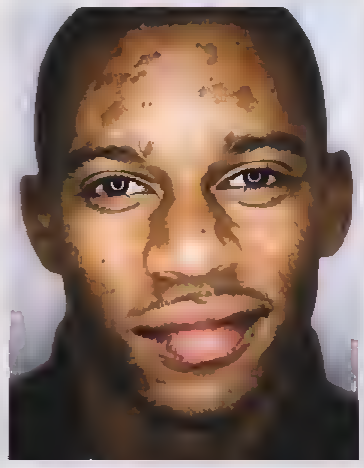
Best advice he's gotten: "Keep your family near. Growing up in a small town—Winston-Salem, North Carolina—and now living in the big city of dreams in Los Angeles, the thing that has enabled me to remain humble and do what I love to do is to always keep my family near."



30 | AZIZ ANSARI

(b. 1983) ACTOR, NBC'S *PARKS AND RECREATION*; STAND-UP COMIC

Proudest accomplishment: "The first time I did stand up at Carnegie Hall. At that point I had been doing stand up in New York maybe nine or ten years, and going from, like, crappy open mic stuff to playing a sold out show in Carnegie Hall definitely felt like I did something."



27 | VICTOR CRUZ

(b. 1988) WIDE RECEIVER, NEW YORK GIANTS

Best day so far: "When my daughter was born. Feeling all that responsibility, knowing there's someone depending on me to make sure they're fed and taught good things and taught good morals, completely changed my life."



THE LIFE OF MAN

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

RONAN FARROW

26

(b. 1987) DIPLOMAT. LAWYER. ACTIVIST

INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN

The son of Mia Farrow and Woody Allen, Farrow graduated from Bard College at fifteen with a double major in philosophy and biology. In 2009 he graduated from Yale Law School, where he edited the *Yale Journal of International Affairs*. He has served as a UNICEF spokesman in Angola, Nigeria, and Sudan, and as special advisor for global youth issues to Secretary of State Hillary Clinton. As a Rhodes scholar, he studied international development at Oxford. He also writes and records country songs.

> **My earliest memory is** nursing and struggling to see the colored lights making up the map of the world, the famous backdrop for Larry King's TV show. There's an I-want-to-do-all-things-at-once kind of theme to it. The conflict was How can I turn to see those colored lights without losing the nipple?

> **If you've seen my speeches**—especially the commencement addresses—you know my dilemma. How do I walk into the room, look at a group of peers, more or less, and say, "I look twelve years old, but here's some free advice."

> **Go back in a time machine** to when I was nine years old at the dinner table and you'd see my brother Moses across from me. He's got cerebral palsy and was adopted from Korea. My sister Quincy would be next to him; she's African-American and was adopted from a drug-addicted inner-city mother. My sister Minh, blind and adopted from Vietnam, doesn't know anybody's race. I mean, literally, she thinks I'm an Asian woman. My brother Suraj, who is adopted from Calcutta, is paraplegic—no use of his body from the waist down. He was abandoned at a train station and taken in by an orphanage, where he was chained to a stake in the ground, fed scraps, and beaten. There were fourteen of us—thirteen siblings in addition to myself. In a sense, I had the world's problems on my doorstep. And I had to figure out what I could throw at these problems. So there was always going to be some kind of a public-service piece in my future.

> **My mother has been** picking up Legos for forty years. I'm pretty sure I wouldn't have the strength or stamina for that. It's a lot to ask. I don't know how she does it, and I admire it tremendously.

> **My father left** when I was five or six. I've been asked about him often in interviews over the years. But I skim the surface. I'm able to be a little jokey about it. I think the most sincere answer is what I've learned coming out of the long shadow of having celebrity parents. It's shaped my life and given me a burning desire to prove myself at every turn. It's made me pretty driven, and, combined with the feeling of being the youngest guy in the room, has meant I've had to be pretty precise in defending the things I want to stand for. There hasn't been a lot of slack. I don't get leeway. Ultimately, that's been a very healthy thing.

> **Growing up in a family like mine,** it's impossible to have anything but a deep appreciation for the arts and telling a good story.

> **I once asked my mother** about the most interesting lesson she ever learned. She said she once sat next to the Queen Mother and asked her that same question. And the Queen Mother said, "Manners. Manners will get you through anything."

> **Politics is a particularly barren world** in terms of storytelling. People in government just don't know how to do it well so much of the time. There are some great speechwriters, and there are isolated examples of politicians who know how to communicate the emotional stakes. But by and large, Washington's not that good at communicating.

> **I care about the policy stuff.** I don't particularly like the politics. I've never had the love of the campaign trail, the ebb and flow of the infighting and backstabbing. And particularly in the wake of *Citizens United*, and the shrinking space for doing anything but fundraising, and the increasing ways in which elections can be bought and sold, I think it's a hard time for any principled young person to say with a straight face that he or she really wants to go into that world. But if there is a specific mission to rise to—

> **Can you be on the inside** and make a difference and not lose yourself? Being in government forces you to wrestle with that question.

> **Hillary Clinton respects good ideas** wherever they come from. That's something I haven't seen in a lot of powerful people.

> **Our culture has** kind of let the concept of the Renaissance man die out. We don't really tell the kids that it's okay to bounce around the world, work odd jobs, and do six different things.

> **You eat a lot of goat stomach** when you're in North Africa. You eat whatever's put in front of you. I am a big proponent of that.

> **People were stunned** by Richard Holbrooke's death, partly because he didn't seem the type to die. He'd be so *annoyed* to be dead.

> **You may be the best Arabist,** the best African expert, but it would be hubris to say that you fully understand the culture if you didn't grow up there.

> **Young people tend to be** the most skeptical of the establishment because they haven't been established yet.

> **I had a professor in law school** named Jan Deutsch. Bill Clinton actually talks about him being his favorite professor at Yale Law. He's got an eccentric way of communicating—brilliant, brilliant guy—and he once said to me, "You, sir—you are in rebellion against time." ■



25 | DANIEL RODRIGUEZ

(b. 1988) FORMER SERGEANT, U.S. ARMY; RECIPIENT OF A PURPLE HEART AND A BRONZE STAR FOR COMBAT IN AFGHANISTAN; WIDE RECEIVER, CLEMSON TIGERS

Best advice he's gotten: "It's not how you start something, it's how you finish it. Where I've been and what I've gone through haven't defined me; it's where I want to go and how I finish my life that drive me and motivate me."

Esquire 1933–2013 80

THE BOYS OF WAR

ON SEPTEMBER 11, 2001, THEY WERE IN MIDDLE SCHOOL. THE SOLDIERS WHO HAVE FOUGHT OUR LONGEST WAR HAVE LIVED LIVES SHAPED BY CONFLICT.

BY BRIAN MOCKENHAUPT

I arrived for tough Army basic training in the sticky heat of summertime Georgia at twenty-seven, which made me an old man in our platoon of infantry recruits. Most of the others were a decade younger, and many had been in high school just weeks before. War would define their entry into manhood. For a young man of twenty-five today, the country has always been at war.

So it was for Daniel Rodriguez, the improbable walk-on wide receiver for Clemson University who turned nineteen in Kuwait, twenty in Iraq, and twenty-two in the remote mountains of Afghanistan. He came home from the war soul-wounded, angry, and confused. He drank himself through many low months and thought about killing himself, as two of his Army friends would go. Which sounds a lot like a recent Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America survey of its members. A third have considered suicide, a third know a fellow service member who killed himself, and nearly half know someone who has tried.

These young men—and, increasingly, women—who have fought overseas during the dozen years of this Long War may represent a tiny sliver of American society, but they are part of a vast and timeless cohort through the ages: soldiers who have a hard time making sense of their place in society once they return home. In past wars, when more of the citizenry served, perhaps we would have found some added solace in the shared history, just knowing that neighbors or coworkers had been to the same place—in the world or in their hearts. But war takes a person so far outside the rhythms of normal life that the journey home is disorienting, if not treacherous, no matter the level of support and understanding. That's how it was for me and most of the veterans I know—feeling alienated and out of step, frustrated with ourselves or those around us.

Which makes Rodriguez's transition all the more compelling to me, going from the severity of his experiences at the far fringes of a neglected war to where he ended up: the Clemson crowd cheering madly for him as he made his first college catch.

They call Clemson's stadium Death Valley, which is darkly funny in Rodriguez's case, even in a sport full of overblown analogies equating it with war and mortal struggle. He lived for months in a real valley of death, a patch of exposed ground speckled with bunkers and surrounded by high mountain walls from which Taliban fighters could shoot down on him, as they did most every day.

Just before dawn on October 3, 2009—a Saturday, game day!—more than 350 Taliban fighters swarmed down those mountains and stormed the outpost. Rodriguez's friend Kevin Thomson died next to him, shot in the head in the first few minutes of fighting, one of eight Americans killed. Another twenty-two were wounded, including Rodriguez, peppered with shrapnel from a rocket-propelled grenade. Rodriguez threw sixty-two hand grenades, and he and his fellow soldiers killed 150 of the attackers in a daylong battle filled with desperate heroics, resulting in two Medals of Honor, nine Silver Stars, and a few dozen more medals for valor.

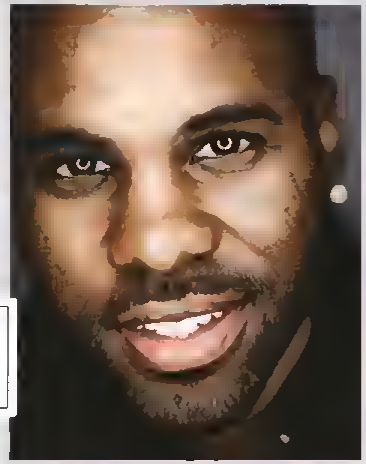
How do you come home from that?

Rodriguez had been a star high school football player, and after the months of post-Afghanistan, screw-the-world, no-one-knows-what-I've-been-through darkness, he rekindled his dream to play college ball, worked out three times a day, and made a stylish video showcasing his manic drive that blew up on YouTube and drew coaches' attention.

"When I devote myself to something rather than sulk in my reclusiveness, that's what helps get me through it. The more I put time into something I was passionate about, the more I strayed away from my nightmares and waking up in panics and sweats. I still have my moments, but I found balance," he says.

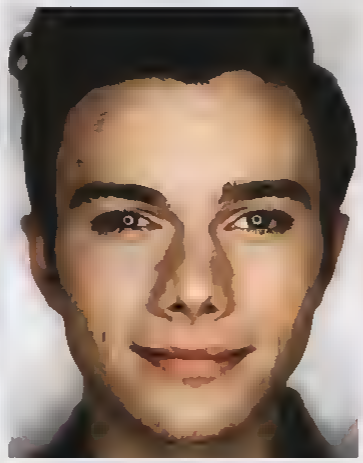
"So many veterans come home and just revolve their lives around the negativity," he says. "Everybody's gone through adversity. Just because you enlisted doesn't make you special."

While Rodriguez may seem an anomaly among his cohort of young war veterans, I find profound value in his story for this reason. He does not view himself as a war veteran or a college athlete; rather he defines himself by everything in between then and now—the darkness, the coming to terms, the decision to transform, and the lonely, relentless work. The first element, the darkness, is a given for many. The rest is a choice. ■



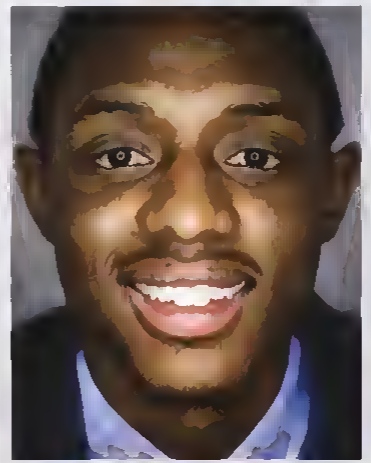
24 | JASON DERULO

(b. 1989) SINGER; DANCING MACHINE
Most proud of: "Completing my third album during the recovery process after I broke my neck."



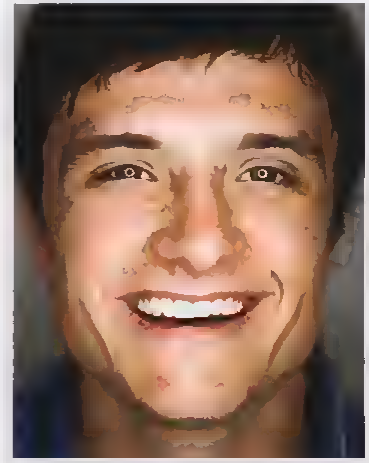
23 | CHRIS COLFER

(b. 1990) ACTOR, FOX'S *GLEE*
Most looking forward to: "It really sucks to be in your younger twenties. There's just no respect, you know? So I'm looking forward to being older—like in my sixties or seventies. I want to get to that age where I can be the crazy old guy in the corner. I'm going to thrive in that period of life."



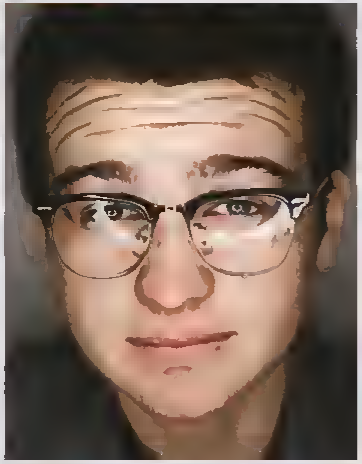
22 | BRANDON KNIGHT

(b. 1991) POINT GUARD, MILWAUKEE BUCKS
Most looking forward to: "Improving my team to try to win an NBA championship one day."



21 | JOSH HUTCHERSON

(b. 1992) ACTOR, *THE HUNGER GAMES*
Best advice he's gotten: "It came through somebody else from Tom Hanks. Fame doesn't change you; it just magnifies whoever you are. And I have definitely seen that. Great people become even more great, people who are bad become even worse."



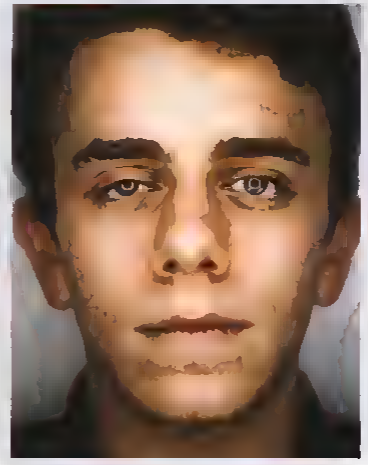
20 | ANGUS T. JONES

(b. 1993) ACTOR, FORMER HALF MAN OF *TWO AND A HALF MEN*
Best day so far: "Right now. The moment I'm actually living in. Because I can make decisions that affect where I'm going in the future and I can have interesting memories to remember when I get there."



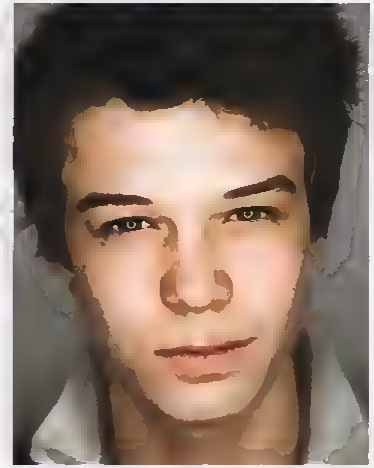
19 | SETH JONES

(b. 1994) HOCKEY DEFENSEMAN, NASHVILLE PREDATORS
(FOURTH OVERALL PICK IN 2013 NHL DRAFT)
Best advice he's gotten: "Firm handshake, eye contact."



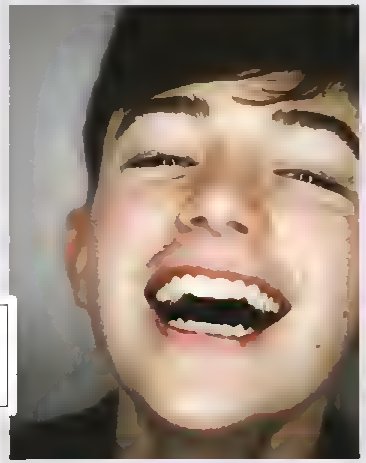
18 | MAX FRIEDLICH

(b. 1995) PLAYWRIGHT, *SLEEPOVER* AND *BLACK ICE*; YOUNGEST DRAMATIST TO PRESENT AT THE 2012 NEW YORK FRINGE FESTIVAL
Most looking forward to: "Being in a position where I can make some money doing playwriting."



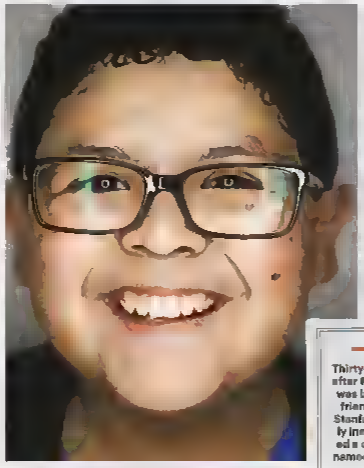
17 | COLIN FORD

(b. 1995) ACTOR, CBS's *UNDER THE DOME*
Most looking forward to: "Starting my adult life."



16 | GREYSON CHANCE

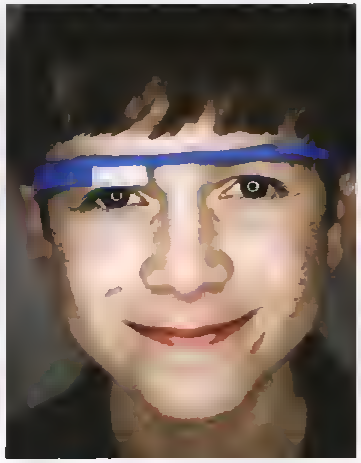
(b. 1997) SINGER, YOUTUBE SENSATION
Best advice he's gotten "So I performed at the White House, right? It blew my mind. And I remember Michelle Obama said, 'Hey, kid, keep on doing what you're doing because it's working out. I like it.' And so that's my favorite piece of advice. The First Lady told me to keep on making music."



15 | RICO RODRIGUEZ

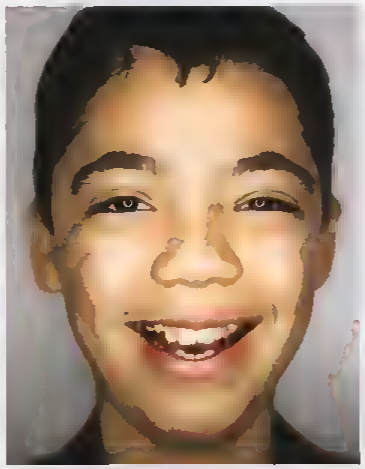
(b. 1998) ACTOR, ABC'S *MODERN FAMILY*
Best day so far "I think the best day of my life would probably have to be when my son was born. Ah. I remember it like it was yesterday. . . . Nah. I'm kidding."

Thirty-five days after Rodriguez was born, two friends from Stanford legally incorporated a company named Google.



14 | THOMAS SUAREZ

(b. 1999) APP DEVELOPER, CREATOR OF "EARTH FORTUNE" AND "BUSTIN JIEBER"
Best advice he's gotten "It came from Jack Dorsey [cofounder of Twitter and Square]. 'You don't have to do it first, you just have to do it right.'"



13 | ETHAN BORTNICK

(b. 2000) PIANIST, YOUNGEST MUSICIAN EVER TO HEADLINE A SOLO TOUR
Best advice he's gotten "Quincy Jones told me that if you could dream it, you could be it."

Google didn't exist fifteen years ago. Now Google is embedded in our lives in ways Google really would prefer we not notice.

BY TOM JUNOD

GOOGLE: THE CELEBRITY PROFILE

"OKAY, GOOGLE."

"Thank you, Google!"

"Thanks for the inspiration, Google!"

"Oh, *Google*. . . ."

It is the day after Memorial Day, the unofficial start of summer, and Google, the Silicon Valley billionaire and global celebrity, is in the house. Actually, Google *rents* the house, in lower Manhattan, for the purpose of throwing a party—or, more precisely, for the purpose of staging a "Google Event." Other celebrities have rented the house before; Google (as the saying goes) the address, 214 Lafayette Street, and you can watch the video that Beyoncé filmed at the indoor pool. Talk to the guy at the coffee bar down the street and he will tell you that Heidi Klum lived there for a while with her bodyguard. But Google is a different kind of celebrity. Google has become a celebrity because of Google's utopianism, and Google's utopianism is on display on all five floors of 214 Lafayette Street. As are the Google Girls.

The Google Girls work for Google, and the Google Girls are familiar enough with Google to address Google on familiar terms—that is, as a kind of being, if not quite human then humanized. The house is divided into spaces optimized to show off what the Google Girls call "the Google Ecosystem," so wherever you go, you hear the Google Girls talking to Google in the manner Google prefers. One pretext of the party is Google's triumphant creation of Google Now, by which Google succeeds both in speaking and being spoken to. But the Google Girls don't just ask Google questions. Instead, they preface their questions with the words "Okay, Google," and then, when their curiosity has been satisfied, rarely neglect to say "Thank you, Google."

It is an odd effect, and a reminder that Google, like many celebrities, is both effortlessly casual and a total control freak. Walk into the kitchen and a Google Girl is asking Google how many teaspoons are in a tablespoon and how many pints are in a quart. Go to the pool and a Google Girl is asking Google Maps to "explore" Rio de Janeiro while making available tropical drinks in coconut shells. Sit next to the large-screen TV and a Google Girl is asking Google the name of the actress who plays Joan on *Mad Men* and evincing shock—or

pity—when she finds out that Christina Hendricks is thirty-eight years old. "Oh, my God. I didn't know." They are very young, the Google Girls, and they have excellent manners, with Google and everyone else. They also do a good job of pretending they don't know anything. Indeed, they have all grown up with Google, so they don't just work for Google, they have absorbed Google and share some of the presumptions of Google's utopianism, which are as follows:

that most people don't know how many pints are in a quart;

that Google does;

that life is hard, and Google makes life easier;

that Google makes life easier in part by knowing how many pints are in a quart;

that people who no longer have to know how many pints are in a quart will be free to contemplate how many angels can dance on the head of a pin;

that Google is always there and always will be there;

that everybody has a Google account and uses Gmail and anybody who doesn't is, well, *old*;

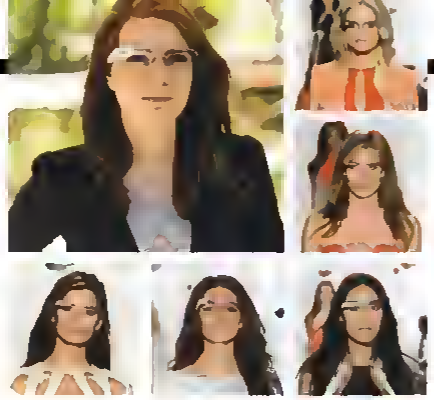
that a Google account and Gmail are, like Google Now and Google Maps and pretty much everything else Google has ever done, "absolutely free";

that most people like advertising, so long as it's "useful";

and, finally, that if information can't be found on Google, it doesn't exist.

And so the Google Girls, while thrilled to hear the rumor that Heidi Klum lived with her bodyguard at 214 Lafayette, feel duty-bound to report that it's not true. How do they know?

"Because we Googled it and it's not on Google!"



▲ The designer of Google Glass (top left) is sexy. She explicitly designed Glass to be sexy. And it is sexy. On women. Why is Glass designed to be sexy? Maybe to distract us from what Google is really up to.

EVERY CELEBRITY HAS BECOME a celebrity because of sex and money. But few celebrities like talking about either sex or money; they would rather talk about ideas, or ideals, or solving the world's problems—all against a backdrop of sex and money. So it is with Google. Of course, Google specializes in coming up with ideas, professes the highest ideals, and is dedicated to solving the world's problems. But Google also makes an astonishing amount of money, and has, with Glass, created the first Google product that is obviously about sex.

Go all the way to the fifth floor of 214 Lafayette, where the Google Girls are mixing with the "Explorers," and they are all wearing Google Glass. Glass Explorers are different from Google Girls in that they don't work for Google and had to earn the right to wear Google Glass by completing the following Googley hashtag: "If I had Glass ___." But as they sit in the bright sun on 214 Lafayette's rooftop patio, they look very much the same as the Google Girls,* because they are for the most part extremely attractive young women who have made themselves available to talk about Google Glass, and Google Glass, the tiny cubed computer they wear on their faces, has *marked* them. They activate Google Glass either by tapping a touch pad on the titanium frame—a touchingly pensive gesture—or by tipping their heads back and speaking to Google Glass, with a variation on Google's ritualized form of address:

"Okay, Glass," they say, tipping their heads back as if to prepare themselves for the Eucharist.

It is not simply that most of the Google Girls and Glass Explorers on hand at 214 Lafayette are there to make Glass look glamorous and that Glass winds up making *them* look glamorous. ("For the first time in my life, I feel like a celebrity," is what one Glass Explorer says.) Nor is it just that Glass is so obviously suited for use in pornography that Google has already issued an edict against Glass's pornographic use. It is that there has always been an erotics of Google—a balance of individual trust and cultural submission—and Glass finally makes it overt.

Google Glass is something new for Google in that Glass is a device Google is pioneering rather than an Internet service. But Glass, at the same time, is the kind of thing that has made Google famous. One of Google's patented "big bets." Google's big bet is that people will trust Google enough to submit to Glass—enough, that is, to install Google in their line of sight and make Google their intermediary to the world. Glass is not simply a "device," like a tablet or even a smartphone; it is an intimacy, and so it's sexy, the way that an indiscreet tattoo is sexy—it implies a willingness to let Google take liberties.

HERE IS HOW, AFTER THE GOOGLE EVENT at 214 Lafayette, Google spent its summer vacation:

Launching the first Google Loon balloon—Google's "balloon-powered Internet," intended to provide WiFi to developing areas of the world—over New Zealand;

losing a legal dispute arguing that the FBI's request for confidential user data in nineteen "national security letters" was unconstitutional;

buying the "social mapping" start-up Waze for about $1 billion;

acknowledging Google's compliance with FISA's requests for user data;

reconfiguring Gmail to allow advertising to be placed directly in the in-box with users' e-mails for the first time;

denying participation in—or even knowledge of—the NSA surveillance program identified by Edward Snowden as Prism despite leaked slides that claimed Google (among others) had given the NSA "back-door access" to the servers where user data is stored;

updating Google Maps to make it more Yelpy;

filing a legal motion with the FISA court to permit, on First

Google doesn't call them Google Girls. Google, nothing if not enlightened, calls them and all Google employees "Googlers."

BE REMEMBERED
FOR WHAT
YOU DO NEXT.

KEEP WALKING.
JOHNNIE WALKER.

Amendment grounds, disclosure of how many FISA orders Google receives and how many users those orders affect;

unveiling Chromecast, the thirty-five-dollar dongle that permits users to stream any of their digital devices to their televisions,

receiving a letter from officials in six countries and the European Commission spelling out privacy concerns occasioned by Google Glass;

announcing plans to offer free wireless Internet in seven thousand Starbucks locations;

announcing more than $14 billion in revenue for the second quarter of 2013,

and introducing, with Motorola, the Moto X, which has been called the first real "Google Phone," since it's trained to recognize the voices of users saying "Okay, Google—"

THERE IS A UNIFIED THEORY of Google. There is a theory that knits together all of Google's disparate interests, dizzying innovations, fleeting infatuations, perplexing betrayals, brass-knuckled negotiations, and inspiring impossibilities—the whole user log of behaviors most often explained by the utopian magnitude of Google's ambitions.

GOOGLE IS A MORAL REVOLUTIONARY, AND "DON'T BE EVIL" IS OUR NEW GOLDEN RULE. BECAUSE GOOGLE (OR BARACK OBAMA, FOR THAT MATTER) DOES NOT *INTEND* HARM, NO HARM CAN BE DONE.

The theory is that Google is not really that ambitious at all.

Indeed, the theory begins with the idea that Google is the new Microsoft, the rival Google outmaneuvered and displaced when the World Wide Web displaced the personal computer as the center of the digital universe. Like Google, Microsoft had something very valuable, and therefore something worth protecting—Windows. And protect Windows Microsoft did, to the extent that the company posture became exclusively defensive, and competitors were able to move more quickly and nimbly than Microsoft ever could.

Of course, what Google has is what Google started with: Google has Search.

Seventeen years ago, when Larry Page and Sergey Brin were graduate students at Stanford, they did what very few people in history have done and got something right. They didn't come up with answers, they didn't get right what, say, Newton got right or what Darwin got right. But they also did more than figure out Internet search. The Internet had not just made a historic amount of information available; it had energized a historic number of people to seek information out, and what Google's algorithm did, at least in part, was put those people to work. It made the searchers part of the search and learned from them. It was an approach to knowledge rather than knowledge itself, and it has come to dominate our age. What does Google know? Well, the most important thing of all. Google knows you.

And so here's the theory: Search is what Google is good at; Search is what makes nearly all of Google's money; Search is what Google is determined to protect at all costs, Search is what makes Google paranoid, since Google knows that Search is a fragile basis for hegemony. As the head of one Cloud-based company says, "It costs the user nothing to switch from one search engine to another, and Google knows it." Or, as Google insists whenever Google is threatened by antitrust violations, "Competition is one click away."

And so, the theory goes, what comes across as ambition is, in fact, insulation—Google's determination not to let anyone or anything come between Google Search and any hypothetical set of eyes, Google's willingness to punish anyone or anything that does.

It's a pretty good theory, because it can be used to explain both the incredible and the inexplicable.

Android? Google wasn't going to let Apple decide who owned the future of mobile Search.

Gmail? There is nothing that binds a user to a platform like e-mail, it protects Search by being, in tech talk, "stickier" than Search.

Google Fiber, the fiber-optic cable network that Google installed as a prototype in Kansas City? There is no greater threat to Search than the telecom and cable companies that serve as Internet gatekeepers, Google's entrance into any market changes the market and gives the Comcasts and Verizons of the world something to think about.

The driverless car? Drivers free to take their eyes off the road are free to use Search.

Google Glass? The searching glance—the human glance—now Searches.

THE ONLY THING WRONG with the theory about Google and Search is that it feels irrelevant and even slightly ridiculous when you actually talk to Google about Search. Does Google protect Search? Google does. But Google also protects the people who work on Search—their idealism and their innocence. Take Ben Gomes, for instance. He has been working for Google for more than eleven years. He is the vice-president in charge of Search. When he talks about "literally running" to his desk in the morning, it's not because he is so eager to defend Search from its real and perceived enemies. It's because he is working on what he calls "the most fascinating intellectual questions of our time"—questions about the possibilities of artificial intelligence and "the limits of human language." If he is protecting Search, he is doing so by making Search better, by making Search faster, by making Search more personalized, by making Search more predictive, by pushing relentlessly toward the goal of making Search into a kind of ambient intelligence and the computer into something that just talks to you in "natural language." Any child can tell you what Google does—Google gives you the answers. But Google doesn't, not really. Google helps you find the answer, in the form of search results that Gomes calls the needle in the haystack. And what Google wants to give you, what Ben Gomes is working on giving you, is the exact thing you're searching for, "the needle itself."

To do this, of course, Google needs something from you as well. Google needs help, in the form of your data.

Without your data, Google couldn't have created the new Search-based service Google Now and couldn't offer to be your intuitive personal assistant that gives "information you need throughout your day before you even ask."

Without your data, Google couldn't pursue the dream of trying to figure out what you're really thinking when you're asking a question, of trying to discern, from the imprecision of your language, the exact answer you're looking for.

Without your data, Google can't keep learning, because in order

NEARLY 200 YEARS AGO,
WE PIONEERED
WHISKY BLENDING.
AND HAVEN'T LOOKED
BACK SINCE.



KEEP WALKING.
JOHNNIE WALKER.

to keep learning, Google has to keep learning about you.

Yes, in the wake of the Snowden revelations, the search engine DuckDuckGo gained millions of users by promising not to track them, not to keep their data, and to keep them anonymous. But DuckDuckGo is not a technical answer to the problem of Internet privacy but rather a moral one—it can't possibly do what Google does and doesn't try. And although there are young technologists who believe that Google now stands in the way of real innovation, clinging to a platform when the only way to reinvent the Internet is to come up with a whole new protocol, clinging to data when the next great Internet innovation will restore the ownership of data to users, well, their day is still a long way off. Google's day has lasted fifteen years, and though that day began with Search, the unified theory of Google is wrong in at least one respect:

Google does not exist for Search.

Google exists for your data.

WHEN GOOGLE WAS JUST GGHH, the concern about Google was that nobody had ever figured out a way to "monetize"—to make money from—Search. Well, that was because nobody had ever figured out a way to make money from the people using Search, the people known to Google as "users." Both now and then, Google has elevated users into an omnipresent ideal. Put users first and success will follow. Google was right; by 2011 Google had a billion of them. But there were no Google customers until Google came up with something to sell. Ben Gomes says that users are his customers. And users tend to believe, with resolute and unquestioning faith, that they are Google's customers.

But they're not. Google's customers are advertisers, and Google's users are what Google sells *to them*. If Search was the first thing Google got right, the second was figuring out how to sell users to customers in a way that was nearly as painless as putting fluoride in water. Yes, Google invented what we've come to know as Search. But when Google monetized Search, Google invented the modern Web-based economy.

How did Google monetize Search? Well, there's a market for you when you use Search—hell, when you go online—and it's Google's creation. The market's not metaphorical, either; it's engineered, automatic, and invisible. There are words and combinations of words that advertisers are interested in, and if you happen to type (or speak) one into your computer, their computers begin bidding on it in an instantaneous auction run by Google's computers. The price is influenced by the intensity of the bidding and by how likely you are to click on the ad.

And that's where the data comes in.

The data establishes what kind of prospect you are. It establishes what you—and your search—are worth.

So when Google complains about being characterized as an "advertising company," Google has a point. Google is not an advertising company. "Google is a data company that monetizes the collection of data through advertising," says Rob Norman, the chief digital officer of GroupM, the world's largest buyer of online media. "The scale of data capture is massive, and the ability to match data with the likely intent of an individual is unparalleled."

Google originally insisted that advertising was not for Google, that the mission of Search and the mission of the advertiser were fundamentally contradictory. Google got over that. Now Google functions less as an advertising company or, as Google would have it, an "innovation company," and more as a kind of giant public utility for the Internet. In North America, more than 60 percent of all digital devices call upon Google at least once a day, and 25 percent of all Internet traffic passes through Google's servers. Google doesn't charge you for any of this, what Google has done is figure out how to tax you in ways you don't see and barely feel—in ways that helped earn Google $50 billion last year in revenue.

Does Rob Norman trust Google, working with Google, as he does, nearly every day? "I happen to believe that Google is a nuclear power. One's feeling about nuclear powers depends on one's belief in their ability to use the weapons. In my view, Google is as responsible a nuclear power as you can expect a nuclear power to be."

HERE IS A STORY ABOUT GOOGLE. Back in the first decade of the twenty-first century, people made a business of buying up domain names—the big, obvious addresses of potential Web sites. They wouldn't use them; they had no intention of using them. They would just "park" them, hoping that one day the companies who really needed them would be willing to pay a lot of money for them. It was a sleazy business, with a whiff of preemptive extortion.

Josh McFarland, who worked for Google for more than five years before cofounding an Internet marketing firm called TellApart in 2009, remembers when Google decided to get involved in it. "We basically decided to place ads in these parked domains," he says. "We'd fill them full of ads. So I went up to Larry and asked, 'Why are we supporting this crappy industry?' And Larry was like, 'Look, I know it's not the best industry. But there's nothing illegal about it; it's going to exist. And if Google's not the one that's providing monetization, somebody else is going to. And if we do it, we can force these guys to be better actors than they normally would be.' He thought that if we get into it, we can change it for the better."

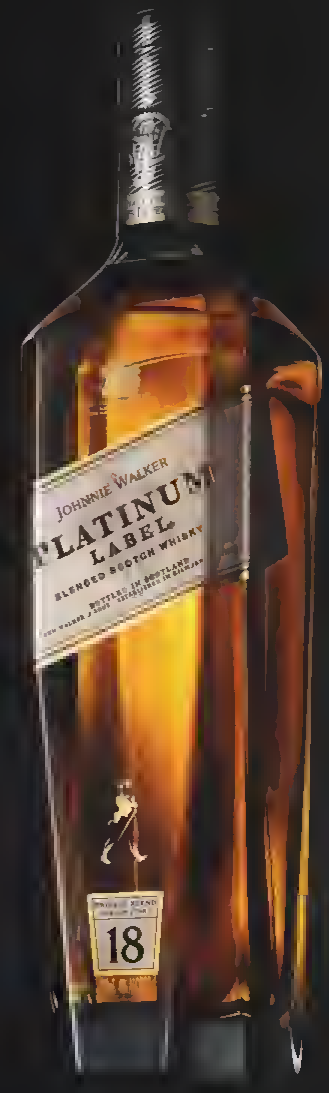
Google never did clean up the domain-name business and got out of it in 2012. But the story isn't about the domain-name business. It's about the moral confidence that is Google's defining characteristic. The most famous thing Google ever said was not to the world, it was to Google. "Don't be evil"—it sounds like a warning or an injunction. But it turned out to be a form of permission, a conflation of innocence with intention. Google didn't want to be evil, so Google *wasn't* evil. Google wasn't evil, so when Google started doing something that seemed morally dubious, Google wasn't selling out; Google was improving a morally dubious practice by the magic of Google's presence. This worked well enough when Google was deciding, say, to sell cookie-based advertising and track users around the Internet. It worked less well when Google had to agree to engage in censorship in order to enter China—when Google had to collaborate with real power and the possibility of real evil.

And it works less well now.

FROM THE START, PRESIDENT OBAMA has been—has even styled himself—a "Googley" president, because of his trust in reason and his belief in the primacy of data. But he has also continued the moral revolution that Google started. He is the "Don't be evil" president, the president who believes that his own good intentions—and his own moral prestige—are enough to elevate practices he once believed were morally indefensible. When Edward Snowden's leaks revealed that his administration is engaged in surveillance on an unprecedented scale, he resorted, as he often does, to statements of soaring principle ("I welcome this

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For generations, Johnnie Walker has crafted private blends for exclusive gatherings. And now, a rich, luxurious private blend is available to you.



KEEP WALKING.
JOHNNIE WALKER.

debate") while acknowledging details he characterized as trivial ("metadata"). What mattered was not whether massive surveillance was evil, what mattered was that the president himself had resolved not to be.

A day before the president's remarks, Snowden revealed the existence of Prism, and the revelation seemed to suggest that Google and the NSA share a business model. You would think Google would be thrown into crisis, but Google escaped unharmed, because Google was not evil. Google simply acknowledged complying with FISA requests for data in compliance with the law, denied that the NSA had been given direct access to servers, filed a petition for the right to be more transparent about what FISA wanted and the extent to which Gnogle had complied, and then went back to selling Google Maps, Google Now, Google Fiber, Google Glass, and all the other manifestations of Google's cheerful utopianism. A lot of people gave Google the benefit of the doubt; the problem was not Google, but rather the government. Google was just complying with the law. But when Google went to China in 2006, Google did not have to comply with Chinese requests for personal data. That's because Google understood that the Chinese government would ask for personal data and use it against its citizens—and that the only way not to give personal data to a repressive government was not to keep it in China.

That's how the search engine DuckDuckGo has avoided giving data to the government: there is no data. "The problem with the data is that it exists," says DuckDuckGo CEO Gabriel Weinberg. "Because if it exists, the government will always try to get it and will always be able to make a pretty good argument that it should have it." Google, however, does not have the same options that DuckDuckGo has, because Google is a data company. Indeed, when Rob Norman is asked what forces might threaten Google in the future, he says, "Any company that is in the business of the monetization of data is at risk if the regulatory environment surrounding the monetization of data changes. If the Feds or the EU mandate that your data disappears thirty seconds after your search, Google is not able to learn as much about you." Google is well aware of the existential threat presented by any legal intervention or change in the regulatory environment because Google is well aware of what happened to Microsoft when Microsoft dominated the digital world. And so Google spent $18.22 million on Washington lobbyists last year, about the same amount spent by one of the anti-Googles of the world, AT&T.

Does Google fear Washington? Does Google fear that when a senator like Ron Wyden speaks of the need to start passing laws before advances in technology render laws irrelevant, he winds up lumping Google and the NSA in the same category? Hell, does Google fear anything? Google proceeds as if Google does not. Google has always proceeded as if Google does not. Google has always proceeded as if Google knows very well that people look to technology rather than politics to change their lives—and that all Google has to do for real power is to wait for the future that Google is bringing into being. And Google will own the future, so long as people keep volunteering to participate in the system of self-surveillance Google created and Google gets to keep the data.

"Google always tries to keep it big," says Gabriel Weinberg. "'Keep giving us your data, and we'll keep giving you cooler, better stuff.' That's their argument, and they're going to keep making it as long as they can."

OF COURSE, WE DO NOT GET A CHANCE to vote on the future that Google is conjuring. We get a chance to choose, as consumers, in an intensely competitive marketplace, but that's not the same as a vote. The marketplace is not designed to give us a chance to refuse, so the future keeps incessantly materializing and Google is allowed to treat it as destiny. Listen, for instance, to Astro Teller of Google X, answering a question about whether Google Glass plans to begin capturing and using biological data from its users. Teller's answer is no. But he doesn't say no, not exactly. "We can't even properly imagine what's going to happen. You won't approach a coffee machine twenty years from now and say you want a 'single' or a 'double.' You will want coffee and the machine will figure out not only what you mentally want but what will make you feel the best. It will optimize for you. We will literally exit the button-pushing world to that extent, where there won't be a 'single' or 'double' button twenty years from now. And that has nothing to do with Glass. May Glass play some role in that in the future? Maybe. I'm certainly not against that. But it would distract us from our current mission. Even though I believe very passionately that that's going to happen, and some companies will do well by doing that—it may or may not be Google. . ."

Teller is overseeing the Glass project and is indeed wearing Glass as he speaks. But he is not pushing Glass. He is not even pushing Google. He is pushing a general vision of the future and trusting Google's place in it. But when do we choose that future? When do we choose to entrust Google—or some other company—with the data, biological and genetic, required to make it happen? When we choose to wear some beta version of Glass that includes sensors? Google's stated mission is to organize and make universally accessible all the world's information, but Google is only now getting started tapping the most expansive and most lucrative source of information in existence: the genetic foundation of life itself.

"An example of something I'm confident in saying is not happening at Google right now is synthetic genomics," Teller says. "It's certainly not out of the question that synthetic genomics will turn out to be—when we look back fifty years—to have been the silicon of the twenty-first century. That is, people will program, in life, in DNA, in the twenty-first century, in the way they programmed with silicon for much of the twentieth. Might Google get involved in that? Sure, it's not out of the question. I certainly wouldn't place heavy money against it. But we're not doing any of it now."

What Google seems to be doing, at the very least, is thinking about it. Google's venture-capital arm, Google Ventures, is investing in biotechnology companies, and Google has partnered with one of them to offer Cloud storage services that archive DNA sequencing data for future research. Indeed, according to a former Google employee now trying to precipitate the revolution that cheap genomics will bring about, the biggest question among biotechnologists in Silicon Valley is whether "Google will consider it a strategic imperative to start collecting biological data." In a sense, Google already has, by investing in a company called 23andMe. It is as if Google has finally found a soul mate: Like Google, 23andMe is a data company making a determined push into the future, like Google, it offers the impossible, in return for what seems, at first, like very little. You can send a saliva sample to 23andMe, and for ninety-nine dollars 23andMe will analyze parts of your genome so that you can learn the secrets of your ancestry and your ingrained risks of disease. How does 23andMe offer [*continued on page 260*]

incredible!





WAKE UP TO EGGS

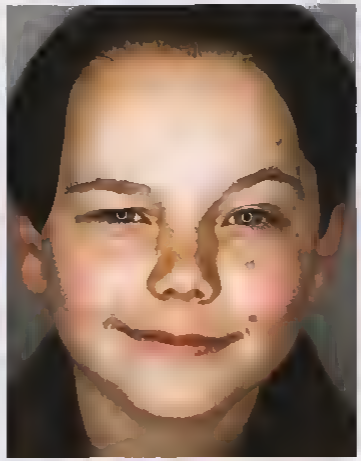
Eggs have high-quality protein for incredible mental energy. And are a naturally good source of Vitamin D, too. *Microwave Egg Ham n Cheese Muffin

*A one amount of cholesterol in one egg is 185 mg, down from 215 mg. Brought to you by America's egg farmers.



12 | JAGGER EATON

(b. 2001) SKATEBOARDER. YOUNGEST ATHLETE EVER IN THE X GAMES
Best advice he's gotten: "Whether you think you can or can't, you're exactly right."



11 | MASON VALE COTTON

(b. 2002) ACTOR. AMC'S *MAD MEN*
Most looking forward to: "Going to Burbank High for high school and playing football. Then graduating from there and playing football for the Oregon Ducks and then graduating from there and playing in the NFL for the Seahawks, the Ravens, or the Broncos."



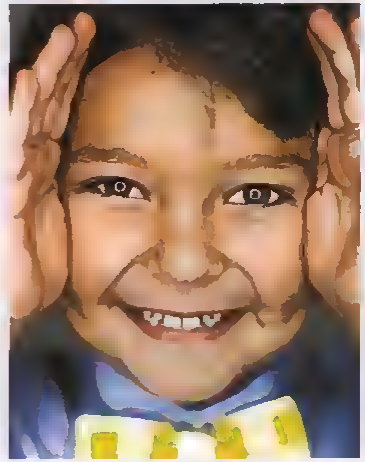
10 | TANISHQ ABRAHAM

(b. 2003) HONORS STUDENT AT AMERICAN RIVER COLLEGE. MEMBER OF MENSA (SINCE THE AGE OF FOUR). MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT FOR CBS TALK SHOW *THE DOCTORS*
Most looking forward to: "Getting an associate degree in science and then transferring to a four-year college or university to get a bachelor's in science and a Ph.D. and M.D. All in hopefully less than ten years."



9 | TYREE BROWN

(b. 2004) ACTOR. NBC'S *PARENTHOOD*
Best advice he's gotten: "My dad always says, 'Think before you do something.' And always just, like, be smart, like think before you jump off a cliff because you shouldn't do that because that's crazy stuff."



8 | PIERCE GAGNON

(b. 2005) ACTOR. *LOOPER* AND THIS WINTER'S *A FRIGGIN' CHRISTMAS MIRACLE*
Most looking forward to: "Having a Bugatti."



7 | LOGAN PARKER
(b. 2006) SURVIVOR
Most looking forward to "Going to Disney World"

THE END OF CANCER

IN THE NEAR FUTURE, OUR IMMUNE SYSTEMS WILL BE GENETICALLY SUPERCHARGED TO KILL CANCER. WE WILL ALL BE LIKE LOGAN PARKER.

By Matt Goulet

On February 7, 2011, four-year-old Logan Parker had a new immune system donated to him. For six weeks at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia, he holed up in a tiny antiseptic room not much smaller than the living room of his family's cramped Ocean Township, New Jersey, apartment. Logan was already withered and poisoned by chemotherapy. This transplant would hopefully be the last treatment for his leukemia. His parents slept beside him as the new bone marrow acclimated to his body. They played Xbox with him and comforted him and prayed. And Logan got better.

Then came the lesion.

November, right around his fifth birthday. It was small and dark, a sign that the leukemia was back. Chemotherapy had slowed the growth of the cancer swarming his blood but his doctors knew it would not extinguish it. The conventional tools for treating cancer had failed.

Since the 1980s, scientists have been promising the advent of a new tool, immunotherapy. Right now cancer cells slide right through our body's natural defenses, wearing the biological equivalent of camouflage. But scientists theorized that if we could reengineer our T-cells to recognize the indicators of cancer, then they could destroy the elusive cancer cells. It was an amazing and plausible idea—one day we'd be able to use our knowledge of genetics to empower our bodies to cure themselves—but also agonizingly frustrating.

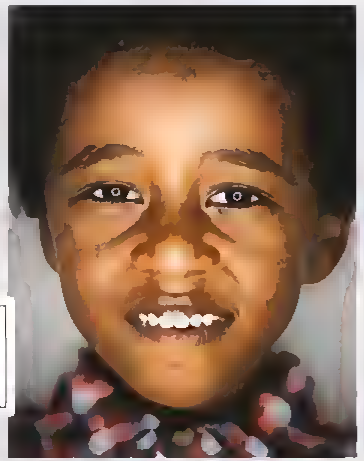
Dr. Carl June had been trying to engineer these homing T-cells since 1983. He and his team would cultivate T-cells that could kill cancer cells, but then they couldn't figure out how to produce enough of them. Or they would reintroduce specially engineered cells into a body, but then the super-T-cells wouldn't stick around. For years, June and other researchers rode a roller coaster of hope and failure. And then about three years ago, when the advances in how we can genetically engineer cells finally caught up with how we grow them, the results started to come through. When Logan's parents were most desperate, the treatment was ready.

In January, Logan became the first little boy, the fourth child ever, to receive what June calls CART19 treatment, named after the synthetic antibody that allows the retrofitted T-cells to recognize cancer. When Logan arrived at Children's Hospital with his fleece alien blanket, Dr. Stephan Grupp, the oncologist overseeing the CART19 trials in kids, extracted billions of T-cells from his blood, about half a teaspoon. Then, using disabled HIV as a ferrying vehicle, he inserted CART19 into Logan's T-cells. Finally, he grew the super-T-cells in a mix of proteins that would allow them to persist and proliferate in Logan's body. A few weeks later, while he was lying in his hospital bed, the new T-cells were dripped back into Logan's arm.

Over the past year, a dozen other kids for whom chemotherapy and bone-marrow transplants failed have received the treatment, raising the number of treated pediatric patients to more than fifteen. Eighty percent of them have been in full remission for months, some going on a year.

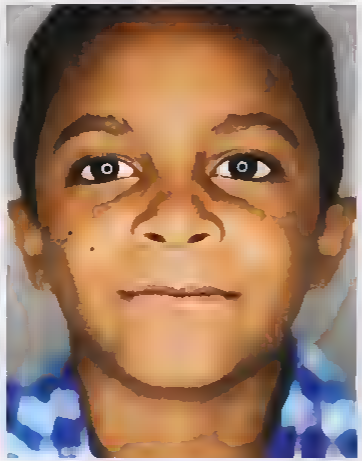
The first pediatric patient to receive CART19, a little girl named Emma Whitehead, had all of her reengineered T-cells dripped back into her body and nearly died from the massive immune response. So for Logan, the doctors lowered the dosage to just 10 percent of his new cells. Within a week he was doing great, like a healthy kid should be. This summer, he went swimming, something he couldn't do when the IV line for administering chemotherapy was a constant presence on his forearm. And then at the end of July, there it was again, an angry, dark lesion on his forehead, smaller than the first. The cancer had not yet spread, but it looked like it might.

Logan's parents are worried, as worried as they've ever been. But they are also hopeful. They know CART19 worked on Logan once. And so if the time comes, if the malignancies resurge and spread, they'll take him back to Children's Hospital. They'll have his doctors infuse Logan with another, bigger dose of supercharged T-cells, and then they'll take their son home.



6 | ASHTON McGREGOR

(b. 2007) U.S. CITIZEN—IMMIGRANT (ETHIOPIA)

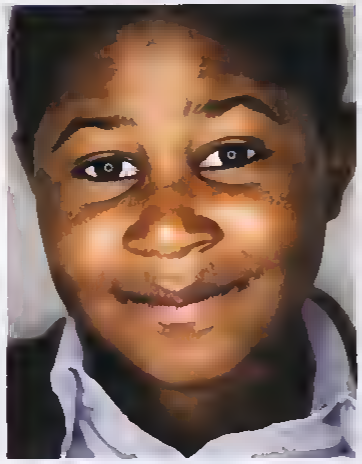


6 | LUIS REYES REYNOSO

U.S. CITIZEN; IMMIGRANT (DOMINICAN REPUBLIC)

THE NEW KIDS

On June 18, 2013, thirty-five children and teens, a tiny fraction of the nearly seven hundred thousand immigrants who become American citizens each year, assembled for a small ceremony at the U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services office in New York City. They had come to pick up their certificates of citizenship—their papers—which would prove to any and all that although they may have been born in the Dominican Republic, like Luis Reyes Reynoso; or Haiti, like Mojameski Dorisme; or Ethiopia, like Ashton McGregor, they are forevermore Americans.



6 | MOJAMESKI DORISME

U.S. CITIZEN IMMIGRANT (HAITI)

THE OBAMA YEARS

The kids born during the Obama era won't remember Obama as a hopeful visionary or change agent. They'll see our first black president for what he truly is—a ruthless, calculating winner.

BY STEPHEN MARCHE

PROGRESS DOESN'T SHUNTER into the world, it staggers. Grown ups don't often change their minds about the important political and social questions of their time. Change arrives because their children are born into a whole new set of assumptions different from those of their parents. For the little actors and the prodigies and the immigrants and the sons of Marines who are the future, the presidency of Barack Obama will be no big deal. Presidents, in their mind, will be men like the son of a Kenyan goatherd and, one hopes and assumes, eventually women, like a Kansas single mother. How could it be any other way? He's what a winner looks like.

Obama wins. His name and that verb go together. He killed Osama bin Laden. He rammed through health care against near impossible odds. He waited till the time was ripe and change inevitable and then embraced gay marriage. He's gone after the leakers and killed—beat, *droned*—thou-

sands of suspected terrorists in Pakistan, Yemen, and elsewhere. He didn't win Iraq, but instead got the hell out before he was beat. And he's doing the same thing in Afghanistan.

His intense competitiveness, always mentioned by the people in proximity to him, is not always a positive personality trait. We've seen that Obama doesn't like to fight battles he can't clearly win—even when those battles are worth fighting. He's all but walked away from Guantánamo. He is not only refusing to close the prison, instead of fighting for the ability to try the suspected terrorists in federal court, he's left it to Attorney General Eric Holder, whom he abandoned midbattle. (Better Holder lose than Obama.) On Syria, he has done virtually nothing, again because there is no clear path to victory. On the question of gun control, he did nothing until shame at his inaction overwhelmed him after the massacre at Newtown. The failure to pass any meaningful gun laws just proves how right his initial instinct was. Gun control is unwinnable. He tried only because he had to.

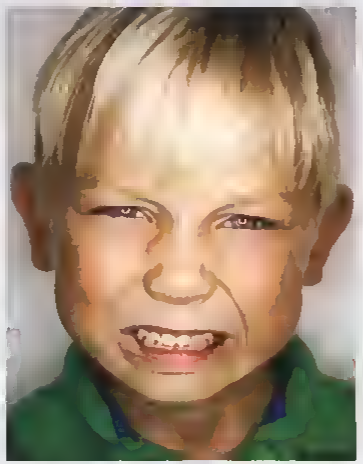
His failures, even more so than his successes, show just how driven toward total control Obama is, his ultimate legacy may be as an icon of discipline. Every modern second-term president has had a scandal—Watergate with Nixon, Iran-Contra with Reagan, Monica Lewinsky with Clinton, Katrina with Bush. In each case, the scandal was about a man in power losing control, over his operatives, over nature, over his cock. Obama's second-term scandal was about the NSA, about the supervision of the nation's e-mails and phone calls, about hypercontrol. Even his scandals are about winning too much.

He has used his tenure to redefine the political landscape. On economic issues, he has proven that the classic Keynesian economic model, which he followed despite the apocalyptic warnings of austerity-prone economists, is correct. His policy on immigration has given the Democrats demographic advantages, most likely for several generations. Social conservatism, with the triumph of gay marriage, is effectively dead. The Republicans are oozing defeat. Their biggest recent "win" was the Supreme Court ruling that struck down a key provision of the Voting Rights Act. When victory involves suppressing voters, it's time to wonder if you're playing the democracy game properly. Any progressive who complains about Obama is out of his or her mind. He has won what could be won.

Yet it's all so very disappointing.

When Obama was elected in 2008, he was supposed to be about something more than winning. He was hired specifically for transcendence, the overcoming of America's ancient curses—vicious partisan politics and race. He has won over and over again but overcome neither. More than four years into Obama's presidency, racism is as prevalent as ever. Black unemployment rates, black home-ownership rates, and black education rates remain egregious. Meanwhile, partisanship has hit a fever pitch, with Congress not just divided but effectively stalled.

THE MOST PROMINENT LESSON OF THE OBAMA YEARS IS A HARD ONE: SYMBOLISM IS OVERRATED.



5 | GRANT HOLMQUIST

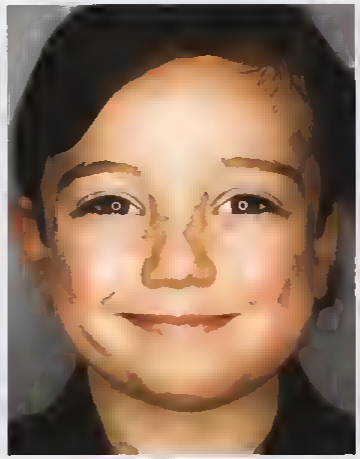
(b. 2008) ACTOR, *THE HANGOVER* AND *THE HANGOVER PART III*

According to *The Atlantic*/Aspen Institute American Values Survey, Americans feel that the country is more divided now than at any other time since the civil-rights era. So deeply did the world crave a unifying figure that the Nobel committee gave Obama the Peace Prize before he'd done a thing. That decision turned out to be a joke. Because Obama is no Mandela. He's much more Machiavelli. He may have said, in a supremely moving speech, that he could have been Trayvon Martin, but that same week he called Ray Kelly, patron saint of stop and frisk, "well qualified" to run the Department of Homeland Security. The deeper hope Obama promised turned out to be hype. His tenure will be remembered as a time of widening cultural gulfs and income inequality that he could do nothing to stem.

For the children who will be aware of what Obama is only after he's no longer president, he will be iconic of a new reality more so than of the triumph over it. The new reality is one of more tolerance and openness but also of more brutality and coldness. In a world of winners and losers, Obama does what it takes. He's a cold, data-crunching elitist who does the best he can without making mistakes.

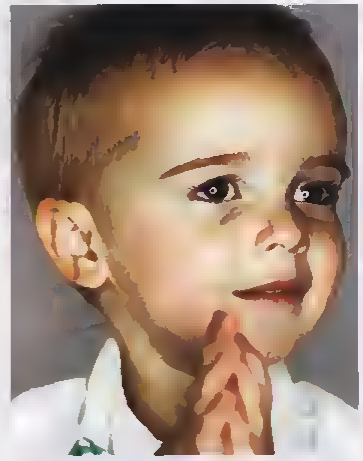
If he has not made the world less hopeful, he has made it more cautious in its optimism. The most prominent lesson of the Obama years is a hard one. Symbolism is overrated. The most important political struggles cannot be solved just by wanting them to be solved. Nonetheless, the man is as much a figure of the future as of his own time, a future in which the stakes keep getting higher and the cost of failure rises with them, a future in which the only response is to be icier, more logical, more controlled.

He's not the hope we wanted, but he may be the hope we deserve. He's the hope our kids are going to get, anyway. ✹



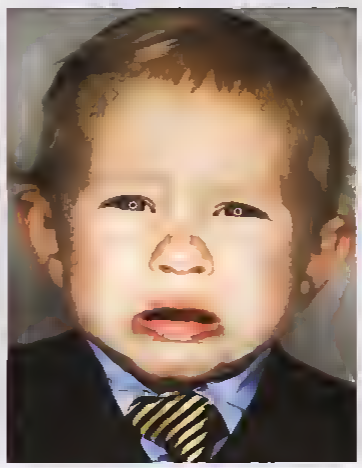
4 | CHRISTOPHER SALVAGGIO

(b. 2009) MEMBER OF MENSA (SINCE AGE THREE; WHEN HE BECAME ONE OF THE YOUNGEST AMERICANS EVER ADMITTED); STUDENT IN STANFORD'S ONLINE EDUCATION PROGRAM FOR GIFTED YOUTH



3 | MICHAEL WYATT

(b. 2010) YOUNG TEXAN, SON OF DEREK WYATT, A TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD MARINE KILLED IN AFGHANISTAN THREE DAYS BEFORE MICHAEL'S BIRTH



2 | ISAAC HARTMAN

(b. 2011) ACTOR, KIA'S "SPACE BABIES" SUPER BOWL COMMERCIAL



2 | MILES HARTMAN

(b. 2011) ACTOR, KIA'S "SPACE BABIES" SUPER BOWL COMMERCIAL



1 | RUBIN BIELELI

(b. 2012) AMERICAN

MR. PRESIDENT

TO THOSE WHO WOULD IMMIGRATE TO THE U.S., OURS IS NOT A FADED GLORY. AMERICA IS STILL A PLACE WHERE ANY CHILD CAN GROW UP TO BE ANYTHING HE OR SHE WANTS TO BE

BY TOM JUNOD

There is a boy in Baltimore whose name is Rubin. He is a year and a half old. He lives in a small apartment with his father and mother, three sisters, and a brother. His father works a variety of shifts at a hotel. His father's car has been stolen twice in as many years. Many of the cars parked in front of their building bear bumper stickers with the exhortations against violence and crime common in violent and crime-ridden cities.

Yet look at Rubin Bieleli. Listen to his father and mother, Mbunza and Kalanga. They will tell you something about America and America's chances.

For Mbunza, Baltimore is not violent or crime-ridden. For Mbunza, Baltimore represents one word—"*Peace*. There is no fighting. There is no gunfire at night."

For Kalanga, Baltimore represents something even more basic. "It is the first place in the world where we have been welcome."

They are not from Baltimore. They are from the Congo. They have been despised.

They do not speak very much English—they speak French and the language of their tribe, Hema. Like many people in the Congo, Mbunza also spoke Swahili, but he had to be careful about whom he spoke Swahili to, because he spoke Swahili like a Hema. He had to be careful not to speak Swahili to a Lendu, because the Lendu despised the Hema, and he did not want to reveal himself.

Mbunza was a tailor—in the French he spoke to his guests, a *couturier*. He had his own shop. Back then, he had three children and a fourth eight months in the belly of his wife. Then Mbunza made a mistake. He spoke Swahili to a customer he didn't know. That night, a Lendu gang burned down the shop, with Mbunza inside. He caught on fire, from his ankles to his neck. A police officer saved him by driving a car through the walls of the building, and then a friend took him to Uganda. Kalanga did not know what had become of him. Shortly after Mbunza was burned, Kalange was raped in front of her children and their house burned down. She fled to Uganda in the bloody shreds of the dress she was wearing during the attack. When she found her husband, they realized that the Lendu were in Uganda, so they sought refuge in Nigeria. There, her contractions started. Kalanga went to a hospital on the back of a motorbike, and when she arrived no doctor would touch her—in part because they had no money, in part because the risks were too great. At last, a nurse took pity on her and commanded, "Push."

Her baby was born on June 3, 2005. They called her *Mianda*—Hema for "a child born at great risk."

Kalanga cries three times as she tells her story. Her sobs are so racking, so piteous, that an American who is listening tries to offer comfort in the only way he knows how, saying, as if by habit, "But you are in America now."

It sounds ridiculous at first—or worse, a hollow assurance made for one's own relief rather than hers. What do those words even mean in 2013, when America has proven so vulnerable both within and without? But Kalanga nods. The Bielelis, as it turns out, know exactly what those words mean.

They filed for refugee status with the UN when they were in Nigeria. Their application was accepted, and after five years in limbo, they flew to the United States in 2010.

There were members of the International Rescue Committee waiting for them at the airport.

This has been their experience of America. When, on the morning of May 4, 2012, Kalanga told Mbunza that it was time for her to go to the hospital to give birth to the baby they'd already named Rubin, there were people waiting for them when they arrived. Nobody considered them untouchable. And nobody treated them like animals.

Mbunza Bieleli. He is an American father now, so he knows what each of his children wants to be. "One wants to be a doctor; one wants to be a musician, one wants to be a soldier." Rubin, of course, is too young to say what he wants, so he is the only child for whom Mbunza speaks, in English.

"He is an American, so he will be president."

A photographer comes to take Rubin's picture as he sits in a big chair that surrounds him like a throne, and his family, to make him smile, cheers him on with an innocence made raucous by the fact that it's an innocence restored. Rubin is a calm child who combines the expressiveness of his mother and the gravity of his father—he has a decal tattoo of Curious George on his face, and he's wearing an orange onesie emblazoned with the words LET'S GET CRACKIN'! but he's almost regal in his repose. "Mr. President!" Mianda calls to him, and then they all do. They whistle, they shout, they clap their hands, they call out "Mr. President!" over and over again, and if the Bielelis from the Congo had sparklers, it would be the Fourth of July.

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Google

[*continued from page 245*] such a service so cheaply? In the same way Google offers the fruits of the Google ecosystem for free. Indeed, 23andMe is not interested in your ninety-nine bucks, it is interested in your data, which it can keep and provide to researchers and pharmaceutical companies.

Sergey Brin is married to the cofounder and CEO of 23andMe.

And when Google decides to settle down, Google will marry 23andMe.

Google, like many celebrities, has exquisite taste in women. Google also has a highly developed appreciation for design. Google has just never combined an exquisite taste in women and a highly developed appreciation for design into a single product until Google Glass. Google never needed to. But Google Glass is a wearable computer. It interjects a computer screen between people's eyes and the rest of the world. It freaks people out. Google wanted people to want it, in a way that might overcome social resistance. So Google hired Isabelle Olsson to make Glass "beautiful and comfortable," not to mention worth $1,500. She had her team make a prototype every month, and she obsessed over every detail. She worked on a power cord that could not tangle and even a box that closes slowly and seamlessly on its own. When she describes the standard she used to make her design decisions, she places an early prototype next to the finished product. "Do we want this piece of shit or *this*?" she says. "It's very clear."

She is like Steve Jobs, if Steve Jobs spoke in a Swedish accent, was very tall, had blue eyes and cascades of red hair, and came to interviews in an extremely tight and extremely short white-and-black dress, bare legs, heels, and Google Glass.

It's a little disconcerting to tell the truth. For a long time, the primary emblem of Google's fame has been the Googleplex, in Mountain View, California. You can't really see Google, after all; Google began as an algorithm and now exists as millions of lines of computer code. But you know Google by Google's works, and you know Google by Google's headquarters, which has become a celebrity in its own right and even the star of a Hollywood comedy, *The Internship*. The Plex is not just utopian, it is Utopia itself, and though it has become awfully familiar, there is something reassuring about paying it a visit and seeing all its pieces in place: the free food, healthy and delicious, at nearly every turn; the fleet of white double-decker buses, pristine and soundless, ferrying Googlers to and from their homes in the San Francisco Bay area, the giant Leninesque sculptures of ocean explorers and tech pioneers arrayed on the lawns, and the creaky fixed-gear bicycles painted in Google colors that are scattered all over the campus, ridden all day, then collected at night and redistributed the next morning according to established patterns of use. There are no visible signs imploring Googlers not to be evil, but there is a whiteboard in front of one of the gyms inviting them to declare "What I Like About Myself"—and they fill it out, cheerfully and unironically.

Like most of Google's manifestations, the Googleplex is kind of cute—the Trilateral Commission meets the Mickey Mouse Club. And it raises the ever-present question of how Google goes from cuteness to global dominance—from the Google Girls to Google Glass—from the thirty-five-dollar Chromecast dongle to a rewiring of Kansas City—from Search to $50 billion in annual revenues—from "Don't be evil" to the unsolved mystery of Prism. Because Google knows us, we have always felt that we have known Google, because Google is a kind of burgeoning intelligence, we have always fretted over the fate of Google's soul, and because we need to trust Google, we have always given in to the temptation to humanize Google and to think "Okay, Google" before Google even bothered to ask. We appreciate Google's ambitions—and forgive Google's contradictions—in light of our own. But to visit the Googleplex is to understand that Google is very human indeed, that Google is not us but rather them. And so right after you meet Isabelle Olsson, with her beauty and her glamour, you go outside and you pass David Drummond, Google's chief legal officer, who has been the public face of Google's denial of any involvement in Prism. You run into Rick Salgado, Google's legal director, and hear someone ask, "Hey, do you expect to get more Dorys about Prism?" Salgado is on his way to the "TGIF" staff meeting held at the Googleplex every Thursday; a "Dory" is one of the questions that Google employees have voted to be asked of senior management. Over the past few weeks, Salgado has been getting a lot of dorys about the NSA and Prism, but on this day, he smiles and answers, "No, not since the stock went down," and walks on.

And then you see Larry Page.

He is alone. He is on a bicycle painted in Googley colors but not one of the collective fleet. He is wearing a red T-shirt, so large that it billows in the breeze, and his hair is combed forward and very gray. He is also on his way to answer questions at the TGIF, and he appears to be talking to himself. He is, of course, Google's cofounder, along with Sergey Brin, and after ten years of apprenticing himself to Eric Schmidt, he finally became CEO in 2011. Nobody doubts that he is in control of his creation. He is not as famous as Google; he is not the celebrity Google is. But he is Google, and the scale of his solitary humanity is at once surprising and sobering. He looks like Oz, if Oz had decided to take a spin on Almira Gulch's bicycle. His mouth moves, his big white teeth flash. He may well be asking a question. But since he is not wearing Glass, Google, for the moment, does not answer. ■



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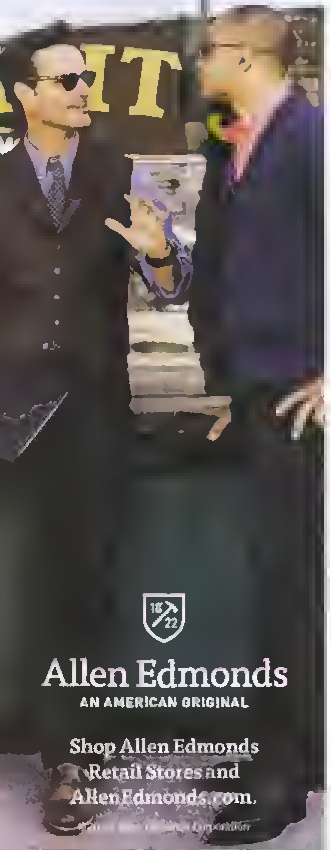
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1998

[*continued from page* 200] the Clinton administration from its beginning—which, after all, were the things that Starr had been intended to investigate—were the purest moonshine. Frank then suggested that it might have been nice had Starr admitted all that before the elections, but he succeeded in demonstrating that the Lewinsky scandal, of which the public had demonstrated its exhaustion, was all that Starr and the Republicans had left. Nevertheless, on December 19, the House of Representatives approved two of the four articles of impeachment that had been proposed by the Judiciary Committee and Bill Clinton joined Andrew Johnson to become one of only two presidents ever to be impeached by the House. Even that news was overcome by events, that same day, as Clinton was being impeached over the events surrounding his affair with Monica Lewinsky, Speaker of the House- designate Bob Livingston of Louisiana, who was to have replaced Gingrich, who'd been defenestrated after the election debacle, got up in the chamber and announced that he'd also had an extramarital affair and would be resigning immediately. The comic opera was nearly complete.

Three days earlier, at the height of the debate over his impeachment, Clinton had launched cruise-missile strikes into Iraq. "Never underestimate," said Republican Gerald Solomon of New York, "a desperate president."

At least for me, the acceleration began in the hours before dawn as I drove through the Arizona desert to meet John McCain. Things moved so fast, and the unbalanced forces grew so strong, that you never noticed the turning points when they came. They are obvious only now in retrospect, and you have to look quickly or you'll miss them.

A lot of things we take for granted in our politics now had their rough beginnings in 1998. Redistricting—or, more politely, opposition research—went far beyond Donald Segretti's pranks. The campaign against Bill Clinton that began with the Richard Mellon Scaife–financed investigation into his personal life, continued with a cavalcade of phony scandals, and ended with impeachment was as far beyond writing phony letters on Muskie-campaign stationery as the Internet is from lawn signs. The media now means almost anything you want it to mean, there are now literally millions of Drudge Reports, some mainstream and some decidedly not, and all of them helping to speed the dissemination of information beyond the power of reason or discernment. That has led to the argument culture that has come to dominate political debate. "Polarization" in the sense that most of the people decrying it define it began when Bill Clinton was elected and became a permanent fixture in our politics during 1998.

"Part of it was that we had people on the Judiciary Committee who loved the limelight," explains Julian Epstein, himself a fixture now on cable-news programs. "That's when Moveon was born. The Internet was coming of age. It was the first real grassroots organizing by Internet.

"As I said, some of the Republicans really liked the fact that they were in the limelight and they were getting a lot of grassroots reinforcement. Cable TV and the Internet were starting. You had listservs. The fact was that cable news was getting immediate ratings, so they also had an outlet to get on TV. That polarized things. It was partisanship on steroids at that time. And impeachment was the stage where all these factors came to a head."

It was the hard stuff, the obscure stuff, that was lost as the accelerated age dawned. Men plotting in distant caves were not good television. They did not move the ratings needle, or get your new Web site hits, or titillate the audience with tales of illicit foozling in sacred hallways. It is impossible now to wonder, if Monica Lewinsky never had come to the White House, or if the unbalanced forces driving her story had not found as much traction as they did, whether the original World Trade Center might not still be standing. What if bin Laden had overruled his aides and gone on to Khost, instead of Kabul, there to meet a cruise missile with his name on it? What if they had stormed Tarnak Farms and hauled him into a New York federal courtroom, the way they did several of his accomplices in the embassy bombings, at roughly the same time Kenneth Starr was telling the House of Representatives about orgasms? You used to be able to notice when history pivoted. You could feel the fearsome momentum of it. So much changed in 1998 without us ever turning our heads to notice.

It is now fifteen years later, and Monica Lewinsky has turned forty. The violence goes on in Iraq and in Afghanistan, and in other places, all of it spawned in response to the actions of the man who ensured that September 11, 1998, with CNN telling us about strategically placed cigars, actually would be one of the last September 11ths that we would remember as being normal, the man we could neither kill nor capture back in 1998. He eventually was killed on the orders of another Democratic president who also found himself beset at home by phantom scandals—first by doubts about the place of his birth and then by accusations that he is simultaneously a socialist, a communist, and a fascist, and then by Benghazi and the IRS.

Isaac Newton is still smarter than all of us. It was in 1998 that the acceleration began. It has only increased, the unbalanced forces working on the government, and the country, and the events of the day, only growing in both numbers and in strength. The present even more seems already to be the future, and the past, when we can see it in all, recedes into the distance faster than it ever has, faster than thought, faster certainly than regret. ■

Flight from Dallas

[*continued from page* 186]

Chief Curry, Judge Hughes, Sid Davis, and Stoughton—with his precious film still in the camera around his neck—dash off the plane and down the ramp. *Air Force One*'s doors are locked shut behind them.

There will soon be stories that have Judge Hughes taking the Catholic missal with her and in her shock handing it to a mysterious man, never to be seen again. In fact, the missal ends up in Lady Bird's purse. She will show it secretively to Liz Carpenter, and they will worry for a moment that it's a Catholic book, one more of the day's accidental crossings. Today, the missal is at the LBJ Library in Austin. It looks as new as it did the day it was made, its soft black leather cover embossed with a cross.

"When I walked down the steps," Stoughton later remembers, "I was the only living, breathing person who knew what happened." There was the world inside the plane and the world outside it, each knowing little of what was happening in the other; Stoughton was one of the few who had passed between them. "Not only that, I had the whole record of it in my hand."

2:47 P.M.

Colonel Swindal lifts *Air Force One* into the sky. Davis, watching from the tarmac, is shocked by the steepness of the ascent—"almost vertical," he says. It's as though Swindal wants to leave not only Dallas but also the earth.

President Johnson has never been on *Air Force One*—which is code-named Angel by the Secret Service—at least not in flight. Whenever he and Kennedy were flying to the same city, he would ask for permission to come aboard, to be allowed to share a little of Kennedy's spotlight, to wave from the top of the same ramp. Those requests were always refused—Kenoedy always citing security concerns, Johnson always believing his exile was for more personal reasons. The Kennedy people dismissively called him Rufus Cornpone, the sort of man capable of ruining a good suit just by wearing it. Evelyn Lincoln says later that Johnson's repeated demotion to *Air Force Two* "bothered the vice-president more than anything else." Now here he is, flying on the first plane, leaving the second in its wake—not due to the favor of a more powerful man but because he is the most powerful man. He looks around the stateroom. Jackie Kennedy had helped decorate it. Soon he will have much of it torn out.

2:49 P.M.

The crowded plane is largely silent, muffled by a thick blanket of shock. The smoke-filled air slowly begins to cool.

Only Johnson is active. In the stateroom, he wolfs down a bowl of bouillon and begins mapping a route, like a pilot, through the coming hours and days. He calls Walter Jenkins and asks him to begin arranging meetings—with Cabinet members, with White House staff, with legislative leaders, his old friends and foes in the Senate. "Bipartisan," Johnson tells Jenkins.

It's impossible to know when Johnson first begins seeing in his mind's eye the things he will do, but the opportunity to do them he sees right away.

To the rear of the stateroom, Jackie Kennedy sits next to the casket, which lies along the left-hand wall of the cabin, lashed into place with breeing straps. Red bronze and weighing several hundred pounds, it was the best one Clint Hill had found at Vernon Oneal's funeral home in Dallas. It had been delivered polished to Parkland, but now it's chipped and scratched, scarred by the fight at the hospital and the frantic push up the ramp. There are broken bolts where the handles had been.

Jackie, General McHugh, and the Irish Mafia huddle in the cramped space beside it. She cries for the first time. "Oh, Kenny, what's going to happen?" she asks O'Donnell.

"You want to know something, Jackie?" he says. "I don't give a damn."

"Oh, you're right, you know, you're right," Jackie says. "Just nothing matters but what you've lost."

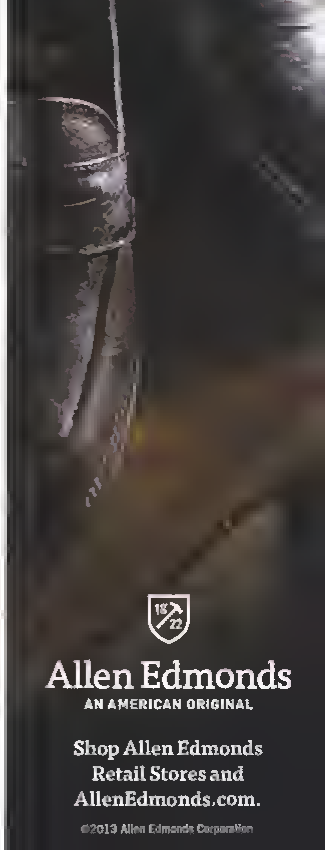
Dr. Burkley makes his way back to join them. Passing the vacant bedroom, he notices the door is ajar. On one of the beds, lying on a newspaper, he sees Jackie's bloody glove, dried stiff as a cast, as though her hand were still in it. He finds Mary Gallagher and brings her back to the bedroom, pointing at the glove with his own blood-stained arm. "Put it away somewhere," he says. "Don't crush it."

2:55 P.M.

Johnson retreats to the bedroom to change his sweat-soaked shirt. He summons O'Donnell. While he's dressing, Johnson asks O'Donnell to stay by his side—to help with the transition from Kennedy to Johnson, from Massachusetts to Texas, from 1963 to 1964. "I need you more than he ever needed you," Johnson says, O'Donnell later recalls. "You can't leave me. . . . You know that I don't know one soul north of the Mason-Dixon Line, and I don't know any of those big-city fellows. I need you."

O'Donnell is noncommittal. He leaves the bedroom and returns to the aft cabin, to Jackie and the casket. The day's losses are not only personal, they are also professional. The center of gravity has shifted. Lady Bird hears one of the Secret Service agents whisper, in what she later calls "the most desolate voice," "We've never lost a president in the Service." Those who were charged with protecting Kennedy now sit together in the forward passenger compartment, responsible only for a box. Roy Kellerman assigns most of his agents to Rufus Youngblood, the new man in charge. Clint Hill will stay assigned to Jackie. He sits mostly in silence, going over the day's events, the same few seconds that will play on a loop for the rest [*continued on page* 269]

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Flight from Dallas

[*continued from page 263*] of his life.

"I jumped onto the left-rear step of the presidential automobile," Hill later remembers. "Mrs. Kennedy shouted, 'They've shot his head off,' then turned and raised out of her seat as if she were reaching to her right rear toward the back of the car for something that had blown out. I forced her back into her seat and placed my body above the president and Mrs. Kennedy. . . . As I lay over the top of the backseat, I noticed a portion of the president's head on the right-rear side was missing and he was bleeding profusely. Part of his brain was gone. I saw a part of his skull with hair on it lying in the seat."

At some point, Hill visits Jackie at the back of the plane. "Oh, Mr. Hill," she says, reaching out for his hands. "What's going to happen to you now?"

3:00 P.M.

Johnson asks Moyers, Valenti, and Carpenter to work on the speech he will deliver when they arrive at Andrews. "Nothing long," he says. "Make it brief. We'll have plenty of time later to say more." Fehmer types up the draft on a white card and gives it to Johnson. He reads it to himself:

> This is a sad time for every American. The nation suffers a loss that cannot be weighed. For me it is a deep personal tragedy. I know the nation, and the whole free world, shares the sorrow that Mrs. Kennedy bears.
>
> I will do my best. That is all I can do. I ask God's help—and yours.

Johnson takes out a pen and changes a few words ("*We have suffered* a loss. . . . *The world* shares the sorrow . . .") and amends the end. Now it reads: "I ask for your help—and God's." Satisfied, he puts the card in his pocket.

3:17 P.M.

Air Force One receives a weather report warning of storm clouds ahead. *Be advised of a severe weather area from forty miles west of Greenwood, Mississippi, to twenty miles west of Blytheville, Arkansas, extending one twenty miles, one hundred and twenty miles to the east, for tornadoes, tops five zero thousand, fifty thousand feet.*

Colonel Swindal begins a quick climb. He ascends higher than he had ever flown with President Kennedy, high enough to see clearly the curvature of the earth, and for the first time it hits him.

In a letter to William Manchester, the author of *The Death of a President*, Swindal describes the moment. "As the sun set on the flight from Dallas, flying over the storm clouds at forty thousand feet and darkness coming on so fast because of our high speed toward the East, suddenly realizing that President Kennedy was dead I felt that the world had ended and it became a struggle to continue."

3:19 P.M.

Rufus Youngblood wants Johnson to spend the night in the White House. Johnson is irritated by the suggestion. He doesn't want his arrival to look like a palace coup. "We're going home to the Elms," he says. "That's where we live. If you can protect us at the White House, by God you can protect us at home, too."

Youngblood radios Jerry Behn, the chief of the Secret Service, in Washington. "Volunteer will reside at Valley for an indefinite time," he says. Moments later, there is another call from the plane. Someone has remembered that the vice-president had been so powerless that he has only a commercial telephone line to his house. On the ground, lnemen from the White House Communications Agency get to work on something more secure.

3:20 P.M.

Sergeant Ayres makes telephone contact with Rose Kennedy, the mother of President Kennedy. The connection between the plane and Hyannis Port, routed through the White House, is weak. "Yes, Mrs. Kennedy," Ayres says. "I have"—and here Ayres takes the briefest of pauses, apparently unsure whether to introduce Johnson as President Johnson. "I have, uh, Mr. Johnson here for you."

Johnson cups the receiver with his hand and looks at his wife. Like Ayres, he too doesn't know what to say.

"Mrs. Kennedy?"

"Yes. Yes—"

"Mrs. Ken—"

"—yes, yes, Mr. President. Yes—"

"I wish to God there was something that I could do, and I wanted to tell you that we are grieving with you."

"Yes," Mrs. Kennedy says. "Well, thanks a mill—thank you very much."

"Here's Lady Bird," Johnson says, hastily handing over the phone.

"Thank you very much," Mrs. Kennedy says. "I know I know you loved Jack, and he loved you—"

Lady Bird begins to talk. "Mrs. Kennedy, we feel like we've just had—"

"Yes, all right."

"—we are glad that the nation had your son—"

"Yes. Yes."

"—as long as it did."

"Yes, well, thank you, Lady Bird. Thank you very much. Goodbye."

"Love and prayers to all of you," Lady Bird says.

"Yes. Thank you very much. Goodbye. Goodbye."

3:23 P.M.

Some of the Kennedy people have asked Johnson to bar the press from Andrews, to make their touchdown as invisible as possible. They don't want to make a spectacle of the bronze casket or the blood-soaked Jackie.

"No," Johnson says. "It will look like we're in a panic."

Kilduff, whose code name is Warrior, talks over the radio [*continued on page 272*]

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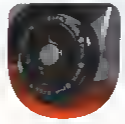
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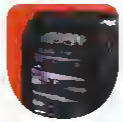
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Flight from Dallas

[*continued from page 269*] to deputy press secretary Andrew Hatcher, code-named Winner, at the White House. "Winner, Winner, this is Warrior," Kilduff says. "Will you please advise the press that normal press coverage, including live TV will be allowed at the base?"

When Kilduff walks back to tell Jackie of the decision, she seems to approve of it. "I want them to see what they've done," she says again.

Now Kilduff falters. He knows that Texas was Jackie's first political trip since the death nearly four months ago of her newborn son Patrick—that President Kennedy thought the sound of cheering might help wash away some of her grief. Kilduff had also lost a son, four-year-old Kevin, who drowned while his father was away with the president. Now the damaged parents lean into each other, and together they talk about loss.

3:24 P.M.

General Clifton calls McGeorge Bundy at the White House and tells him that Johnson wants to meet with secretary of defense Robert McNamara immediately after landing.

Johnson has not ruled out a military response to the assassination. "It's the Kremlin that worries me," he says to General Clifton, as later reported by Johnson's biographer, Robert Caro. "It can't be allowed to detect a waver.... Khrushchev is asking himself right now what kind of man I am. He's got to know he's dealing with a man of determination." Johnson remains consumed by plots and conspiracies. If the Soviet Union is behind the killing, or Cuba, or Vietnam.

A few minutes earlier, Johnson was told about the bespectacled man and the contents of his metal briefcase. His name is Ira Gearhart. His code name is Satchel. His briefcase holds a collection of bulky packets, each bearing wax seals and the signatures of all the Joint Chiefs. By Manchester's account, one contains cryptic numbers that will permit Johnson to talk to the prime minister of Great Britain and the president of France in four minutes. Another holds the codes to launch a nuclear attack. The rest contain the infamous Doomsday Books, a range of retaliation scenarios—Retaliation Able, Retaliation Baker, Retaliation Charlie—and the estimated number of casualties that would result from each. (It is rare for Gearhart not to be near the president when he is out of the White House, though at least twice today Satchel and his suitcase were separated from both of his presidents, at the Trade Mart and at the hospital.) Now Johnson has the means to order the country to war.

General Clifton wants to make sure his message to the ground has gone through. A helicopter will carry Johnson to the White House. McNamara should be on it, he says again.

3:47 P.M.

Ken O'Donnell rises to his feet. "You know what I'm going to have, Jackie? I'm going to have a hell of a stiff drink. I think you should, too."

"What will I have?" Jackie asks.

"I'll make it for you. I'll make you a Scotch."

She has never had a Scotch in her life. "Now is as good a time as any to start," she says.

4:05 P.M.

Colonel Swindal radios ahead to make arrangements for his landing. "We need steps on the right front of the aircraft," he says. "The press box will be on the left front of the aircraft. The ..."—and like so many others, Swindal struggles with the following combination of syllables—"President Johnson will deplane at the front of the aircraft. And we need a forklift at the rear of the aircraft, and Lace will deplane from the right front. Over."

Lace—Jackie—will deplane from the right front, away from the forklift, away from the body, away from the cameras and the lights.

Swindal doesn't know that Dr. Burkley has joined the long line of men on their knees in front of her, next to the casket. He tells her they will be landing soon. Maybe she would like to change her clothes, wash away the blood.

"No, let them see...." she says. No one within earshot needs to hear more. They understand that the ramp at the right front of *Air Force One* will go unused.

4:22 P.M.

The Irish wake continues in the aft compartment. Kilduff gulps back gin. Whole bottles of Scotch are emptied. The men remember the Celtic folk songs loved by the man in the box, and through their tearful smiles they talk about what should happen now, how the president, their president, should be sent off and how he should be remembered. They talk about Lincoln, about parades and horses pulling black carriages. And they talk about grave sites and eternal flames. The men believe it should be lit in Boston, next to the grave of baby Patrick, father and son and city forever united. O'Donnell tells Jackie not to let anyone change her mind about that. But her mind is already making its own journey, to a hillside in Arlington, Virginia, tracing the steps her husband will travel from here to there.

Jackie sends Dave Powers forward with a message. She wants Bill Greer, the agent who drove the limousine, to drive the ambulance already waiting at Andrews to carry the body to Bethesda Naval Medical Center. "I want his friends to carry him down," she says.

In that 1969 interview with Bob Hardesty, Johnson talks of the people clustered in the tail of his plane. "It was a peculiar situation that they sat back in the back and never would come and join us," he says. "I thought they were just wine heads."

4:40 P.M.

Charles Roberts and Merriman Smith frantically type their all-important pool reports. Smith had lost his manual portable typewriter somewhere along the way and is stuttering away on one of the plane's electrics—"having a hell of a time writing," Roberts later recalls. Roberts bangs more ably, driving out sheet after sheet. The reporters receive frequent visitors, mostly men who want the record—this singular historic record—made straight. General McHugh pounds the table in front of Roberts. "Ken O'Donnell, Larry O'Brien, Dave Powers, and me spent this flight in the tail compartment with the president—President Kennedy." Dr. Burkley wants it known that he was with the president when he died. Even Johnson comes up to visit with them, two or three times, asking if they have all the facts they need. Now, during the last visit, Roberts looks up at Johnson and thinks, *Mr. President, I know you want to talk, but I've got a lot of work to do.* He manages to keep this thought to himself.

Occasionally, the reporters ask questions of the grief-heavy passengers slumped around them. Roberts talks briefly to Roy Kellerman, the Secret Service agent, his eyes brimming with tears. He also watches Evelyn Lincoln weeping and Pam Turnure, her mascara streaked across her cheeks. Other passengers have spent the flight with their foreheads cupped in their hands, disappearing into their own universes, invaded only by the occasional sob from elsewhere in the cabin and the chugging of typewriters.

"It was a sinking in," Roberts says later. "We were all doing second, third, fourth takes, realizing all of the implications of the thing as we rode back."

He notes that no one raises a shade or opens a curtain for the entire flight. Angel's passengers do not see the sun set. It's been night from beginning to end. "Like going back in a tunnel," Roberts remembers. "And much, much crying."

4:58 P.M.

Air Force One touches down at Andrews Air Force Base. It is now 5:58 P.M., Eastern Standard Time.

6:05 P.M. EASTERN STANDARD TIME

Great banks of floodlights have been set up; they are snapped off so that Colonel Swindal can see his way. He taxis to a stop inside a socket bordered by White House–bound helicopters and Bethesda-bound ambulances and the quiet, somber crowd, thousands strong, that's filled the spaces in between. "I do not believe we will ever completely recover from the shock of this tragedy," Swindal writes later, "and I know that I personally will never again enjoy flying as I did before."

Kennedy's staff members walk from the passenger compartment through the stateroom, on their way to the back of the plane. Johnson kisses Evelyn Lincoln again. He sees Pam Turnure, grabs her hand, and kisses her too. He expects that he will walk off the plane with Jackie—it is important to him to show that the nation's two White Houses, this morning's and tonight's, are one, another of his small [*continued on page 276*]

CHARLES TYRWHITT

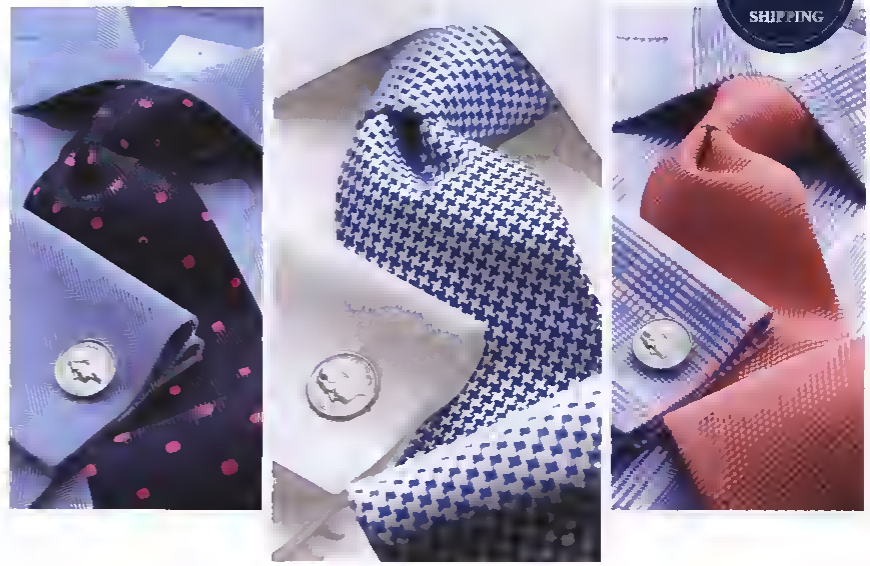
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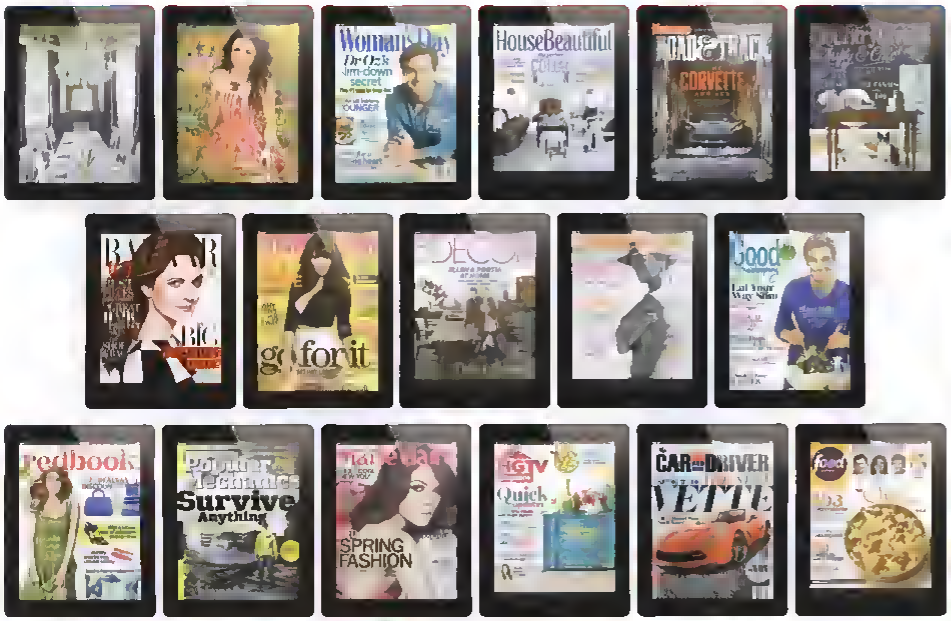
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Flight from Dallas

[continued from page 272] illusions of seamlessness But the hallway to the back of the plane begins to fill, packed with mourners standing shoulder to shoulder.

Robert Kennedy has been waiting alone for *Air Force One*, crouched in the back of an Army truck Now he takes advantage of the darkness. He ducks and runs up the ramp to the plane's front entrance, seconds after the stairs have been wheeled into place He pushes his way to the back. Liz Carpenter feels him before she sees him "He didn't look to the left or the right, and his face looked streaked with tears," she says later. She reaches out and touches him on the back.

"Where's Jackie?" Kennedy says. "I want to be with Jackie."

He brushes past Johnson, refusing to make eye contact with his brother's successor. The dead president's Secret Service agents follow behind Robert Kennedy, and now Johnson is trapped in his stateroom. His face is impassive, but he later confesses his displeasure. "Well, I don't know that I had thought out all of the logistics of the leaving of the plane," he will tell Walter Cronkite. "But it didn't occur to me that the ramp would be removed and we would not be privileged to go down the same ramp with the body."

The floodlights burst back on Despite them, or perhaps because of them, Johnson will soon find himself, at least for the moment, among history's most invisible presidents. "We don't even know Lyndon Johnson is within five thousand miles of there," O'Donnell says later He and the rest of Kennedy's men surround the casket. "We carried it on the plane, we're going to carry it off the plane," O'Donnell says, and he chokes on the words.

"Hi, Jackie," Robert Kennedy says, reaching her side "I'm here."

"Oh, Bobby," she says, falling into him.

In the stateroom, Lady Bird Johnson pulls on her coat and hat, looking up at her husband, the president. This is how it begins. Johnson finds the card in his pocket, for now unable to see anything beyond those first few public sentences of his tenure: *I ask for your help—and God's.* He begins moving toward the back of *Air Force One*, at the end of the long line, instructing his three Texas congressmen and his skeleton staff—Valenti and Moyers, Carpenter and Fehmer—to walk off the plane behind him. He doesn't want to appear as alone as he is, and never will be again.

At the weighed-down tail, a truck lift, painted yellow, has been raised into position. There is a young Navy lieutenant standing on top of it, his hand in a crisp salute. His will be the first outside eyes to see inside. O'Donnell, O'Brien, and Powers, Greer, Kellerman, and Hill, Dr. Burkley and Generals Clifton and McHugh gather at the rear Eight men strain to lift the broken casket off the floor Robert Kennedy takes Jackie's hand The door swings open. Cool night air rushes in, and with it a terrible silence and a blinding light. N

Rick Ross

[continued from page 230] all these people for money for your theater when you can make it all at once?" Blandón asked.

Reluctantly or not, Ross found a buyer; as middleman, he was to receive a commission of $300 000 on a hundred-kilo sale. The deal went down in a shopping-center parking lot near San Diego on March 2, 1995 The DEA and local authorities swooped in. Ross's arrest netted Blandón more than $45,000 in government rewards and reimbursements. Ross was found guilty of conspiring to sell cocaine that had been provided by the DEA, in a deal set up by the DEA, a typical drug-war scenario. Ross received what was identified as his third felony strike, and with it a sentence of life in prison without possibility of parole

Over the next few years Ross, who had learned to read only during his first stretch in jail—painstakingly read every business and self-help book in the prison library—during a fourteen-year period, he boasts, he devoured more than three hundred books. His trilogy of favorites: *Think and Grow Rich*, by Andrew Carnegie disciple Napoleon Hill; *The Richest Man in Babylon*, by George Samuel Clason, and *As a Man Thinketh*, by James Allen. Eventually, Ross held study groups with other inmates, spreading the word of economic self-sufficiency and can-do capitalism among the brothers If we can be so successful selling crack, Ross preached, why can't we use the same skills toward legitimate business?

In late 1995, inmate 05550-045 was visited by Gary Webb. Webb's *Mercury News* series, "Dark Alliance," was published in August 1996, and later became a book. Webb charged that the U S. government had secretly allowed shipments of cocaine into the country in order to finance the purchase of weapons needed for the contra rebels to fight the leftist Sandinistas who'd taken over Nicaragua. Ross was portrayed as an unwitting pawn in a game of international covert politics.

After leaving his job in disgrace and watching his marriage dissolve, Webb methodically sold off his possessions and committed suicide in December 2004. According to the coroner's report, on his first attempt to shoot himself in the head, the father of three children missed the mark—instead he suffered a nonfatal wound He placed the muzzle of his 38-caliber pistol against his head a second time and pulled the trigger

Meanwhile, Ross sued, asking for more than $5 million in damages from the government. Although his case was rejected, his profile was raised mightily in a black community that had seized upon the notion that a government conspiracy was to blame for the plague of crack In the people's mythology, the kingpin had become the victim, an antihero and a martyr

Stuck in prison with a life sentence, Ross "started consuming myself with reading law

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Rick Ross

books," he says. "I started reading them the same way I'd sold drugs. When the library opened every morning, I was there standing in line. If I missed lunch, I missed lunch. I would take all of the money I could muster up and make copies of the law books because they wouldn't let us take them back to our cells."

One day Ross found what he thought he was looking for. He'd received the life sentence for being convicted of a third federal crime—his third strike. But technically, he believed, he had only two strikes. Since his charges from the Texas and Ohio convictions had arisen from the commission of the same federal crime, how could they account for two separate strikes?

Excited, Ross called his lawyer, who shot him down. Ross got a court-appointed attorney. In 1998, the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals agreed. Ross's life sentence was reduced to twenty years. He ended up serving fourteen.

On May 4, 2009, he walked out of Texarkana's prison into the arms of his woman, Sergeant Mychosis Nightingale. She'd seen Ross on a documentary about crack she'd written, he'd urged her to read his favorite books. Facing a fourth deployment to Iraq, Nightingale quit the Army and drove from Georgia to Texarkana to pick him up. She spent the week sleeping in her SUV, waiting for him with a duffel bag of new clothes. Today they have two toddlers. He's already teaching them how to swing a tennis racket.

The real Rick Ross, Freeway Rick Ross, is southbound on the 110 toward home—this time he's riding behind the driver of a gleaming white Escalade limo provided by the producers of *Brand X*, wearing a custom REAL DEAL polo shirt that his silk-screener had made up special for his appearance on national TV.

Though Ross had fretted the entire day over the producer's request that he cook crack on TV—eager to please, he'd reluctantly given the caller a list of ingredients, including a Bunsen burner and procaine, an anesthetic that in his experience would cook up like crack—Russell Brand never asked him to do so. Instead Ross was trotted out before the studio audience like an old prizefighter and heralded as the "Donald Trump of crack." Though it's not what Ross was looking for—to be at once lionized and lampooned—it is probably somewhat true. At the end of the segment, Brand could be heard blurting out something about cooking crack on national television; clearly, cooler heads had prevailed on this last episode before cancellation.

"All these interviews I do every day, all the meetings I take, all the hands I shake, all the pictures, hopefully it amounts to stuff," Ross says, reflecting on the day's events. He sounds a little tired. It is nearly midnight, another long day.

"I just have to keep pressing and pressing and, you know, fight through all the little things. In the drug business I became an expert at drugs. I knew who sold drugs in Compton, in Watts, on the West Side, in the Jungle. And everybody knew me. But when it comes to Hollywood and this other stuff, I don't know it yet. It's like that Hollywood producer. After that long meeting and we was leaving, he laughed and he said to everybody, 'Why am I shaking hands with this drug dealer?'"

Outside Ross's window, a police cruiser pulls even with the Escalade. The cop riding shotgun appears to be pointing at Ross, though this is impossible, given the fancy blacked-out windows. Ross has a recurring dream in which he's asleep in one of his old rock houses and a battering ram is knocking down the wall. He still wakes up sometimes not knowing where he is—twenty of his fifty-three years have been spent in cells in different facilities. He knows he's lucky he's not still behind bars.

Ross gestures toward the cops. "Don't you wanna know what they're thinking?"

"You don't have to worry about what they're thinking," I tell him.

"Not no more. Not like I used to," he says. In a month's time, he'll finally land a deal for a miniseries about his life—not the deal he wanted, but at least *something* he believes will pay off. He smiles big and his eyes bug gleefully, a little bit proud of himself. "I ain't going to jail tonight." *tt*

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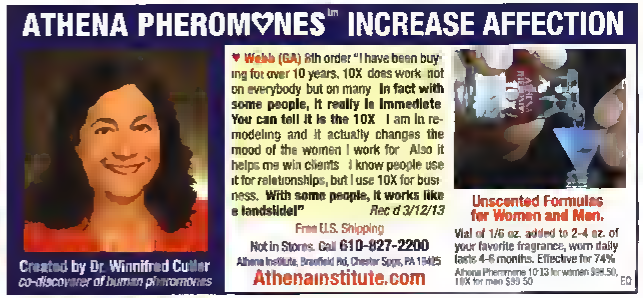
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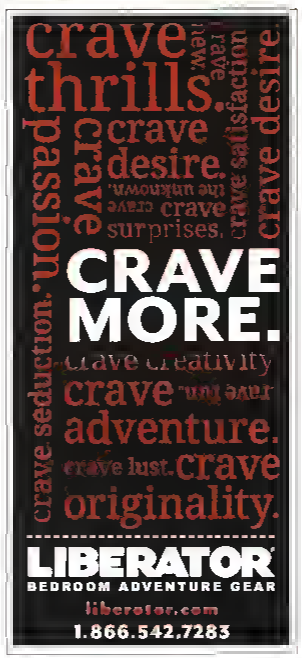
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